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April 10, 1968

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Expert answers
DIET QUESTIONS

The wit and wisdom of
BILLY GRAHAM

Recipes for
EASTER
Eggs, buns, cakes

BOAC lift-out
WORLD-WIDE HOLIDAYS



La Lollo's views on life — p. 17

FOR FOOTBALL FANS: Dolly mascots in team colors — page 49



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OUR COVER

● Glamorous Gina Lollobrigida, who shows off her magnificent villa in Rome—and gives some of her views on life (see page 17), AND our football fan dolls are a novel idea for footy fans; it's both easy and quick to dress a dolly mascot in your team's colors (see page 49).

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Howard Hook in Australia to organise auditions for New York's famous "Met"

He plays godfather to young singers



HOWARD HOOK

IT was simply nerves that beat Howard Hook.

The young American had everything it takes to become a great singer—the voice, the training, the dedication, and the discipline.

And he was independently wealthy, thanks to a long line of businessman forebears.

But part of his training at the Conservatorium in Zurich was to give public concerts. Howard kept making excuses. When he finally did give a concert, it was a success, but it took so much out of his nervous system that he never gave another.

And he never became an opera singer. Instead, he has played fairy godfather to young opera singers all over America, and Canada, and the Pacific, including Australia.

Which is what brought him to Australia recently, as national chairman of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Regional Auditions Program.

"Broadly," he told me, "this means holding local auditions for promising young singers, and sending the most successful to New York to compete for scholarships and a possible Metropolitan Opera contract."

Volunteers help

Howard, with Ivy League good looks and a golden tan (acquired in Australia), talked about the huge job of organising the scheme.

"It couldn't have been done without the brilliant organisational capacities of women. We have 1500 volunteers, and more than 85 percent of them are women."

Howard's whole life, in fact, has been influenced by women to an extraordinary degree.

He said, "I'm a descendant of Captain James Hook—not Cook!—of Pennsylvania. The Hooks never amounted to much, but the women they married were rich and determined and very influential.

"The real head of our family was my paternal grandmother, a German born in the United States. She was formidable and wonderful. She was a matriarch and I was the first boy child. It was Grandmother who decided I should be educated abroad, and she who first exposed me to music.

"When I was seven she took me to school in Switzerland, because she disliked the political climate in America around 1932. She and Grandfather came to Europe, too.

"Grandfather always said I never had a real childhood. I was always allowed to sit in with my grandparents' friends, and I naturally gravitated toward older people. I suppose mine was at least an unusual childhood.

"Until 1939 I spent eight months of the year at my Swiss school, then two months in Pennsylvania and two in New York.

"I was seven when Grandmother took me to Bayreuth. I heard 'Tannhauser' conducted by Toscanini, his last concert there.

"I remember when Hitler came to Bayreuth. I was a child, very impressionable. I remember how frightened and impressed I was, and I remember Grandmother trying to explain the political ramifications of this man.

"I witnessed the famous meeting between Hitler and Mussolini at the Piazza Vecchio in Rome. And in Munich — we travelled a great deal — I remember sneaking out at night, terrified, to watch Bund meetings. Hitler mesmerised everybody. It all had a tremendous effect on the child I was.

"Grandfather died in Munich when I was 11. Then in 1939, because of the situation in Europe, Grandmother and I went home permanently.

"I was about two years ahead of American schools, and entered Princeton University at 16. So I had a year there before I went into the Navy to train as an officer. I was discharged at 19, and went back to Princeton to major in Political Science.

"Grandmother died when I was 19. I'd grown up loving music and singing, and I did have a voice. I decided to go to Zurich and train to be an opera singer. Yes, I did receive an inheritance, but I'd have gone anyway. There were great hopes for my future, but as I've said, my nerves beat me.

"So I took off to Italy. I decided I'd just study. I didn't have to perform. So I studied under Tito Roffo, a wonderful old man, and also studied painting at the University of Florence.

"For years then I went backward and forward between Europe and America, studying, collecting paintings in a small way. I was asked to give concerts in the United States, but I couldn't summon up the nerve.

"No, I never married, though I was engaged twice. I've always been able to come and go at will, and I'd need someone unbelievably understanding and unselfish to take the kind of life I want to live.

"I decided eventually to settle in New York (I also have a house at Newport, Rhode Island).

"I'd always been interested in the Metropolitan Opera House, and I soon became engrossed in schemes to create a greater awareness of the Met as a national institution. What was needed was a project which would touch people not usually interested in opera, something with which people throughout the country could identify.

"It all led to the idea of helping young people, not just in America but abroad. First, though, I got a map of the United States and Canada, and cut them into 16 regions. Then I went to each of 60 cities and set up committees.

"I spoke to literally thousands of people, and that made me just as terrified as singing in public! In fact, even now, the longest walk in the world is the one I take every year from the wings to the centre of the stage to give a speech after the audition finals.

"The project took eight years to organise, and the Pan-Pacific region, including Australia, was the last. We've auditioned Australians only for the past four years, and three times out of four they have won. They were Donald Shanks, Tello Siciliano, and Valerie Hanlon.

"We generally hold auditions in Australia in November, and start looking for candidates in September. We advertise widely in the local papers.

"Candidates apply to the local committee. We're already organised in three Australian States, and are preparing to enter all six.

Eventual return

"Young opera singers who are chosen spend a week in New York, with all expenses paid and a cash grant, and try for the semi-finals. Semi-finalists are awarded $2000 each to study at the place of their choice for the finals, seven months later.

"Finalists compete for a possible Metropolitan Opera contract and an award of $2500. Second and third place-winners get $2000 each.

"Our idea is that after study and experience abroad the singers go home and give their own country the benefit of their training.

"Three more young Australians have gone to Honolulu to compete with Hawaiians for the New York trip."

It gives him immense pleasure to head a scheme which has helped so many international singers. He always conceived of it on the international level.

And he sees deeper implications. "Music," he said, "is the one great international language. It cuts across every kind of man-made barrier. Performers reach the people in a way politicians can't. And they're the best possible ambassadors for their country."

Those treacherous nerves of Howard Hook's cost him a career but opened up a life's work. And many a young singer in the future will be grateful for that.

—KAY KEAVNEY

"Music is the one great international language"

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GAYLEA IS A LONELY "MAME"

—Blonde American actress will miss her yorkshire terriers while she stars in Australian production of hit Broadway musical.



PUBLIC LIBRARY
— 3 APR 1968
OF NEW SOUTH

● *Gaylea Byrne in a black-and-magenta pyjama outfit by American designer Jimmy Galanos on the balcony of the penthouse above New York's Central Park she shares with Patrice Munsel.*



● *Gaylea with yorkshire terriers Higgins and Skeeter, whom she has had to leave at home in New York during her Australian season.*

HIGGINS and Skeeter won't be coming to Australia this month.

"I'm sure there's some very good reason for not letting me bring my dogs," Gaylea Byrne said, "but I wish somebody would explain it to me.

"If they've been inoculated, how can they bring any disease in?"

Miss Byrne is visiting Australia, alone, to play the lead in the Australian production of the musical "Mame."

"I don't think any other role would take me away from my dogs," she said ruefully. "They've always travelled with me."

Higgins and Skeeter — "short for mosquito" — are yorkshire terriers given to Miss Byrne as birthday gifts.

Gaylea (pronounced Gai-Lee) Byrne may have played more musical leads than any other singer, but always in the road company or revival of a hit.

She was in "My Fair Lady," but as the ninth Eliza. The yorkshire terrier Higgins is, of course, named after Professor Higgins.

She is the kind of performer who can always be relied on to turn in a solid performance — and the critics can be relied on to allude warmly to her beauty and sweetness of voice.

But the lightning has still to strike her, as it did Julie Andrews, the first Eliza, to put her face on all the magazine covers.

The United States Department of State wanted Miss Byrne in "My Fair Lady," and she sang Eliza from Maryland to Moscow, from Kiev back to Kansas.

When she brought the role to the Palm Beach Musicarnival, it won her the Best Acting Award.

Her other credits include "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," with Dick Van Dyke; "The Music Man," with Bert Parks; "110 in the Shade," with John Davidson; "Kiss Me Kate," "Carousel," "Showboat," and many others.

When the tall, slender, blonde singer is between engagements, she lives in a penthouse duplex apartment, high over New York's Central Park, which she shares with opera singer Patrice Munsel.

Miss Munsel, who has four children, spends most of her time with her family on their Long Island estate and only comes to New York for rehearsals or a singing engagement.

Since Miss Byrne has the same kind of working schedule, they are rarely in the city at the same time.

Their taste is not identical — Miss Byrne's modern paintings jostle Miss Munsel's chinoiserie and more classic styles on the walls.

Since the large apartment is not furnished in a single, rigid style, the paintings coexist amicably.

Born in Baltimore, Miss Byrne studied dancing for six years.

"But I decided I was too long for a ballerina," she said.

She exaggerates. She is a slimly built 5ft. 6in. tall.

"I was always singing," she said, "and I applied for a scholarship at the Peabody Institute. I won the audition and studied there for three years. After graduating, I got an extension for another year."

Peabody, in Baltimore, is one of the leading American schools of music.

With her classical training, Miss Byrne started her professional career as an opera singer. It was while singing in "The Merry Widow" that she first became friends with Patrice Munsel.

"It was one of the happiest times of my life," Miss Byrne said. "Pat and Bob (Robert Schuler, Miss Munsel's TV-producer husband) have such *joie de vivre*. I don't think I've ever known two such warm, wonderful, real people."

But singing in opera, oratorio, and chamber concerts left something missing for Gaylea Byrne, which is her real name, the Gaylea being an amalgam of grandparents' names.

"I decided I wanted to say a few lines — and there's not much chance for that in oratorio," she said.

So she came to New York to tackle Broadway.

"My first show in New York was in the Christmas show at Radio City Music Hall — I was in the chorus. I didn't get to speak any lines until I had a part in a play in Palm Beach.

"After a couple of years in the theatre, I went to an audition for 'My Fair Lady.' I was terrified and didn't think I had any chance.

"But they did pick me and I ended up singing Eliza in Moscow, Leningrad, all over, 500 times in all."

Miss Byrne also appears in television shows in the U.S., in nightclubs, and in the lavish productions staged by such industrial organisations as General Motors to inspire their salesmen.

She has the warm effervescence and the uninhibitedness that Patrick Dennis must have had in mind when he wrote "Auntie Mame," from which the musical was adapted, about a young boy's swinging aunt.

Story and pictures by Bill Wilson, in New York

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PROBLEMS OF AN OFFICIAL HOSTESS

Strella Wilson (remember that romantic voice from the past?) comes home

"SOME people seem to have the oddest impressions about Australia House. Some think of it as a travel agency or an employment bureau. Others have even sent cables asking us to reserve them a double room!"

Strella Wilson, one of the best-known personalities of Australian stage and radio, had just returned from London, where she had been official hostess at Australia House for the past 16 years.

Miss Wilson, who studied with Melba, was awarded the OBE for her work during World War II when she sang for troops in New Guinea, the islands, Japan, and Hong Kong.

In her career as a singer, she starred in Gilbert and Sullivan operas and sang at Covent Garden, and Noel Coward composed a special song for her, "Lover of My Dreams," in his musical, "Cavalcade."

"I interviewed thousands of Australians yearly, giving them advice about London, handling inquiries from people wanting to attend the royal enclosure at Ascot — you have to have a recommendation from the Lord Chamberlain for this —garden parties at Buckingham Palace, or Trooping the Color," she said.

"But we were only issued with 150 tickets for each event.

"Do I still sing? No. I didn't have time with this job. No, I put all that behind me 16 years ago.

"That action meant I just couldn't attend opera in London. I knew that if I did I would choke up and cry.

Challenging

"I was in the middle of a concert tour when Sir Robert Menzies offered me the job. I took it because it sounded challenging, interesting — and it was only for one year!

"I remember Sir Robert saying, 'Don't let it go to your head, it is only for one year.' Well, that one year, as you know, stretched out to 16.

"And I enjoyed every minute of it. Now I am back I don't know what I am going to do, but I do know it will be something. Once you stop doing things it is the finish.

"The most extraordinary thing I found in the past few years was the number of young people who arrived in England with so little money.

"I don't know why they are allowed to leave home that way, because before long they are in distress and come to us for help.

"I remember one girl coming in asking for a 'sub.' I asked her what she meant, and she said, 'Money.'

"When I said we were not a money-lending office and asked her when she had arrived, she said, 'This morning. But I spent all my money on the ship on the way over.'

"I think there should be a ruling that young people coming over should have either a return ticket or money in the bank for one before they are allowed to land.

"Also, in the past few years Australians, who are considered marvellous workers in London — especially nurses and stenographers—have been accepting jobs for long periods and then up and leaving after a few weeks.

"They are, of course, in the minority, but they do ruin many chances for others who are more conscientious."

— GLORIA NEWTON



● Sir Alexander Downer, the Australian High Commissioner in London, farewells Miss Wilson with a candelabra and vanity case (from the Australia House staff) after her 16 years as official hostess.



Lord Snowdon's

THERE is a crack in the voice which belies the brave, professional smile on the music-hall singer's face as he gives out the final verse of "When I Grow Too Old To Dream . . ."

Then, for the first time in the 50-minute documentary, the name comes up with the rest of the credits:

"Photographed and directed by Lord Snowdon."

This is the surest indication of photographer Tony Armstrong Jones' keen bid for professional fame — personal professional fame exclusive of his position as a member of the English royal family.

It is right at the end of his documentary on the philosophy of growing old, called "Don't Count The Candles," which is being shown on American and British television.

Having been given a private preview in London, I can say that this film has earned its screen time on its own merits and not on the curiosity value of having been made by the Queen's brother-in-law.

"Don't Count The Candles" has a poignancy even the youngest viewer will not be able to escape.

More cosseted

An extraordinary film to come from a comparatively young man of 38 who has lived a uniquely luxurious life of late, and whose own old age is bound to be far more cosseted than most of the men and women he has so identified with in his film.

Lord Snowdon got the idea of this documentary two years ago when he was taking a set of still photographs for the "Sunday Times" in an old people's home in London's East End.

He was touched by the human problem and felt that he could better express all the facets that sprang to his mind through moving pictures better than on the printed page.

Although an amateur in this medium, he had been experimenting with home movies for some time and had been a keen and discerning picturegoer all his life.

Then Don Jewitt, an executive producer with CBS News, suggested he should try motion-picture filming. Lord Snowdon jumped at the chance.

His first attempt was regarded as a test film.

With his long experience as a stage photographer (and possibly because Princess Margaret is patron of the Royal Ballet), Lord Snowdon shot a half-hour film on the Royal Ballet School.

Hewitt was delighted with it, said that he believed Tony had "the same unique eye for cinematography that he has for still photography," and encouraged him to let CBS distribute the result.

Lord Snowdon refused, saying he did not feel it was good enough, but that he was still keen to have a try at his first idea.

All experts he spoke to were against it. They felt that not only had the subject of old people been more than thoroughly covered in previous films, it was also one of the most difficult to do successfully.

But Lord Snowdon, well known for his determination, stuck to his guns.

In March last year, while in New York, he convinced CBS that this was a subject he could approach in an original and worthwhile way and, not surprisingly, won through.

"Don't Count The Candles" was shot in about 50 days over a period of six months whenever it could be squeezed in between Lord Snowdon's official duties.

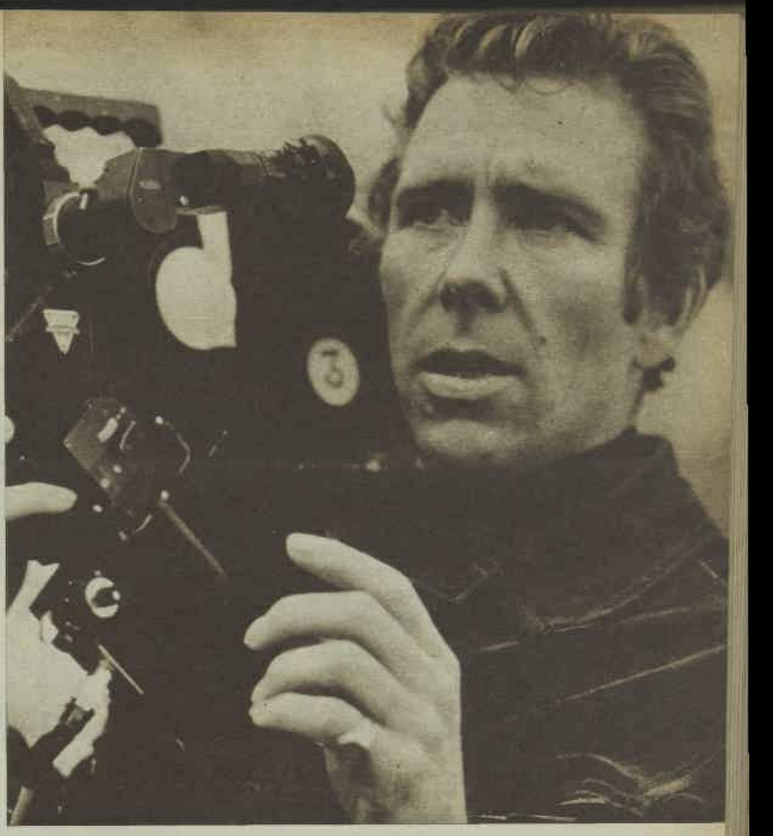
With CBS News producer William K. McClure (who made the brilliant documentary on sculptor Henry



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● *Setting the theme, left, for Lord Snowdon's "Don't Count The Candles."*

● *Intense-looking Lord Snowdon, right, during filming of a sequence for his 50-minute documentary. He was also director.*



— A documentary on the philosophy of old age is an extraordinary film to come from a comparatively young man of 38 who has lived a uniquely luxurious life of late, reports Betty Best, of our London staff.

poignant TV film

Moore) and a four-man crew, Lord Snowdon went all over Europe and England to find his "stars" and locations.

He chose as his reporter an old friend, BBC broadcaster Derek Hart, who also wrote his own commentary.

"Stars" vary from anonymous residents of old people's homes to some of the most famous names in show business.

Noel Coward, caught during one of his visits to London, pops in and out of the film with wry touches of his own brand of wisdom.

After one rather harrowing scene, he says, "The saddest thing is one's contemporaries dying. But I do know a lot of young people, and they'll be there, one trusts."

Cecil Beaton, complete with white sombrero and dashing jacket, admitted, "I'm beginning to feel the first signs of old age.

"It's a horrible shock being called 'Sir' for the first time.

"Old people don't like being aided, but you find yourself putting the menu a little way away from you and find your dentures aren't quite fixed."

Lord Snowdon has by no means stuck to the famous to rivet viewers' attention.

A doll's smile

There are many sequences of people who will never have that problem with a restaurant menu because they will never have the money to eat in restaurants.

Like one old lady who keeps a large, gaily dressed china doll sitting at her table. She admits to great loneliness, then, walking over to the doll, explains: "When I come in, there's always a smile on her face."

This one sentence, with all it implies, is a perfect example of the sensitivity of the whole film.

There are the indomitables, too, like Lord Montgomery, who, with his incomparable gruffness, announces: "The brain must NOT slow down."

And Lady Asquith (who only this year went to bat for the *entente cordiale* on French television and brought forth a cyclone of emotion from viewers).

"I always believed that old age made one serene," says this handsome 80-year-old with evident amusement, "but I don't think I feel serenity."

Neither, it appears, do Compton Mackenzie, sculptor Barbara Hepworth, or conductor Leopold Stokowski — but they all go on working with verve, producing results that many half their age would envy.

Their devotion to their work is perhaps their main hold on a youthful outlook.





● *Lord Snowdon, above, with commentator Derek Hart and producer William K. McClure. Left, nothing was too uncomfortable for Tony to get the film angle he wanted. Right, Lady Patricia Ramsey, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who with her husband, Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsey, appears in the film.*

As Noel Coward puts it in another of his appearances: "I'm not much given to going on about the dear old days. I'm very much given to the present."

But, without creative work to stimulate the mind, Lord Snowdon's film shows clearly the emptiness of old age to many.

A widower of 82, whose daughter and son had taken turns in having him in their houses, is photographed on the tragic day his daughter took him to a home.

As she leads him to a chair in the packed waiting-room and kisses him goodbye, he hardly seems to notice her caress.

Already he is abandoned and stunned by the experience.

The viewer hears the daughter's voice explain that her father's presence in her busy household had become "something of a tie."

Then Derek Hart's commentary takes up the tale as the camera pans along a line-up of similar chairs, all filled with empty, almost expressionless faces:

"You sit and you wait and you wonder how much longer you have to go."

Then there are shots of others who fight old age with every power at their command.

There is something rather frantic, if courageous, about the camp for old men in Germany.

In shorts and sweaters, they run manfully through woods or row as briskly as they can on a lake. Their faces in close-ups are grimly determined and full of purpose.

So are those of the women in a rejuvenating clinic as they are pummelled, thumped, and pushed through some punishing exercises while the commentary drones on:

"Just a few more years perhaps. Oh, let me not be old!"

And Derek Hart adds, "Every woman's aim is, I want to be attractive. I want to be desired. So it all boils down to sex appeal."

Suddenly the gymnasium is exchanged for a laboratory. A ewe has been killed just before lambing so that the unborn lamb can be dissected and used, bit by bit, to stave off the ravages of time in those wealthy enough to afford it.

Both pictures and commentary are savagely clinical.

The camera dwells mercilessly on the dismembered creature who has never been allowed a life of its own while Derek Hart explains:

"The placenta of unborn lambs for old ladies — its lung for incapacity in human lungs, its brain for heat regulation and loss of memory."

Revolting sight

It is horrible, ghoulish, and revolting as individual organs are "chopped and minced," as the commentary explains, turned into injections, and then plunged into aging buttocks.

Then, in a brilliant fast cut, you are back with Noel Coward saying, "I had an injection years ago. Don't know if it did any good."

In the serenity of an ancient garden, Lord Snowdon photographed Lady Patricia Ramsey, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, with her husband, Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsey. (They had an even more difficult time getting permission for their marriage than Princess Margaret, because the Admiral was a commoner — which may have drawn Lord Snowdon to include them in the film.)

Whatever his reasons, they make a touching, frail couple as they help one another out of their garden chairs and walk slowly across the lawn while Lady Patricia's voice comes over the soundtrack.

"One equates old age in oneself with loneliness and unlovableness."

Toward the end of the film, Lord Snowdon has allowed himself one or two camera angles which are artistic enough to be more likely for a full-length feature film than a television documentary.

His colleagues were, I'm told, inclined to dissuade him, but his audience may be grateful for his refusal to be deterred, because they are two of the film's most striking moments.

The first was shot at his mother's town house in Kensington.

In the foreground is an antique pendulum clock with its revolving mechanism marking off the seconds relentlessly, and behind it the face of an old lady.

She is watching, utterly still and silent, while Derek Hart says:

"You may be 'wonderful for your age' or 'a burden.' But there's nothing you can do about it — and soon it will be somebody else's turn."

The second scene was shot in a London church with an old lady, scarf knotted under her chin and eyes gazing at the altar through spectacles as she prays in the light of guttering candles.

It is not merely sentimental. It is strangely moving because of the way in which it is shot.

CBS News have announced that Lord Snowdon will consider making more films for them if he feels that public reaction to his first venture warrants it.

If his future projects come up to "Don't Count The Candles," they will have a very fine and original new director on their creative list.

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London says legs

hilton says cantrece*

London is adamant! If you want to be up-to-date and really in fashion, then you must wear your skirts short! Suddenly your nylons are very, very important. You want the best. English model Samantha Juste has fallen for Hilton Cosmetics, the stockings made from Du Pont's special nylon 'Cantrece'... the nylon with the soft matte finish, new no-wrinkle comfort, impeccable fit. 'Cantrece' nylon – for the world's most precious stockings. Like Hilton Cosmetics at $1.30.







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● The poignancy of the moment of parting is in these pictures. They were taken at Garden Island before Australian soldiers of the 1st Battalion sailed last week in HMAS Sydney for Vietnam.

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"

EYES (above) of Mrs. George Chippendale, of Sydenham, N.S.W., mirror the departing ship on which her husband sailed for duty in Vietnam.



EMBRACE (left). Jackie Dring, of Lidcombe, N.S.W., holds close Pte. Wally Conlon, of Murwillumbah, N.S.W.



CLASPED HANDS (above) of Pte. Terry Brown (left), of Waratah, N.S.W., and his mother, Mrs. R. Brown.



● *Pte. Robert Wilson, of Holsworthy, N.S.W., and his son, Robert, six months.*



Pictures by
PHILLIP MERCHANT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4896440

Swing-wingers train



● Flight-Lieutenant Bob Bruce (nearest camera) and F/Lt. Ivan Skipworth in an F-111 cockpit in Nevada. They are completing their training and will become instructors.



● Australians at Nellis. From left: Squadron-Leader Bernard Johnson, 33, Melbourne; F/Lt. Ian Westmore, 27, Melbourne; F/Lt. Ivan Skipworth, 31, Bunbury, W.A.; G/Capt. Sam Dallywater, 45, Perth; F/Lt. Neil Pollock, 31, Brisbane; and F/Lt. Bob Bruce, 28, Brisbane.

RAAF men in Las Vegas, Nevada, are learning to fly at more than 1800 mph — and helping to cope with family problems such as kindergartens and baby-sitters, writes staff reporter BILL WILSON

NEIL POLLOCK and Bob Bruce were schoolmates in Brisbane. Today, 15 years later, they're schoolmates again — but this time at Nellis Air Force Base, near Las Vegas, Nevada.

They are both flight-lieutenants in the RAAF, and their classroom has been the cockpit of the F-111 swing-wing strike aircraft, the West's most advanced fighter-bomber.

With Flight-Lieutenants Ivan Skipworth and Ian Westmore, they are the first Australian crews to go through the training program for the F-111, 24 of which will be delivered to the RAAF by the end of the year.

With their training now practically complete, the four officers will stay on at Nellis as instructors to train other Australian air-crews. Each plane carries two men, a pilot and a navigator.

The four men have been flying an average of three missions a week, getting to know the plane, becoming familiar with its navigational system—far in advance of any comparable aircraft in the Western arsenal — and its weapons system.

Six other Aussie crews are currently taking earlier courses in northern California, and about 70 engineers and others are scattered through the country learning about the mechanical, electronic, and weapons systems and preparing the maintenance program.

Training later will be switched to Amberley, in Queensland, where the strike wing will be stationed.

The air-crews at Nellis are very enthusiastic about the F-111, which will replace the now-obsolescent Canberras of 82 Bomber Wing.

"The second best in this plane is as good as the best other aircraft have," said Flight-Lieutenant Neil Pollock, a navigator.

The F-111 has been dogged with bickering for five years. The U.S. Air Force and Navy wanted separate planes, although of similar design, and the Department of Defence ruled that they must share one basic aircraft.

Designs for strike aircraft were offered by two companies, General Dynamics, of Texas, and Boeing, of the State of Washington. Since the contract is worth billions of dollars, Boeing could hardly be expected to be a graceful loser — and Senator Jackson of Washington, who is sometimes referred to as "the Senator from Boeing," has been gunning for the General Dynamics plane since it was little more than a twinkle in the designer's eye.

The plane's wings are extended for take-off and fold back for fast flight.

The U.S. Air Force and the manufacturers would like to hear the Australians rave about the F-111 now that they have flown it as much as the American air-crews.

And although the Australians are obviously excited about the plane, modern RAAF officers don't come on like the Rolling Stones—they are calm, restrained types who don't shoot from the hip.

"It certainly flies very nicely," says Flight-Lieutenant Skipworth. "As a long-range strike aircraft it'll do us very well," is the judicious verdict of Flight-Lieutenant Bruce. "A pretty good aircraft for what we want," according to Flight-Lieutenant Pollock.

On the days they fly, the Australian crews have to report for briefing at 6.30 in the morning, and usually the sun has gone down before they can call it a day. The F-111 flights average about two and a half hours, and the RAAF officers have already flown the plane at more than one and a half times the speed of sound.

Waiting for "Yank"

The F-111 was designed for a top speed of more than 1800 miles per hour, or mach 2.5 (mach 1 is the speed of sound).

The men have operated the weapons the F-111 can carry — air-to-air missiles, bombs, machine-guns. The "weapons delivery" system is largely radar-controlled, and the navigation system is so advanced that the crew always know which blade of grass they are flying over at any time, day or night, in any weather.

All four men are married and have young children. Their U.S. posting is for more than 12 months, which means they are entitled to have their families with them.

Flight-Lieutenant Ian Westmore, the baby of the group at 27, and "Westy" to everybody at Nellis, has two children.

"There's Tony, he's four, and Angela, three—and my wife is very pregnant now," he told me in the ready room set aside for the Australians at the base. He was laughing, either proudly or nervously, and said, "The first two were born in Malaya, and now we're going to have a Yank."

Patricia Westmore — like her husband

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for Australia



she's from Melbourne—has arranged to have her baby in Sunrise Hospital in Las Vegas. "Normally she'd have gone to the USAF hospital, but it's filled in June, the week the baby's due," said Westy.

Ivan Skipworth, like Westy a pilot, was recently awarded the Queen's Commendation. The award was bestowed by the USAF base commander at a parade mounted for this purpose. Flight-Lieutenant Skipworth is a modest, quiet-spoken officer who would probably have preferred the Queen to send the Commendation in a plain envelope so nobody would know about it.

He and his wife, Glenda, also have two children, Bruce, six, and Carl, three. "Bruce enjoys school in Las Vegas and is doing very well," said Ivan.

Since the F-111 crews are quite young —Neil Pollock, at 32, is the oldest—their children are all around the age of beginning school. But American children start school after five and a half, which creates problems for some Australian families.

Bob Bruce and his wife, Sue, have a five-year-old son, Clinton. "He missed out on a local school by one day," said Bob. "If he had been one day older he would have been right. But he's in a non-academic kindergarten—it's one of those modernistic places—and he's taking correspondence courses at home to keep up."

Another requirement with young children is the need to find baby-sitters. "You know what they get here?" asked an incredulous Neil Pollock. "A dollar twenty-five an hour, with a minimum of four hours. Our sitter—a schoolgirl, she is—drives up in a Camaro (a new American sports car)!"

The baby-sitter has a far grander car than the Pollocks, but the Pollocks aren't complaining about their lot. They are the only Australians in Las Vegas with their own swimming-pool.

"We were very lucky here," said Neil. "Accommodation has been a problem, because people naturally enough don't want to rent their houses for a year. And if they did, they would want more for them than we would be able to pay."

The Pollocks have an active, bright, towheaded son of three.

The Australian families are very close, but none so much as Neil Pollock and Bob Bruce, who went to the same school in Brisbane.

After joining up together, they went through navigators' school under Squadron-Leader Bernard Johnson, who is also at Nellis. Bob was the best man at Neil's wedding—and later married Neil's wife's chief bridesmaid!

Ivan Skipworth and Neil Pollock live about five minutes' drive from one another, so each day one picks up the other to drive to the base. This leaves one car available to their wives — which is essential, since there is virtually no public transport in town.

The wives can do their shopping at the commissary on the base but, as they do at home, they have to go to the laundry, the hairdresser, the supermarket. And they have to deliver and collect the children at their schools and kindergartens.

Too busy to gamble

Squadron-Leader Johnson, who will be commanding the navigation school at Amberley, didn't arrive in Las Vegas until the last week in February.

Before coming to America he was stationed in England for three years. His wife, Elizabeth, is a cordon bleu cook. She is also a clever dressmaker and makes most of her clothes. (She made the dress she is wearing in the picture, right.)

Now that the Squadron-Leader will be making his headquarters at Nellis, he and Mrs. Johnson have moved into a house in Las Vegas which backs on the Stardust Casino's private golf course. It just happens they are both keen golfers.

None of the crews have had a chance to try their luck in the casinos, one of the attractions for which Las Vegas is most famous (the other is the facilities for getting married at a moment's notice, 24 hours a day, seven days a week—which may also seem like gambling, but with higher stakes).

The Aussies have had little time for play.

They may have even less soon. In Fort Worth, Texas, I saw the first Australian F-111 near the end of the almost-one-mile-long assembly line. It will go into the paint shop on July 1. The rest of the 24 aircraft ordered for the RAAF will be completed by November.

Commander of the F-111 strike wing at Amberley will be Group-Captain S. W. Dallywater, and he, too, is at Nellis, in charge of the RAAF preparations.

"With the F-111 we'll have the best strike aircraft in the South Pacific and South-East Asia areas. It will be flown by the best air-crews," he says.





● Above: Neil and Merle Pollock and Neil, jun., in their Las Vegas home. The city is surrounded by desert, and they are fortunate to have a swimming-pool.

● Left: Elizabeth Johnson, on a shopping trip, leaves the home she and her squadron-leader husband rent.

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"YOU CANNOT SIMPLIFY LAW TOO MUCH"

—says professor, who explains, in laymen's language, some of the changes that have been made.

By Jacqueline Smith

"I AM strongly in favor of divorce by consent," said Professor Rupert Cross. "In this respect, Australian laws are ahead of England's.

"Here at least a divorce can be granted if the husband and wife have been separated for five years. In England, at the moment, there is no similar arrangement.

"However, there's a proposal before the Government that the breakdown of a marriage should be sufficient grounds for divorce.

"The recommendation is for a two-year separation."

Professor Cross, the Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, is in Australia for the academic year as the visiting professor in the Faculty of Law at the University of Sydney.

With him are his wife, Heather, also a lawyer — "she hasn't practised since the war and today is not the least interested in the law" — and his secretary, Belinda Bucknall, aged 24.

The Professor is blind. If he doesn't mention it himself, it's probably because he doesn't think about it very often. His blindness is something he appears to accept and treat casually.

There is humor in nearly everything he says. His precise legal explanations are punctuated by everyday sayings and mild slang and he is prepared to give an opinion about most things, even if they aren't quite in his territory.

"You might say," said Professor Cross, "that I'm an ordinary, straightforward British lawyer with two special interests in law — the study of Criminal Law and the Law of Evidence.

Miserable state

"And the Law of Evidence," he says, "is in a pretty miserable state in England and Australia.

"It tends to obstruct people in finding the truth," he explained. "It is based on the very old system when juries were regarded as rather unintelligent groups of people and witnesses kept vital information from them."

Now in England there is a general feeling that the law is too complicated and should be made comprehensible to the layman.

The English Law Reform Committee and the Criminal Law Revision Committee are both working toward this. Or, rather, toward making the law more practical and operable for this century.

Professor Cross belongs to both committees. "Already," he said, "the Criminal Law Revision Committee has had eight of its nine reports made Acts of Parliament.

"One of the most important of these Acts deals with suicide and attempted suicide. In England they are no longer regarded as crimes.

"But for the most part they concern only small procedural changes of special interest to lawyers—abolition of an obsolete distinction between felonies and misdemeanors; alibi notification before the hearing so that no last-minute surprise witness can be introduced; updating of the antiquated procedural business of juries.

"At one time, only one member of the jury had to become ill and the trial was abandoned, to be heard at a later date. Now it requires the absence of three or four members for this to happen.

"They were all necessary and sensible changes. But," he stressed, "you cannot simplify the law too much!"

Of the Act passed by the British Parliament last year legalising homosexuality between two consenting male adults, Professor Cross said: "It is far too early to make any constructive statement about this change. Any effect it may have on society will not be apparent for years.

"As far as I can see there is no reason why a similar law shouldn't work in Australia.

"Of course," he said, "homosexual relations between women have never been considered illegal. This distinction is one of the very unfair rules of society."

Of alimony and a recent statement by the Minister for Justice in New Zealand that a woman could no longer expect to be kept by her husband after the marriage broke up: "This is a statement that needs considerable qualification. So much depends on the circumstances.

"A woman who has given 30 years of yeoman service to looking after her husband and bringing up his children should certainly expect to be supported by her husband.

"Otherwise it would be too easy for a man to decide that after 30 years his wife was no longer attractive or interesting and just walk out free of all ties. We couldn't have that!

"On the other hand, if the wife is a young, upstanding woman with no children and an ability to earn her own living, then there should be no alimony. Even if the husband is the guilty party."

World mystery

Alimony can be a very bitter point. Professor Cross believes there are many women who cling on to alimony just to annoy the husband. Often they have rejected offers of marriage for this reason and are sometimes living with another man.

"And no woman should have two sources of supply!"

Of women criminals: "There are so few that it has become one of the mysteries of the world.

"There are several theories about the small number. One is that they are too clever; that there are many crimes which require a great deal of strength and consequently are ill-adapted to women; that women are the brains behind many crimes and frequently the ones that don't get caught."

On many occasions, there is evidence of the wife of a criminal living comfortably on his ill-gotten gains.

"It's a bit disturbing," the Professor said, "to see the wife regularly jetting off to all the luxury holiday-resorts."

Criminals' wives and families can also give rise to a complex social problem—if you send a man to prison, do you punish the wife and family as well?

"As yet," Professor Cross said, "there is no solution."

Of abortion: "Until last year, the only defence to a charge of abortion was that it was necessary to preserve the life of the mother.

"Now there are other defences. If two doctors are prepared to say that a child would be born with a physical or mental defect; if the child is conceived as a result of rape; if the financial circumstances of a family are such that the other members will suffer with the birth of a new baby."

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

HAD a brief chat over the telephone with volatile Nancy Walton the day before she took off again for overseas. Was highly amused when she told me she is taking a quantity of Sydney rock oysters with her to serve at a champagne and oyster party at Frankfurt Airport when she lands. Two dozen of the oysters will be sent on to the West German Chancellor, Dr. Kiesinger. Nancy will stay part of the time with Baron and Baroness Koenig-Warthausen at Schlosse Summershausen at Wurttemberg. She will also stay with Mrs. Elly Beinhorn at Freiberg.

★ ★ ★

EXCITING week for David Wilson, who graduated in Law and announced his engagement to Livia Markos at the 21st birthday party given for him by his parents, the Richard Wilsons, of Middle Cove.

★ ★ ★

FASHION award of the week goes to a husband-and-wife team who looked really stunning at the opening night of the Moscow State Circus. They are Mr. and Mrs. Stefan Haag, who both wore different versions of the polo-neck. Mr. Haag's was one of the very latest polo-necked crepe evening shirts (which his wife told me was a birthday present the day before) and hers was a glamorous full-length A-line shift in a spectacular contemporary-patterned pink silk, made with a high polo-neck and cut-away sleeves.

★ ★ ★

NICE to see Mrs. Ev Crossing back in town after five weeks at Terrigal, where she stayed in the beach house belonging to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael White, of "Belltrees," Scone. Incidentally, the Whites will be spending Easter with Mrs. Crossing.

★ ★ ★

APRIL 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27 are all D-days for members of the U-Ball Committee, who will be on duty at their gigantic Book Fair at Unisearch House in Anzac Parade, Kensington. The 50,000 books for sale will range from paperbacks to (the committee hopes) some first editions.

★ ★ ★

PLEASANT surprise this week for film festival enthusiasts is the announcement from Director David J. Stratton that famous film director from India Satyajit Ray will come to Sydney in June for the Sydney Film Festival, which this year will run from May 29 to June 10.

★ ★ ★

TWO bridesmaids—her sister, Lyn, and Sue Hall—will attend Gail Needham when she weds Peter Van der Sleesen at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on April 6. A reception will follow at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG guests will dance in a marquee set up on the lawns of the Mervyn Richs' home at Pymble when Lesley Rich celebrates her 21st birthday on April 6. Among the 80 guests Lesley has invited are many of her former Loreto Convent school-friends and her brother-in-law and sister, Ron and Sue Shackell, who were married in July.

★ ★ ★

ALSO celebrating her 21st birthday on April 6 is Sharon Collins, whose parents, the Lloyd Collins, of Berala, are presenting her with a portrait of herself (by artist Zoltan Fenyes) at the party they are giving for her.

★ ★ ★

PLANNING to be back in time for Easter are Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McIntyre, of "Holmsdale," North Sydney, who are spending a few weeks at their country property, "Willowroo," Tingha. Saw a copy this week of Mrs. McIntyre's book called "In the Beginning" — her memoirs as a foundation member of the earliest years of the Country Women's Association. Proceeds from the sale of the handsome blue-and-gold publication are to go toward the building of a home for aged members of the CWA.

BRIDE-TO-BE Prudence Ryrie and her fiance, Tony Keulemans, will be guests-of-honor at the cocktail party Sir Walter and Lady Michelmore are giving for them at their delightful Woollahra home on April 5. Prudence and Tony wed on May 16 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Also at the party will be Sir Walter's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Barnes, who are due to arrive the day before the party from Calcutta. The Michelmores' home, which has beautifully polished split-level floors and high ceilings, is an ideal setting for parties—the two main rooms open into each other and then out through french windows into a charming garden at the back of the house.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the many bon-voyage parties to be given for John O'Toole (who leaves in the Ellinis on April 8 for a year in Europe) has been given the original name of "An Evening for a Man Off to La Mancha." (Spain is John's first stop and he is looking forward to seeing old Sydney friends Tony Carroll and Annette Andre.) Hosts for the party will be Grahame Ray and Ian Beare and the setting—their terrace house in Woollahra.

★ ★ ★

FIRST party in their new home for newly-weds Michel and Julie Carriol, who've asked 80 guests for champagne cocktails on April 11. Before her marriage in December to Michel (who is the French Commercial Attache) Julie was Julie Zerky.

★ ★ ★

NICE invitation in my mailbag from the State president of the RSPCA, Mr. V. G. Jerabek, asking me to a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Domabyl at Bellevue Hill on April 5. It's to launch an appeal to raise funds to build a new Animal Shelter and Veterinary Hospital at Chullora.

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING with Englishman Trevor Potts, who confesses he's rather sad to be leaving Sydney in June after eleven years. He's going back with his wife and two daughters, Caroline and Sarah, to settle in London. Trevor feels that antiques are a very international business and he intends to explore the European scene and send back his finds to Dennis Bellotte here.



ARCH OF SWORDS for Major and Mrs. Michael Heal as they left St. Anne's Church, Ryde, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Valmai Annis-Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Annis-Brown, of Orange. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. H. Heal, of Yorkshire, England, and of the late Major Heal. A reception was held at Ardamine, Rydalmere.

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AT LEFT: Mrs. Vincent Wardell (at left) with Mrs. Roy Grounds, of Toorak, Victoria, wife of the designer of the Victoria Arts Centre, at the opening of Ian Fairweather's exhibition held at the Macquarie Galleries.





ENGAGED. Miss Elizabeth O'Keeffe and Mr. Alan McGlynn, who have announced their engagement. Miss O'Keeffe is the only daughter of Mr. J. H. O'Keeffe, of "Little Dale," Barmedman, and of the late Mrs. O'Keeffe. Her fiance is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McGlynn, of Gordon.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Ian Johnston (at left) with Miss Jane Weiss at the luncheon and fashion parade which the Thumbelina Committee held at the Chevron Hotel. The committee works to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

AT LEFT: The High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mr. Aslam Malik, and Mrs. Malik (at left) with the wife of the Pakistan Trade Commissioner, Mrs. Aslam Hayat, at the reception which was held at the Hayats' home at Randwick to celebrate Pakistan's 21st National Day.



UNDER THE BIG TOP. Mrs. Sydney Irving (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. John Van-Houts at the first night of the Great Moscow Circus, 1968, which opened at Wentworth Park.



RIGHT: Brother and sister Miss Mandy Davey and Mr. Geoff Davey bought a program from Adelaide girl Michele Maskell before the performance. Michele is touring Australia with the circus.

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NEXT WEEK

● For the key to figure, face, and hair glamor, consult our 16-page lift-out . . .

THE BEAUTY BOOK



—by American TV physical fitness expert Debbie Drake (who is pictured above).

and . . .

MELBA by Beverley Nichols



—it gives fascinating glimpses into the personal life of the "Queen of Song."

and . . .



● There's fashion news in these two dresses: patterns as well.



and . . .

"IN PIOUS MEMORY" . . . our new serial by **MARGERY SHARP**



and . . .



PARTY FOOD . . . from our expert cooks

and . . .

● Our garden expert talks about rambling roses.



● NEXT WEEK ●

AN EXPERT ANSWERS

The 35 questions

● What do you most want to know about diet? Here expert Mrs. Irena Gallivan gives the 35 most-often-asked diet questions—and answers them. Mrs. Gallivan has introduced a new method of treating the overweight, patterned on Dr. Edgar Gordon's six-meals-a-day diet, at a small clinic at Sydney's Prince of Wales Hospital (our March 6 issue). Average weight loss of clinic patients — 3½st.

Is water fattening?

Water contains no calories and so is non-fattening. (The healthy adult body contains 80 pints of water. The kidneys pass at least one pint every 24 hours while another two pints or so are lost via the respiratory system. Fasting, dieting, exercise, and hot weather increase this loss, and must be made up. Four pints of water, or fluids containing water, per day is an essential nutrient to an adult.)

Are the diets which restrict liquid (a) effective? (b) safe?

There are two types of liquid:
(1) non-caloric.
(2) caloric.

Water is the basis of all liquids, even milk is 87 percent water. On any reduction diet, **caloric** fluids are restricted. However, since water is **non-caloric** and is an essential nutrient, it should not be restricted, since the body needs water to function.

A loss of two pints of water in a day will cause enough discomfort to stop dieting. Restricting liquid in dieting is not effective and definitely not safe.

What do you think of the value of hypnosis in helping one keep to a diet?

I have never met anyone who has lost weight under hypnosis. I have not been able to find any evidence in professional literature to substantiate the value of hypnosis in dieting.

How long is it safe to fast (that is, water and calorie - free liquids only)? And how often?

Fasting should not be attempted for more than 24 hours on non-caloric liquids, except under a physician's guidance, and then usually in hospital.

The reason for this is that the blood-pressure can drop very suddenly and the fluid balance of the body impaired for an uncomfortable length of time.

Even controlled fasting of 48 hours must be restricted to not more than once a month, since a loss of electrolytes and water and a concentration of substances like uric acid can lead to discomfort in an otherwise healthy adult.

(Electrolytes are minerals that keep a water balance in the body.)

I am embarking on a 1200-calorie diet which has proved effective before. It suits me to have 800 of these for the evening meal. Is this wrong? Or, would reduction be quicker if calories were more spread?

If you are having to diet rigidly again, it is probably because of the habit of eating most of your food at night.

Evidence shows that lipogenesis, or fat formation, is actually caused by this habit.

Calorie confusion

So you would probably lose faster and keep pounds off by distributing your calories evenly throughout the day.

If lack of willpower stops you from sticking to a diet, is there another method?

By willpower I presume you mean motivation—that is, a *reason* for losing weight. Nothing can be achieved without a reason.

Is toast less fattening than bread?

Not unless it is toasted to a cinder.

Why are fried foods fattening when roast meat is not?

All food is fattening if you eat more than you need; this applies to roast meat and fried foods.

Do contraceptive pills add weight?

I have found no evidence that contraceptive pills add weight. Furthermore, women on contraceptive pills lose just as readily as those not on them.

Can dieting be successful without exercise? Or do you advocate, as some do, that a brisk walk be taken after each meal —especially the evening meal?

Yes, dieting can be successful without exercise. However, one must be realistic and find out if the overweight is due to lack of exercise.

Would you say one of the most important elements of dieting is honesty in following it?

Honesty in dieting is difficult for dieters, not because they are dishonest, but because of so much confusion about foods, calories, and conflicting advice on diet from family, friends, and uninformed people in general.

I believe that although it is important to be "honest" in dieting, it is most important to understand the degree of obesity and the diet that is attempted, and to obtain this information from an informed person.

If the diet is inadequate and the view of the dieter unrealistic, then it is not possible to be honest about dieting.

Worry and overwork make some people lose weight, yet others become compulsive eaters and gain weight. Why is this?

Compulsive eaters have formed a habit of using food to relax tension and compensate frustration.

Are brand - name foods described "Suitable for diabetics" suitable for dieters, too?

Generally speaking, all sweets, jams, biscuits, bread, wafers, cereals, puddings, and cordials described or labelled "Suitable for diabetics" are not more suitable for either diabetics or dieters than regular packs, unless the calories and grams of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins are calculated as part of the diet, just as with any other food.

Low-calorie tinned fruit can be substituted for regular tinned fruit, but would still have to be calculated for the caloric content of the fruit. Low-calorie soft drinks are fine, except, again, the total number of calories must be calculated as part of the diet.

Is it wise to cut sugar completely from a diet? Does the body need a certain amount of sugar to keep going or is the sugar in fresh fruit sufficient?

As an inexpensive and readily digested form of carbohydrate, sugar is a valuable energy food, but it does not have any nutrient other than carbohydrate; the danger is that it will replace other nutrients because it is so readily available in cakes, sweets, and biscuits.

We know that in the past hundred years the enormous increase in the consumption of such foods has led to the increase in dental caries and obesity.

Fruit supplies other nutrients as well as several sugars and does not impair dental health, since, in this form, the sugar does not stick to the teeth.

However, the amount of fruit must be regulated in a restricted diet to that amount that provides the necessary nutrients and still allows for a weight loss.

Doctors have tablets for pregnant women which reduce the fluid in the body. I took some such tablets which dropped my weight by 7lb. in a couple of days. Can these same tablets be used as a quick way of dieting?

One hundred grams of body fat yield 113 grams of water on oxidation.

If a dieter has trouble in clearing this water, then a physician sometimes prescribes a diuretic. However, only a physician is able to

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most often asked about diet

- ***Is there a diet that is not costly?***
- ***Can dieting be successful without exercise?***
- ***How can I diet with a family of five?***

determine the extent of such a malfunction.

The diuretic used for pregnant women is usually prescribed by a physician to control the blood-pressure; at any rate, it is not for the same reason that a dieter might want it.

Dieters want to lose fat and a diuretic has no influence on fat. When a dieter takes a diuretic, only normal body fluid is lost, and it has to be replaced immediately by drinking more liquid.

What do you think of the 50- (or 60-) gram diet (also known as high-fat or low-carbohydrate diet)? It seems to work, but is this because of low-calorie intake?

The low carbohydrate diet works because it creates a deficit of oral energy foods which forces the oxidation of body fat into carbohydrate. Otherwise it is a normal diet.

In the long run, however, it will not work unless it is rigidly controlled for a long enough period, that is until normal weight has been reached. It is low-calorie because of the low carbohydrate.

Some diet theorists suggest rubbing skin with baby oil to avoid wrinkles caused by sudden weight loss. Is this valid?

Wrinkles are usually caused because the moisture and fat directly under the skin has been lost because the diet used is inadequate in nutrients needed by the skin.

Rubbing wrinkles with baby oil will not solve the problem (skin problems are best advised upon by a dermatologist and are hardly the province of anyone else).

Will diet help the old problem of the "spare tyre," or is exercise the only means of shedding it?

If the "spare tyre" is on a person who is also overweight, then diet and exercise are needed to remove it. If the person is not overweight, then the muscles of the abdomen are lax and some exercise is indicated.

Some people seem to be able to eat a great deal and stay thin, while others put on weight. Is this valid?

The cause of overweight or underweight is an imbalance between energy intake and energy out-put which leads to a storage of the surplus energy fat, or the reverse. This imbalance can be influenced by many things:

1. Increased intake of food; either of carbohydrates or in total intake of food.
2. Decreased activity with age.
3. Boredom.
4. Increased or decreased intake that is caused by an emotional need, that is, thin people when worried eat less than they would normally and people who tend to gain weight eat more than they would normally.

Is there a diet that is not costly? Most I have been on have been very expensive and, to balance the budget, I've gone back to fattening food.

In checking with other dietitians, I've found that in Australia $10 a week will buy the food needed to control my weight and maintain proper nutrition. Even if I wanted to lose weight and ate fewer calories, the cost would still be about $10 because of extras like low-calorie drinks and more expensive cuts of meat.

How can I diet with a family of five, including a healthy husband who likes fatty food? Should I eat separately, which involves a lot of extra work, or should I put them on the diet but give them larger quantities?

It is not a good idea to restrict a whole family's diet because mother has to diet.

Probably you will never be able to eat more than part of the foods you serve your family, but they will need a larger selection of food than you need.

So you have to accept this, and regard taking care of your body's requirements as a good habit rather than a lot of extra work.

I am always reading that people on a diet should keep a supply of "tasty" sliced carrots and celery curls in the refrigerator to nibble through the day. I don't find these in the least "tasty." Can you suggest something else?

This should work in theory, but cannot last because carrots and celery curls become tiresome.

Multiple meals are important to satisfy the dieter, but, to be satisfying, each meal should contain adequate amounts of fat, carbohydrates, and protein.

Would you recommend a crash diet for someone who is just a few pounds overweight?

No, a crash diet will not take off much fat. It will take off mostly fluid and lean body tissue that is replaced as soon as normal eating begins.

If you are only a few pounds overweight, can you suggest a simple eating plan that will take them off and keep them off?

Most people underestimate the detrimental effects, both emotional and physical, of being even only a few pounds overweight. The causes of this are usually complex and have no simple solution, much less a so-called "simple eating plan." However, some of these answers may give you a few rules to apply.

I am sick of continually dieting and getting no result. Can you help me?

Probably, but you will need a physician's prescription and to make a decision that "this is it."

Are spirits (whisky, gin, brandy) fattening? If so, how fattening? There seems to be a difference of opinion on this.

Spirits have seven calories per 1/30 of an ounce of 100 percent proof alcohol.

HOW CALORIES ARE USED

● **Here is an interesting estimate of calories used by an average woman. Weight: 8st. 9lb. Age: 25 years. Mean annual environmental temperature 50deg. F.**

A. 8 hours. Working activities in the home or in industry: mostly standing (overall rate, 1.83 cal./min.)		880 cal.
B. 8 hours. Non-Occupation Activities: 1hr. washing, dressing, etc., at 2.5 cal./min.	150 cal.	
1hr. walking at about 5 km./hr. at 3.6 cal./min.	220 cal.	
5hrs. sitting activities at 1.41 cal./min.	420 cal.	
1hr. active recreation and/or heavier domestic work at 3.5 cal./min.	210 cal.	1000 cal.
C. 8hrs. Rest in bed at basal metabolic rate		420 cal.
Total:		2300 cal.

If your daily intake of calories to maintain existing weight is, say, 1800, based on a sedentary occupation like office work, how many extra calories might you consume on an active day (gardening or playing some sport) without risking weight increase?

Probably about 200 calories per hour; however, this would vary 50 calories per hour or so depending on the temperature. (You need less calories in hot climates.)

Are there any safe pills you can take to lose your appetite?

It seems to me that appetite is a very healthy and necessary emotion which may need educating, but the idea of losing it is alarming and positively dangerous. As with so many "fast promised" cures, the idea is at fault.

How much is "overweight"? For instance, if ideal weight tables say you should be 8st. 5lb., at what weight above, for health reasons, should you take prompt diet action?

I do not know which weight tables this refers to, since most of them have a different standard.

As a general rule, I would say that in the case of an 8st. 5lb. woman, 5lb. overweight should prompt attention to diet habits.

They say dieting is the ruination of your social life. If you go out, the food offered is not in the dieting field or, if you invite guests for dinner, they are not likely to relish the idea of eating your diet food. It is also hard to visit restaurants. Is there a solution?

The only solution to this is self-discipline and gaining a knowledge of food that will help you choose a meal that will not leave you with a big feeling of hunger.

What do you do about the family and friends who laugh at the idea of you dieting and make no effort to help and encourage you?

Ask your family and friends to take a more positive, mature attitude. However, to achieve this, you will have to show them you are serious about your diet and not expect them to forfeit any of their own gastronomical pleasures. Help I doubt they can give you.

Appetite a healthy emotion

Someone told me that sipping water throughout the day would allay hunger. It didn't work with me. Should it?

No, sipping water will only allay thirst.

What are, say, three foods I can eat most to delay moments of hunger and not worry about putting on weight? Also, is there anything nibblers can nibble that is not fattening?

The only way to delay moments of hunger is to have frequent small meals throughout the day while dieting.

The liver, which burns up the energy from alcohol, takes 17 hours to utilise an ounce of spirits — much longer than any other carbohydrate. So the answer to this question would really depend on how much is consumed and how much energy is utilised.

Why is it that some housewives who get plenty of exercise in the work they do in their home and eat sparingly still put on weight?

Housework today is a sedentary occupation; detergents and machines do what used to take a lot of energy. If the housewife is eating sparingly and gaining weight, it is probably because she

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● *Mrs. Scotty Denholm, whose interests centre on fashion, is the wife of the trainer of Skippy, and often has to "mother" the animals her husband brings home*

Even a snake is a welcome houseguest

By KIRSTEN BLANCH

Television



MRS. SCOTTY DENHOLM . . . her husband trains "Skippy" the lovable kangaroo who stars in TCN9's adventure series, Mondays, at 7 p.m.

EVER since a recent meeting with Skippy's trainer, Scotty Denholm, I've been wanting to meet his wife.

During my interview with Mr. Denholm he kept straying from the subject of Skippy to his concern about his coming trip to Dunk Island.

It seemed that this tropical paradise in North Queensland held no particular attraction for Mr. Denholm because it would mean being separated from his wife for the first time.

Sure enough, when I did speak with Mrs. Denholm, it became apparent that the Denholm marriage is an unusually happy one. It certainly had a romantic beginning . . . but more of that later.

Today Mrs. Denholm is a glamorous mother of two grown-up sons, a model and fashion compere, and has had acting parts in television. She organises fashion and make-up shows in clubs around Sydney.

As well as being busy with all this, she often has to "mother" the animals her husband brings home from time to time.

"It's not uncommon for Scotty to say 'Don't touch that bag—there's a snake in it,'" Mrs. Denholm said.

"I've had white rats, foxes, dingoes, and a possum to stay for anything from a few days to several weeks. The possum used to stay up all night. Scotty would have to get up to feed it.

"Skippy was here for a time, of course, to get used to being around strange people, and we have our own cats and dogs."

Mr. Denholm is a retired police dog trainer, and was the first man to teach a dog to take commands by radio. He trained the famous police dogs Zoe and Tess.

Mrs. Denholm's father was Police Inspector James ("Gentleman Jim") Jeffrey, and it was through him she met young Constable Denholm.

"I had known Scotty for about two months and was only 16 when he asked me if I would like to get married. I said I couldn't possibly. I didn't take him seriously.

"Scotty just said that he *would* marry me, and on that very day.

"He produced a ring and we went to the registry office, but they didn't believe I was 21 and said to come back another day.

"So we went to a city church, and I still don't know how Scotty did it, but there we were married.

"Afterwards Scotty said all he had was five bob, so we had a milkshake each and went to our respective homes. It was four months before we were found out!

"I wouldn't really recommend it to anyone else, but we did all right and I've had a very happy life. Scotty roars like a bull sometimes, but I wouldn't have it any other way."

Life with Scotty certainly hasn't been dull.

First there was his police work and now his jobs for film and TV. Mrs. Denholm at one stage spent four months on the set of "The Sundowners" teaching the stars the Australian accent.

One of Mrs. Denholm's greatest interests is getting recognition for the fashion needs of women over 40.

"So much could be done to make women look nicer," she said. "I love modelling and my fashion work, so I'm really enjoying doing my bit for what should be an elegant age-group."

★ ★ ★

SPORTS fans will applaud TCN9's new "instant replay" device, the first to be used in Australia.

In any live telecast, and in sport particularly, some fascinating piece of action often takes place suddenly and is over before the viewer has really taken in what happened.

Nine's gadget enables any segment of any live show to be replayed just 30 seconds after it happened. Now it makes it more interesting to watch football at home.

TCN9 presents the second half of the Rugby League TV match of the day live every Sunday at 3.45 p.m.

Ron Casey, sports commentator and now official referee of the N.S.W. Rugby League, comperes the matches.

McGill—tough and fascinating

"MAN WITH A SUITCASE" (ABC - TV, Mondays, 8 p.m.), a sort of modern "Have Gun—Will Travel," is first-rate television. I think I'm a bit in love with McGill, the hero—really a non-hero.

Played by Richard Bradford, McGill is a rather bitter, tough, very, very cynical man-for-hire.

The production is quick-moving, polished, and, best of all, the plots are just about credible.

McGill, with his penchant for reminding his employers, whenever they play up, that they called him, carries the show. He is quite unflappable and very hard to impress.

I loved the line in a recent episode when someone approached McGill with a sinister-looking black case, ranted and raved for a while, and said "Do you know what I have here?"

"Your lunch?" replied McGill.

Richard Bradford is a young unknown who came to English TV via New York Theatre, a movie with Marlon Brando, "The Chase," and a part in one episode of "Gunsmoke."

Carpenter "Alf" in Sydney film

A FACE more familiar to TV fans than to filmgoers was seen recently on location for filming of "It Takes All Kinds."

I was watching shooting of scenes for the film at one of Sydney's stately homes in Wahroonga, when the puckish Sid Melton was pointed out to me.

He plays the friend of Robert Lansing in the film, but so far he is better known in Australia as "Alf," the carpenter in "Green Acres," and from his appearances in "Gomer Pyle USMC," and "The Danny Thomas Show." He has appeared in 105 Danny Thomas Shows.

Mr. Melton said he loved Australia, and found the crew and extras just as proficient as in America—"but nicer."

He was in Sydney only for a few weeks, and was mostly on location, but he had had time to see "the cutest animal in the world," the koala, and also to start his new hobby, making travelogues.

Getting on the other side of the camera for the first time, Mr. Melton had been filming the sights of Sydney in 8mm. for possible sale in America.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said, when it was raining and I was sitting around the house complaining there was nothing to do—this was before television: "Why don't you read? I think that's the trouble with the world today. If we could give us a little time and learn another language or about other people's culture and problems, then maybe we would not have so much trouble. In other words, try to be well informed. How do you know if you are well informed? This is one way . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: A well-informed man is one whose wife has just told him what she thinks of him.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



Yet it's nice, sometimes, to have more than just five minutes to yourself — and the modern world *is* bringing more leisure time. Time to be individual — do the things a woman chooses. Where money is concerned women are cottoning on to this situation fast. They budget their house-keeping more shrewdly, and save and bank with a poise that matches their men-folk. To knit into this scheme of things, a bank such as the E.S. & A. provides a family of services — *up-to-the-minute and all under one roof.*

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LA LOLLO'S



FILM ACTRESS Gina Lollobrigida.

VILLA IN ROME

(And its treasures)



THIS FRENCH FIREPLACE is in the big dining-room. Note: A 17th-century mirror, a 16th-century Chinese bust. Floor has been copied from the mosaic pavements of Pompeii.

● Gina Lollobrigida, beautiful storm centre of many a drama on film and in real life, allowed her old friend Pierluigi, the Rome photographer, to take our pictures of her magnificent villa in Rome. But as Gina was always taking off by jet for London, Tokyo, Paris, New York, or Rio, and Pierluigi for London, Acapulco, Los Angeles, etc., the project took two months. Separated from her husband, and more serene in outlook than she used to be, Gina also gave an interview.

OVERLEAF: More pictures, and interview with La Lollo.

THE ADDRESS: 223, Via Appia Antica.

● Apart from the world's "greats," few people have been inside the private villa, pictured at right, of Gina Lollobrigida, who has been called "the most fascinating woman in Italy." It is furnished with rarest antique pieces, many of great beauty and extravagantly costly. It is here that La Lollo entertains monarchs and princes, heads of State, industrial magnates, film tycoons, film and stage stars, and the world's social elite. Yet the internationally busy star, in her beautiful clothes and surrounded with treasures, says, quite seriously, "My home is the aeroplane." She has three important films in program for United Artists, but only one has Italian location.



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LA LOLLO'S VILLA IN ROME

Continued from previous page



OPPOSITE is a picture of the bedroom where Gina's son, Milko, jun., sleeps. Mother and son are seen. Milko's wooden bed is in the 18th-century Tuscan style.



IN THE STUDIO: At left, a 17th-century Florentine trumeau. In the centre, a Persian mirror with gold sequin frame (handmade). Right of mirror, an Etruscan bust. In the foreground, left, an 18th-century, Neapolitan chair can be seen.

AT RIGHT: On the wall at the end of the entrance hall is a 16th - century Russian icon, an 18th - century Venetian mirror, and a brass Indian plate in bas-relief. An 18th-century Genovese candelabra is seen and (beside Gina) a white marble statue. Various Etruscan vases are on table.

● **Below are Lollobrigida's answers to Pierluigi's questions about life:**

QUESTION: Where would you like to live?

ANSWER: I am always travelling. I have come to the conclusion that my real home is the aeroplane. And so I have ended up by finding myself at home everywhere. And because one can get everywhere in no time by plane one doesn't have time to feel homesick.

What is happiness to you?

— Lots of little things. Happiness with a capital H, perhaps, does not exist. It does, perhaps, not belong to our times. When you come to think of it, our era is one in which we have learned to be contented; even though, officially, we are more exacting and more ambitious.

Which novel-hero do you prefer?

— I haven't any particular preference. But there are several books I haven't been able to forget. All my literary "men" are Stendhalish.

Who is your favorite historical character?

— Kennedy.

And your favorite artist?

— Picasso.

Musician?

— Stravinsky.

Do you like beatniks?

— I have no dislike for them. They are part of the geography of our times. And also part of zoology.

What is the quality you appreciate most in a man?

— That he be a real man. I don't like weak men.

And in a woman?

— Beauty. Qualities in ugly women make me always think of something substituted.

What is your favorite virtue?

— Patience.

And your favorite hobby?

— I haven't got any particular one. I change from day to day, or sometimes week to week. I like to mess around the house. But now always in the same way. And not always.

Whom would you have liked to be?

— Myself.

What are the typical streaks of your character?

— Loyalty. And I prefer to end any relationship with a person rather than have to lie. I don't like lies, nor even "white lies" nor those considered pitiful. There is only one truth, and there is no reason to hide it, ever.

What do you appreciate most in your friends?

— The same thing I appreciate most in myself. Loyalty. Also, if they lie to me, it's finished.

What do you consider the biggest misfortune?

— To be ugly.

Who is your favorite writer?

— Several. Above all, the modern writers. And especially American modern writers. Also some French ones. Once upon a time, I used to read Steinbeck and Graham Greene a lot. Now I am interested in the American writers of the "beat generation." And Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Montherlant. Among the Italians, of course I like Moravia, but also many of the latest writers: Calvino, Cassola, Bassani.

Who is your favorite poet?

— Ungaretti. Although I have often read in English poems by Whitman.

What is your pet hate?

— The idea of darkness, of the end. The idea of not knowing what the world will give us tomorrow, the idea of not always being present, the idea that the year 2967 for me is but an abstraction, a number. This is perhaps the idea I loathe the most, that horrifies me.

What gift of nature would you like to have?

— All those I haven't got.

Are you afraid of growing old?

— If it means the end, yes: that is, if it means the

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approach of the day in which we shall have to give up seeing, knowing.

What kind of a woman are you? Cheerful, tormented, happy . . ?

— To say cheerful is perhaps too much. Let's say serene.

Have you still great ambitions to satisfy, or do you feel happy as you are now?

— I still have a thirst for everything. I feel as if I still have to have everything. And, anyway, I would feel rather mean if I said I am happy with what I have and with what I am. Perhaps I am only beginning to live, at nearly 40 years of age.

When there is no longer love, must a man and a woman sacrifice their happiness for the good of their children?

— Yes.

Apart from personal friendship, who, in your opinion, is the most talented film director?

— Ingmar Bergman.

What men do you consider the most attractive — Italians, Frenchmen, Americans, Englishmen, or Germans?

— A liking for someone and physical attraction do not have passports. Even the most unfriendly nation can give us agreeable surprises.

What do you find irresistible in a man?

— From the physical point of view, perhaps the eyes, the mouth. From the moral point of view, strength, security.

Are you jealous?

— No.

Are you sometimes bad, naughty?

— Do you think I ever have been?

Do you smoke much?

— I have never had a smoke in my life.

What is it that you find wonderful in movies?

— Is there anything wonderful in movies?

Do you call upon God?

— When in an aeroplane.

Do you often pray?

— In an aeroplane.

Do you cry easily?

— No! I am a woman, not a cry-baby!

Have you a definition of love which can be stated in one sentence?

— It is a difficult lottery. A game of chance. But some are lucky in their winnings.

Are you happy?

— I would say so. I could be happier. However, I have been less happy.

What are your feelings with regard to no longer being married?

— I feel free.

Would you like to marry again?

— No.

What are the big mistakes which you think you have made up to date?

— Big mistakes? I can't think of any. Small mistakes, many. But we all make small mistakes. Life without mistakes would have no sense. To make mistakes is important.

Are you for or against birth control?

— Against. Also from the health point of view. It is useless to say the contrary, "the pill" is harmful. By now there is not a doctor in the U.S. that denies this openly.

Are you a believer?

— Yes.

Do you believe in paradise?

— It is difficult, but I would say so. Otherwise I wouldn't be able to call myself a believer.

If so, do you think you deserve to go to paradise?

— No, I deserve to go to hell.

Do you believe in equality between man and woman?

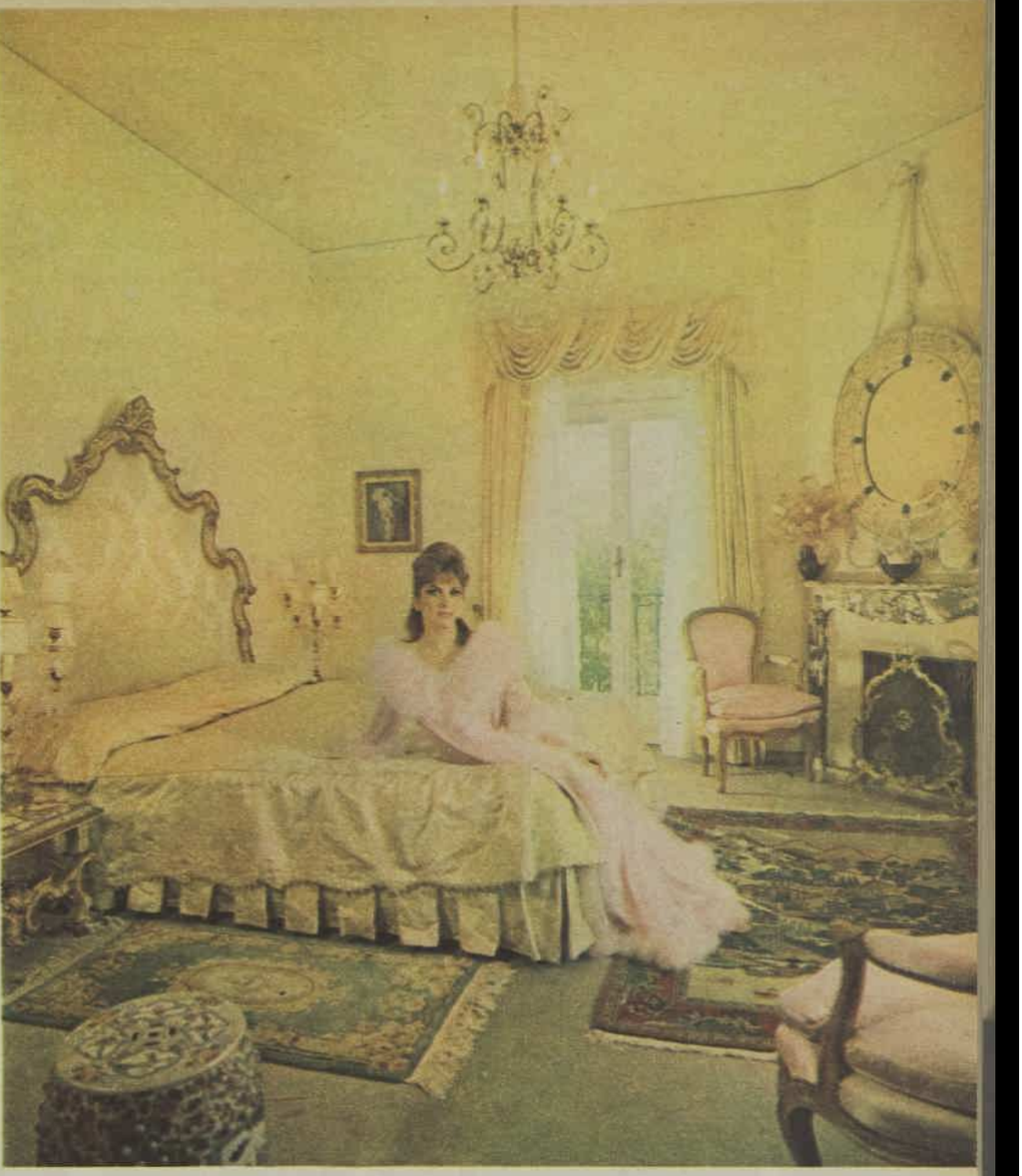
— Yes. In all fields. And I think that our whole society believes in it openly.

The interview is ended. Gina answered all questions without hesitation. "Perhaps I have said a lot of nonsense," says Gina, smiling. "I am rather tired, as I spent the evening at the Piper Club. I like the Piper Club just as much as I like rhythmic music."

Do you dance in mini-skirts like the young girls?

— Rarely in Rome, but I do in Paris!

This is the new Gina.

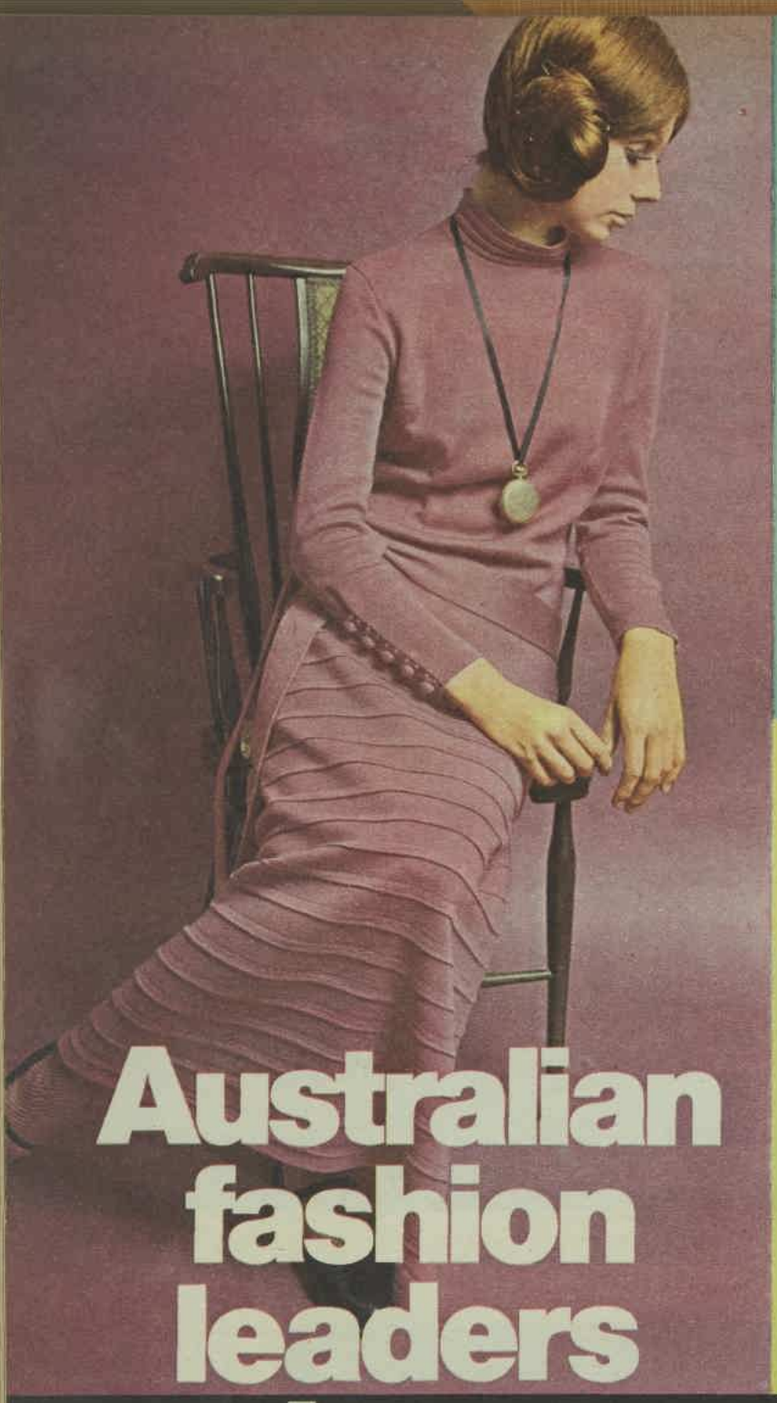


ABOVE is Gina's sumptuous bedroom. It has an 18th-century Venetian bed, and the small lacquered tables, French chairs, and the Venetian mirror are all 18th-century.



AT LEFT is part of the treasure-filled sitting-room. On the little table, a bronze head of Milko, jun., made by Gina. Above the 17th-century Florentine fireplace is an oil painting by Bernadino Luno (died in 1532).

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Fun and snow in Japan and a storm off Honolulu

By MICKY McNICOLL
Pictures by BURNETT NETTERFIELD

STEPPING ashore in a snowstorm at Kobe was the exciting start of our visit to Japan. Japan's worst weather for 17 years deterred no one. In fact, opinion was "the snow made the trip."

Most of the 1400 members of The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1968 left the ship to make day tours or an overland trip—the latter rejoining the Orcades in Yokohama.

Muffled in coats and scarves, tour members cheerfully piled out of warm buses to dash through the swirling snowflakes to see temples, shrines, flower arrangements, and gardens.

One of the loveliest temples was the Golden Pavilion (Kinkakaji), which is topped with a golden phoenix and mirrored in an island-studded lake.

As a sudden shaft of sunlight glinted on it through the snow, gasps of admiration filled the air.

More sightseeing, some shopping, then on to Kyoto for the night.

And what a night! We all went to a sukiyaki dinner.

The sight of Australians trying to make themselves comfortable on cushions on the floor had everyone hysterical with laughter—us and our hosts.

It was a sight rivalled only by the scene, some two hours later, when we all tried to get back on our feet and tried to walk. We refused to believe it was the sake we drank. It was merely that our knees were stiff!

Geisha girls sat with us at dinner, but as they spoke little or no English conversation was limited. Their poise and grace as they knelt on the floor made our sprawling attitudes even more ludicrous.

After dinner the girls danced — traditional dances with graceful movements of fans and hands.

Then came a game of musical cushions. It's the same as musical chairs. But try it to Japanese music with cushions on the floor and the results are hilarious.

Disrupted traffic

Delightful as the snow looked on the countryside, the blizzards in the north had seriously disrupted road traffic, and even the famous bullet trains were delayed.

A visit to Hakone next night was impossible and we were delayed in Kyoto for the morning while the Japanese Travel Bureau reorganised 500 people.

First, they had to find seats on the bullet train and, second, beds in Tokyo for the night. As Tokyo Airport was closed and many other travellers unable to leave the city, this was a tremendous task.

The bullet trains are fabulous. They travel up to 120 miles per hour and we made the 300-mile trip to Tokyo in three hours. They run so smoothly there is absolutely no sense of speed.

Arriving at Tokyo we all mustered on the platform behind our couriers to walk to the buses taking us to our new-found beds.

Each courier had a different colored flag (one even had a tinkling bell attached to attract her flock), and following them we battled our way through the locals who were returning home from work.

They could barely believe the evidence of their eyes—500 Australians clutching overnight bags, cameras, binoculars, and the inevitable parcels of shopping, and all trying to keep their own beflagged courier in sight.

We couldn't decide who enjoyed it more, us or the locals.

Next day was bright and sunny. The snow was crisp and sparkling when we visited Daibutsu.

On the way we had seen lots of snowmen the children had built in their gardens. At Daibutsu we were amused to see a miniature Buddha made of snow!

So carried away were we by Japan that it took us a day back aboard ship to remember we'd had an earlier port of call—a day in the U.S. island of Guam.

Guam is the typical tropical island. Coral reefs, palm trees, black and white beaches, crashing waves, still lagoons, tropical fruit growing wild. But if you don't know where to go and pick your papaw you still have to pay 30 U.S. cents a pound for it in the market.

Buffalo racing

Guam also has tropical downpours, and they certainly poured down the day we were there.

Happily it stopped raining while we de-bussed to watch a buffalo race.

Three buffaloes (one a cow, or whatever a female buffalo is called) with yards of rope tied round their horns had three locals as jockeys, who raced them round the main streets of the village, preceded by a police car in case of accidents.

No bookmakers, no tote, no betting, and as far as we saw no prizes for the winner. Just good clean fun.

Also having fun were all the Guamanian schoolchildren. The only buses on the island are the Government school buses. We needed them all for our 1400 tour members, so the schoolchildren had a holiday. They gave us a great welcome as we passed.

Just to make us realise we were at sea, a large wave had the temerity to strike us broadside at 4 a.m. two nights before Honolulu. Crashes and thumpings and slidings of everything loose woke everyone aboard.

Every table had been set for breakfast, and everything on every table fell to the deck. Breakages were so great that despite the huge amount of replacements kept in the ship an alert was sent to the Canberra asking her to leave more for us in Honolulu.

These new (for The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour) ports of call are exciting even for our "Twicers," as we have christened tour members who travelled on the 1966 or 1967 tours and are with us again in 1968.

We think we are the best advertisement the tours could possibly have!

Unless someone is hiding from me they are Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hando, of Chinchilla, Queensland, Mr. and Mrs. Phonce Tobin, of Malvern, Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. T. Perkins, of Queensland, Mr. H. Buckley, of Western Australia, Mrs. W. Hurren, of Victoria, Mrs. M. Hecker, of Maryborough, Queensland, who travelled with her husband in 1966 and has her daughter Diana with her this year, and Mrs. A. Sheridan, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., who took her elder daughter, Claire, on the 1966 trip and has her younger daughter, Nancy, on this trip.



● *At Mount Nikko, Japan, Miss Pauline Moore, of Albany, W.A., meets a Japanese family. Nikko is north of Tokyo.*



● *Mrs. Stella Sperotto, of Parkville, Vic., tries her hand at shovelling snow beside a woman laborer at Mount Nikko.*



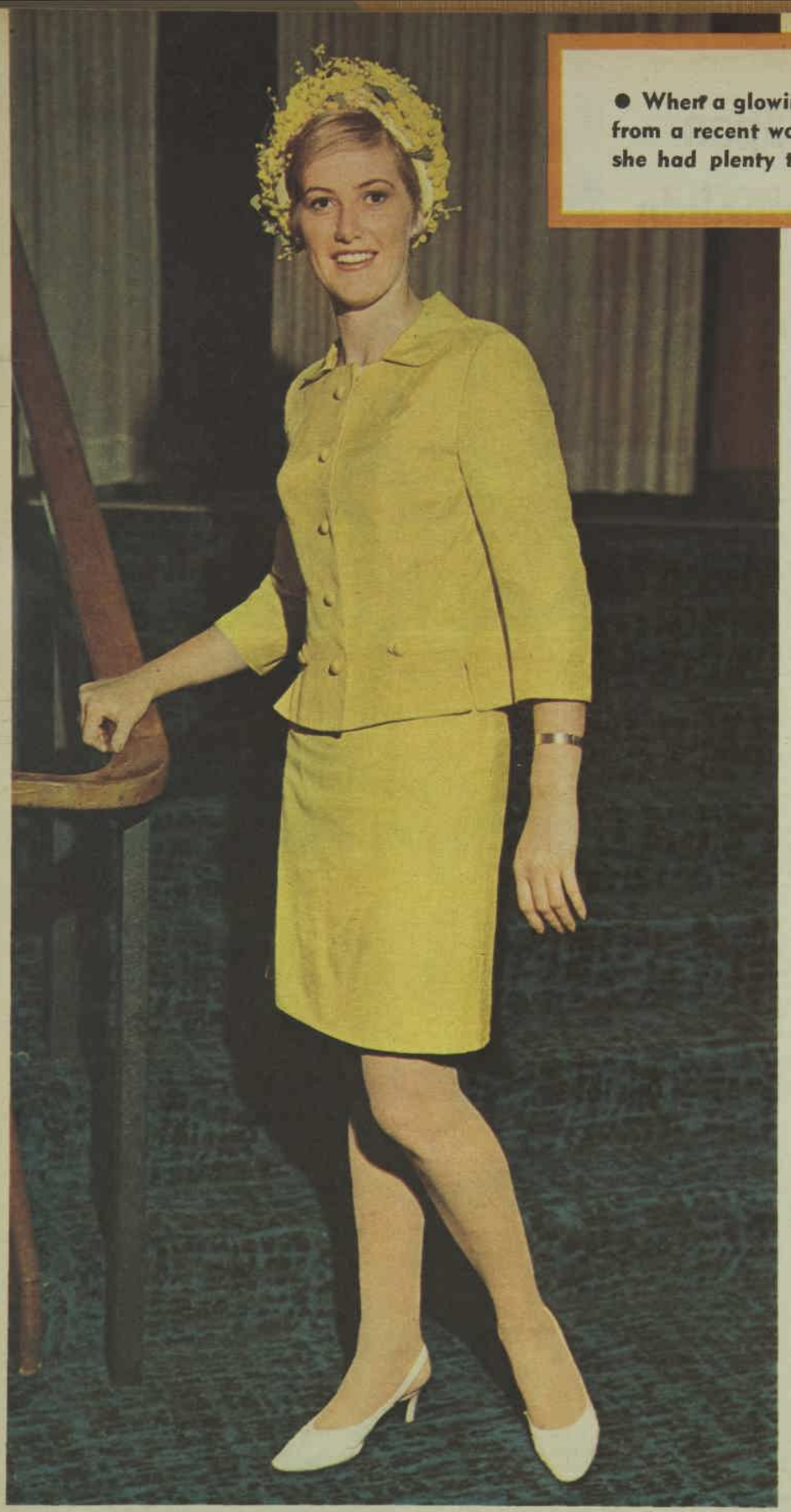
● *Mrs. Margaret Morgan, of Manly, N.S.W., and her brother, Mr. Norman Golding, of Kensington, N.S.W., sightseeing together.*

TESTIMONY OF THOMAS TO TOURISTS

These travel "commandments" were sent to us by Rev. Thomas Freeman, of N.S.W., who wrote them after his experiences on last year's world tour.

- **Thou shalt not expect to find things as thou hast them at home, for thou hast left thy home to find things different.**
- **Thou shalt not take anything too serious, for a carefree mind is the beginning of a holiday.**
- **Thou shalt not let the other tourists get on thy nerves, for thou art paying out good money to have a good time.**
- **Remember thy passport so that thou knowest where it is at all times, for a voyager without a passport is a traveller without a country.**
- **Blessed is the man who can say "Thank you" in any language, for it shall be more to him than much advice.**
- **Blessed is the man who can make change in any currency, for lo, he shall not be cheated.**
- **Thou shalt not worry. He that worrieth hath no pleasure, and few things are ever fatal.**
- **Thou shalt not judge the people of a country by one person with whom thou hast trouble.**
- **Thou shalt, when in Rome, do somewhat as the Romans do. If in difficulty, thou shalt use commonsense and friendliness.**
- **Remember thou art a guest in every land, and he that treateth his host with respect shall be treated as an honored guest.**
- **Thou mayest enjoy much window-shopping — remembering that beyond this increaseth baggage and may engender much wrath in many directions.**

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● When a glowing Miss Australia, Helen Newton, returned from a recent world tour sporting an ultra-short hairstyle, she had plenty to tell about her jaunts in foreign cities.

By LIANE MAXFIELD

MISS AUSTRALIA ran her hand through her newly cropped hair as she posed informally in pink silk slacks to the clicking of camera shutters.

Her gold chin-length hair had been lopped off at Alexandre's in Paris. She emerged with a tiny blonde halo which, she said, "Eliminates a lot of setting and is much easier to handle when I'm constantly on the move."

Helen Newton's sense of humor bubbled forth as she described the scene at the world-famous salon.

"Alexandre," she said, "wore a tiny moustache and floated through the salon in a yellow velvet suit, lavishly trimmed with gold chains.

"His attendants were garbed in long military tunics and looked all set for a wild hippie party.

"In direct contrast with the 'costuming,' the salon is decorated in delicate pink, from wallpaper to towels.

"It wasn't at all what I'd expected. I imagined a very gracious setting with Louis XIV furnishings."

Relaxing at a Brisbane hotel between travels, Helen asked with a grin: "Have you ever eaten Steak Tartare?"

Like many other "new" travellers, she had had an unexpected experience with this dish.

"In Nice I ordered it, expecting steak with tartare sauce," she said.

"A woman started preparing it at the table and I thought, Marvellous, now I'll know how to make it.

"She produced raw mince, raw egg, parsley, and some other ingredients, mixed them together, and deftly divided the mixture in two. By this time I was slightly suspicious. There were no cooking implements in sight.

"Sure enough, half the uncooked mixture was deposited on my plate and the other half on my chaperon's.

"We tried in vain to explain that we couldn't eat raw meat. In the end we simply paid the bill and left."

Helen, who is as slim as ever, puts her trim figure down to eating only small quantities of food throughout her tour.

"Although I ate a lot of the local dishes in Italy, I must have walked off any excess poundage on sightseeing excursions," she said.

"After America I don't think I could look at another lettuce leaf." Dubiously she eyed the garnish on a plate of sandwiches which she nibbled between photographs.

"Nearly every meal in the States was accompanied by a side salad consisting solely of lettuce.

"I like lots of color and variety in salads — slices of orange, hunks of pineapple, and tomato wedges. The Americans don't seem to go in for this."

Twenty-one-year-old Helen, who was formerly a home-science teacher at the Nambour High School, in Queensland, chatted as she unpacked garments from a string of suitcases across the bedroom floor.

"Each case holds specific items," she said. "One for cocktail wear, one for sports wear, and so on."

"Sometimes I have up to 13 cases on a trip."

Added to Helen's luggage on her world tour were some beautifully tailored clothes.

Duchess was shopping

In Madrid, she picked up a superb teal-blue suede coat-dress and cape, trimmed with three outsize gold buckles, and from Scotland a kilt and matching cape in Black Watch tartan.

"Clothes are so frightfully expensive overseas," Helen sighed. "Prices in Spain are reasonable, but they are starting to skyrocket with the tourist boom."

The famous fashion house of Christian Dior was on Helen's visiting list in Paris. "I saw the Duchess of Windsor buying little knick-knacks while I was there.

"I believe a boutique called 'Miss Dior,' which features riotously way-out clothes and gimmicky accessories, will be established in Australia."

London, Helen reports, isn't the mini-skirted city you might expect. She saw very few minis there, possibly because they're so impractical for the English winter.

"Maxi-coats were also few and far between," she said "and strictly for the young, in any case. They can make a woman of 30 look a terribly dowdy 50."

Helen, whose father, Mr. Lance Newton, is a pineapple farmer in the Woombye district, 63 miles from Brisbane, plans to return to teaching. "I've signed a contract to start any time after the National Miss Australia finals in Melbourne later this year," she said.

And what of the romantic interest in Helen's life? For three years she has been seeing a lot of a 23-year-old pharmacist who lives in Tenterfield, N.S.W., and who was among a group of family friends farewelling her in Brisbane before she left on her Australian States tour.

Asked about the possibility of an engagement announcement, Helen looked at the young man and gave only a shy smile. She said she would prefer not to comment.

WATTLE BLOSSOM adorns a head-hugging cloche, which Miss Australia, Helen Newton, teams with an Italian import suit of sunny-yellow silk. Because of its Australian flavor, Helen chose this suit and hat as her "going-away outfit" when she left Australia on a world tour, part of her prize.

Pictures by Bob Millar.

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MISS AUSTRALIA'S TRAVELS

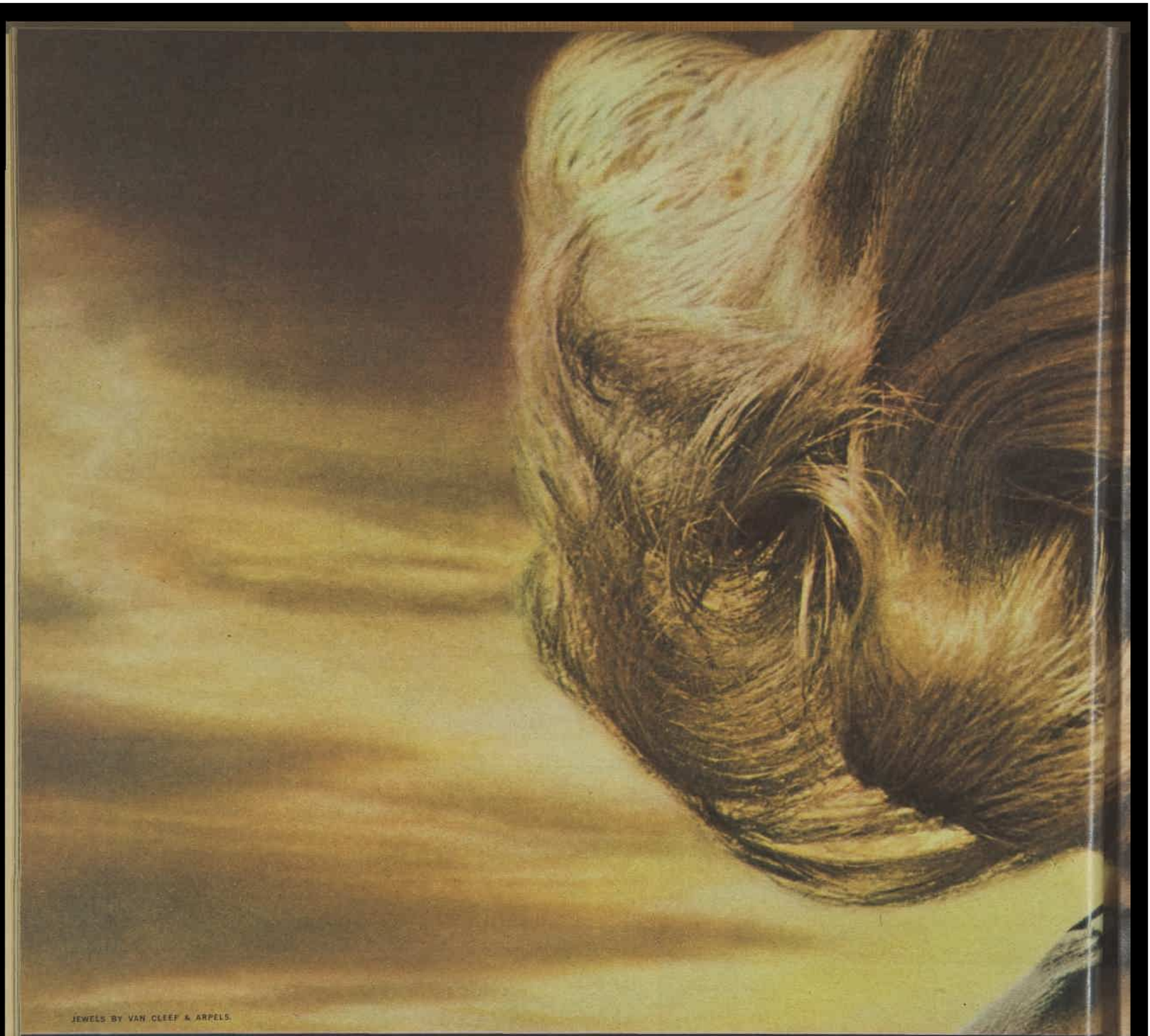




FROM SPAIN, Helen's tailored suede coatdress and cape, trimmed with enormous gold buckles, is pictured at left. Helen put it to good use during her trip through Europe. ABOVE, a happy picture of Helen — the slacksuit she wears is shocking-pink. BELOW, she wears a purple silk turban with pink silk suit.



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HOUSE of the WEEK

Inspired by Australian art collection



Brick exterior of the Purves' house at Kew, Vic., gives little hint of its dramatic interior.

● "He's handled space the way an artist does in a picture," said artist Sydney Nolan when he saw the home that architect Robin Boyd designed for Tom and Anne Purves at Kew, Vic., a home that is also virtually an art gallery for the Purves' fine collection of paintings by Australian artists.

Continued on page 29





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Small sitting-room (left) is part of the children's self-contained studio flat on the lower level of the house. Sink and refrigerator are unobtrusive, electric stove is concealed beneath bench top, and tall sliding door (at end of bench) hides Mrs. Purves' sewing corner. Painting above bench is "Totem Dream," by Richard Crichton.



Sitting-room. Above right is view looking down from main bedroom. Walls of waxed mountain ash, neutral ceiling, and white carpet (used in Australian pavilion at Expo 67) provide perfect background for Australian paintings. Window, like others in the house, was designed by Robin Boyd to look like another painting. Brown chairs are the same as those in the executive suite at Expo 67. Mr. Purves regards the antique harp as "a beautiful piece of sculpture." The other view of the sitting-room (right) shows its position between the bedroom above and the dining-room at the foot of the open staircase. Landscapes on wall at left are by Nolan and Tucker.



Pictures by Les Gorrie



Large square window in main bedroom (right) is one of the windows which were designed to look like paintings. Mrs. Purves chose the Roman shades in a color to blend with colors of the paintings and the waxed mountain ash walls and woodwork. Built-ins open with neat recesses instead of handles.



Dining-room (left) has floor of quarry stone tiles and a full-length window looking on to a garden courtyard. Neutral walls of waxed mountain ash allow rich colors of paintings to predominate. "The Gamblers," at left of table, is by Albert Tucker. "Portrait of Caroline" (right) is the work of Fred Williams.

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All spoon measurements are level, unless otherwise stated. 8 oz. measuring cup used.

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HOUSE of the WEEK continued . . .

MR. AND MRS. TOM PURVES, of Kew, Vic., directors of the Australian Galleries in Melbourne, wanted a house that was "good to live in" and also would display their collection of works by Australian artists — Nolan, Arthur Boyd, Perceval, Fred Williams, Tucker, Whiteley, and Crichton among others — to the best advantage.

Throughout the split-level, open-plan house, the walls, woodwork, stairs, and railings of neutral-toned waxed mountain ash provide a splendid background for the paintings, allowing their colors to predominate. Ceilings are also neutral, are finished in waxed mountain ash or in wood fibre and cement.

Windows are square, designed by Robin Boyd to look like another painting. To complete the effect, Mrs. Purves chose Roman shades in mustard-yellow wool for each window. "The earthy color seems to blend well with the paintings," she said.

A particularly practical feature of the design is a studio flat for the Purves' grown-up children. Completely self-contained, it has two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a sitting-room fitted with a sink, refrigerator, and small electric stove. A folding door closes it off from the main part of the house and there is a separate back entrance. "Now the children can entertain late at night without disturbing us," said Mrs. Purves.

The flat, like the sitting-room, main bedroom, and dressing-rooms, is covered with the luxurious white carpet used in the Australian pavilion at Expo 67. As a contrast, flooring in entrance hall, dining-room, kitchen, and laundry is of tiles.

Built on four levels, the house gives a feeling of space, light, and air.

Despite central heating and air-conditioning, there is an open fireplace in the sitting-room because Mrs. Purves believes a house does not have a heart without one.

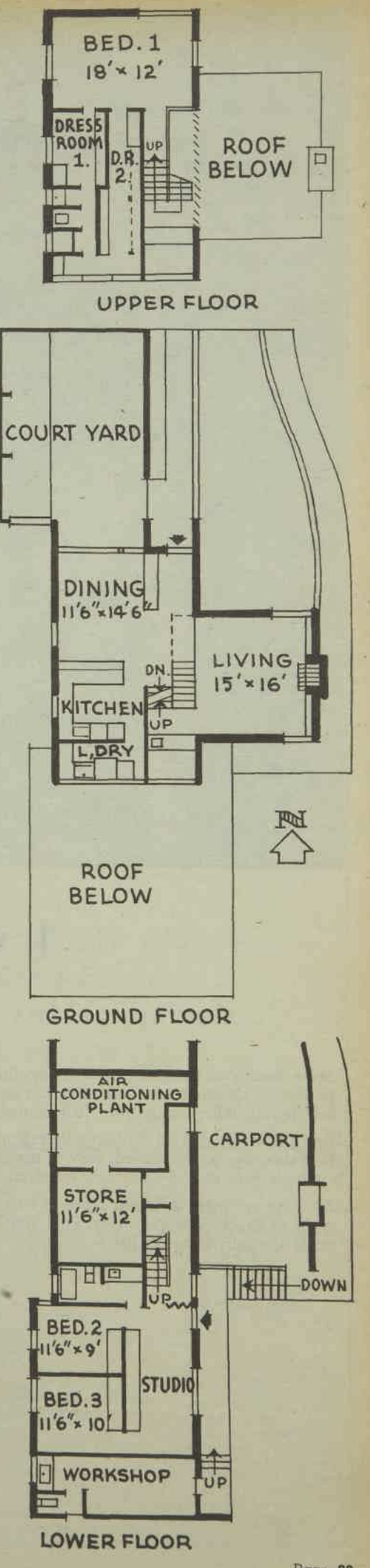
Her kitchen is strictly functional, with appliances and power points neatly out of sight behind sliding compartments. One cupboard contains built-in vegetable baskets.

On Robin Boyd's advice furniture has been kept simple, and built-in wherever possible in waxed mountain ash.

— Beverley Cooper



Window wall of dining-room looks on to the attractive paved court-yard, which is sheltered from the street by high walls of clinker bricks.



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Where air is thick with legal ghosts



● *N.S.W. Supreme Court House in 1968, at the corner of Elizabeth and King Streets, Sydney, with the spire of St. James' behind it.*

Headlines in 1876 cried, "Need for new Court House Urgent!" Now plans are on the drawing-board for a new building to replace historic old rabbit warren.

THIS time they really seem to mean it. That colorful and historic old rabbit warren, the N.S.W. Supreme Court House, is to be demolished.

Nobody knows quite when, but plans are on the drawing-board. A grand new Law Courts Building will rise on a site bounded by Phillip, King, and Macquarie Streets, in the heart of Sydney's Greenway-land.

St. James' Church (which started out to be the Court House) will stand alone on an island, so down must come its neighbor, the Court House (which started out to be a school).

Mind you, they've been talking about getting rid of the Court House ever since they put it up. The first Chief Justice, Francis Forbes, was objecting to it even before it opened for business in 1828.

For years, he bombarded Governor and Colonial Secretary with complaints. The Court House, he objected, stood "at the corner of two very noisy streets" (King and Elizabeth). It was "open to wind and rain from all directions."

The privies were exposed and were filthy. There was only one small room for judges and barristers to change in. There was no shelter for witnesses, except the nearest tavern, to which they very sensibly repaired, often with inevitable results.

The only place to keep prisoners awaiting trial was a large iron cage in the courtroom. This gave the old lags the opportunity, wrote Sir Francis, "of profiting by the tricks and artifices which they see employed, and encouraging each other in that bad eclat which deprives even a capital sentence of the impression which it is intended to convey."

What's more, their chains rattled. This interrupted proceedings, not only while they were in the cage but on "their frequent transits through the Court to and from the cage, upon pretences which it is impossible to deny."

By 1835, Forbes C. J. was hopefully quoting an estimate for a new Court House — £9583/17/- — an amount to make today's Government's mouth water.

But nothing was done.

"Need for new Court House Urgent!" cried the headlines — in 1876.

Nothing was done over the long years except to add bits and pieces to the Georgian shell and take different jurisdictions away.



● *Court House in 1848, the Georgian shell, before the bits and pieces were added over the years.*

Just before World War II, the agitation broke out again.

The headlines cried "Urgent!" and a competition was held to find a design for a new Court House. Came the war. Nothing was done.

This time, though, they really seem to mean it. In February, 1967, architects were appointed to design a great new building to house both the Commonwealth Court and N.S.W. Supreme Court.

By
KAY KEAVNEY

It is to be hoped that they have better luck than their predecessor, Francis Greenway.

Francis' client Governor Macquarie was very keen to have a Court House. After all, owing to the unusual circumstances of the colony's foundation, the law was its oldest institution. And a very litigious colony it proved to be. Yet there was nowhere for a judge to lay his wig.

Commissioner Bigge, the efficiency expert sent by the British Government to vet Macquarie's "extravagant" building program, laid the stone of the court house in 1819. But very soon he ordered that instead of a court house, a modest place of worship (St. James') be built on the spot.

The school next door, already in process of building, should be converted into a modest court house.

Greenway settled enthusiastically to designing a beauty.

The ebullient little ex-convict was over-ruled. Not much remained of his splendid design but a most beautiful soaring staircase, you can still see today.

The resultant building, with its "mean little rooms," was fit, Greenway snorted, "for an old barn."

It was the last straw when Macquarie, without consult-

Continued overleaf

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Continuing . . .

Where air is thick with legal ghosts

ing Greenway, promised the overseer his freedom if he could get a roof on before Macquarie sailed for home.

The overseer did, and the roof fell down.

Construction took eight years. Meanwhile, a new charter instituting the Supreme Court of N.S.W. was promulgated on May 17, 1824. The Court was to consist of a chief justice and two puisne judges, and have full powers in criminal, matrimonial, and ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The charter was drawn up by a great jurist, Francis Forbes, who, in the words of his 12th successor, the present Chief Justice, Sir Leslie Herron, "had the good sense to get himself nominated as the first Chief Justice."

His salary was higher than the Governor's, being the then formidable sum of £2000 a year. He was second to the Governor in precedence.

The Court House opened tamely in August, 1828, the judges simply walking in and sitting down. The lack of ceremony was probably due to bad blood between the Chief Justice and Governor Darling.

An "altercation"

Feelings often ran hot in the august court itself. Forbes' successor, Chief Justice Dowling, and Mr. Justice Willis, had "an actual altercation" in the Judge's Robing Room.

Closer to today, a judge and a solicitor, who was also an MP, had an "altercation" in court. The Judge, who was over 70, ordered the solicitor out of his court.

The solicitor vowed he would get the Judge retired, and he did. He persuaded his party to enact the Judges' Retiring Act (1918), which retired judges of the Supreme Court at 70.

This had a strange sequel. In 1929, Mr. Justice Campbell retired, only to learn that he was a year older than he'd always thought he was. A special act of Parliament had to be rushed through to validate any judgments he had made since he unwittingly turned 70.

Yet the Chief Justices have been fine jurists and often, especially in the days when they actually participated in government, real statesmen.

Some were mighty men. Sir Alfred Stephen (1844-73) married twice and had nine children of each marriage. He died at the age of 90 with 66 grandchildren.

Criminal cases as well as civil were heard in the building until 1842, when Darlinghurst Court was opened.

The air is thick with the ghosts of colorful litigants, criminals, witnesses, and lawyers. There was the eccentric advocate Colonna Close, of the 1880s, whose court attire consisted of a suit checked with red-and-yellow chessboard squares, an Italian brigand's hat, and patent boots with white spats.

To be hanged

There was Bob Smith, whom I include for the following story: He was travelling by coach to Narrabri to defend a client at the Assizes, when the coach broke down.

It was a bitterly cold night and the passengers had to sleep on the bare ground. Lawyer Bob shared a rug with an affable stranger. They fell, naturally enough, into conversation.

Said the stranger, "You know, there's a lot in luck. I have been twice condemned to be hanged, but they didn't do it either time. There are not many men who have been as lucky as me."

He then went peaceably to sleep, but Bob Smith didn't. He lived to report that he didn't close his eyes all night.

Many a famous case has been heard in the old building. The great Newtown Ejection Case was one of the longest pieces of litigation in Australian history. It took more than ten years.

One Nicholas Devine, who came out with the First Fleet as Supervisor of Convicts, was given a huge grant of land in present-day Newtown. In his declining years, he willed the lot to his assigned servant, Bernard Rochford.

Rochford collected his inheritance in 1830, and sold the big estate, which was quickly and heavily subdivided and settled. Then Devine's Irish grandnephew turned up and claimed the estate, on two grounds—that Rochford was a convict and the will a forgery.

The case was fought back and forth for years, up to the Privy Council and back again, ending in a compromise. The plaintiff received a sum of money in return for forgoing all future claims.



● *The Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Leslie Herron, in scarlet robes in his chambers in the Supreme Court before his portrait, painted by Jocelyn Maugham.*

— Color pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

Then there was the celebrated Dean Case about which a contemporary (1895) report marvelled: "The keenest minds in N.S.W. have grappled with its mysteries. Parliament has debated it, a special Commission has sat upon it, a Supreme Court Judge has wept over it, and even now, in the hour of its elucidation, its ramifications remain no less profoundly astonishing."

George Dean, the handsome skipper of the all-night ferry plying between the Quay and North Sydney, was tried for the attempted murder of his young wife, Mary. Mr. Justice Windeyer summed up heavily against him and he was sentenced to death.

The public, who adored him, turned in fury on the Judge, the wife, and the wife's witch-like mother, and after vast public meetings and petitions, a special Commission reversed the decision.

Sydney went wild with joy. Dean returned to his ferrying, a public hero.

Within months, Sydney learned that Dean was guilty and had confessed as much while still in jail to his lawyer, Richard Meagher.

Meagher passed this on to the great advocate Julian Salomons, which placed Salomons in an appalling dilemma. Was the admission "privileged," even though Salomons had not sought it? Eventually, he took his problem to Chief Justice Darley and the jig was up for both Dean and Meagher.

Controversy

Dean got 14 years for making a false declaration. Meagher was struck off the rolls. Mr. Justice Windeyer, on being vindicated, burst into sobs. But the unfortunate Salomons became the centre of a fierce controversy — should a lawyer tell? — which rages to this hour.

Today, in what are presumably its last years, the Court House's business is more restricted. Probate and Equity and Divorce, for instance, have moved elsewhere.

But the Chief Justice's handsome rooms are still in the building, looking out on a charming garden in which the Courtkeeper used to keep bees.

And the offices of the Prothonotary (the administrative officer of the Supreme Court) and the Sheriff (the executive officer) are still there.

These are both very ancient functions. The Sheriff, in fact, is the oldest extant office known to Common Law, dating back more than 1000 years.

The Admiralty Court is still there, and the Jury Ballot Room, and new young advocates are still admitted to the bar there, and last year 203,881 processe were handled there, an all-time record.

And the ghosts are still there.

Said Mr. John Bennett, lawyer and councillor of the Royal Australian Historical Society, "Every great legal figure has been in that building. It's part of our history.

"The Georgian shell is beautiful, if all the additions could be stripped away. Other countries would go to any lengths to preserve the shell, but we are going to pull it down.

"We have so few Georgian buildings, so few Greenway buildings. That staircase is magnificent, and pure Greenway.

"Why can't we preserve the Georgian shell, even rebuild it somewhere else? Special courts could be held in it or it could be kept as a historical museum or library. It all seems so wasteful to me."

"Yes," said the present Chief Justice, Sir Leslie Herron, "it's a pity the old building must come down. But we must make way for the practicalities of life. The main thing is to house the Courts and to uphold the dignity of the law."

Sitting quietly on a mellow bench in the old courtroom, you wish with Mr. Bennett that you could have the best of both worlds.

The painted faces of Chief Justices look down on you from the walls. Listening carefully, you seem to hear puffs of long-ago rhetoric and the ghostly clanking of chains.

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From San Francisco to Sydney in a TRIMARAN

● The idea of sailing across the Pacific in a small boat would never have occurred to me; I married it! I had lived all my life in a small West Texas town, and did not even see the ocean until I was 21 and we moved to California. Then, two years and more than 15,000 sea miles ago, we sailed our 35ft. trimaran, Rebel, under the Golden Gate Bridge, outward bound. I became Jill-of-all-trades—first mate, chief cook and bottlewasher, and sometime navigator and helmsman—and I was involved in the adventure of a lifetime.



BUT WHO TOOK THE PICTURE? On uninhabited Namara, Fiji, Ann and Marvin, who are both seen, used a self-timing device on their camera to "cheat."

WHEN I married Marvin, I accepted the idea that sailing around the world in a small boat was important to him, but I didn't worry about it. Thousands of people dream of sailing to the South Seas. Besides, I rather liked the idea.

We finished our last year at university and moved to California "to look for a place to build a boat."

We settled into our new jobs and began to save all our money for the project.

Marvin was an industrial engineer at the U.S. Naval Shipyard, and I taught English and history at the local high school.

Marvin brought home book after book about the joys of cruising until I was caught, too, by the lure of the Pacific.

We bought the plans for a 35ft. trimaran designed by Arthur Piver and began the long job of building Rebel. I was so much involved by now that, once it was explained to me, it seemed perfectly logical that the frames for the main hull should be built on the living-room rug.

Building the boat wasn't really so hard. I compared it to following directions on a dressmaking pattern, one step at a time, in the proper sequence; only the end result was our boat, not a dress.

Marv did all the hard jobs like sawing and sanding, and I did the fun ones.

Mixing the powdered glue wasn't too different from making gravy; it even looked like gravy when it was done!

For some obscure reason, pounding nails gave me great pleasure, and painting — once we reached that stage — was a creative passion, because it had dawned on me that this structure we were building with our hands would be our home for a long time.

One weary weekend followed another for three and a half years, and Rebel slowly took shape under our kitchen window.

When we weren't actually building, we were involved in some other facet of our project.

I tried to brush-up my self-taught French and reread numerous cruising biographies, paying special attention to comments about comfort, convenience, and storage at sea.

I built two kit radios — following directions, without understanding in the least what I was doing. I was a little surprised when, in the end, they worked.

For six weeks, we both attended weekly lessons in navigation.

We went sailing with friends on San Francisco Bay whenever we couldn't face the thought of another day of building. We reminded each other of the importance of **experience** in sailing.

Marvin had sailed small boats for years, but I was still a novice, and, frankly, a bit dubious. I liked everything about our plan **except** the sailing. Perhaps **our** boat would be different.

No launching of a home-built boat that I have ever heard of proceeded exactly as planned, and ours was no exception.

The day started quietly enough. We had told a total of ten people, most of them Marvin's family, who had come from Arizona for the big day.

We knocked a hole in the sea wall and pushed the trailer down on to the beach.

While we painted the bottom, word spread like a bushfire. Within an hour the scene was a bedlam of children and dogs underfoot, and cars lining the cliffs above our beach.

So we had quite an audience when the trailer wheel slipped off the plank and bogged in the sand. We were stuck, and the tide was going out, exposing more of the jagged rocks we had planned to float over.

At that moment a small girl I had never seen before dashed out of our house and over to me to announce breathlessly, "Your cat just had kittens." Spray couldn't have timed it better if she had used a stopwatch.



HAIRCUT for Marvin is given by Ann aboard Rebel at Namara, Fiji — a beautiful setting for a mundane job. When the pair left California they made an agreement — Marvin would cultivate his beard and Ann would simply let her hair grow.

By ANN GREEN

The launching could not have been completed without the aid of willing volunteers, some of whom we didn't even know, who bodily lifted Rebel from the cradle and shoved her through the 5ft. surf.

But it was near midnight when we finally rowed out beyond the surf to spend our first night aboard.

What a **miserable** night that was!

I must confess that I was promptly — and regularly — sick all that night and the next morning. I was wryly asking myself, "Is **this** what I worked so hard for for four years? Surely it won't be like this **all** the time!"

It is easier to explain **how** we found ourselves crossing the Pacific in a small boat than it is to explain why we chose that way.

There were several reasons, some simple and some complicated.

The first was just that we wanted to travel and see the world for ourselves. We spent five years in university getting an "education" and wanted to supplement that with a few years' "experience."

The second, the philosophical one, was pretty involved. We both responded to the challenge of the undertaking. First to build the boat, then to pit ourselves and our creation against the elements would demand the best from us. We would have to develop new skills, train our minds in new ways, and grow in self-reliance.

But the economic reason was definitely the deciding one. Travelling on our own yacht, carrying our food and lodging with us, was the only way we could afford to stay long enough. We wanted more than a fleeting glimpse of the way other people lived.

We decided it was better for us to be "young on a budget" than "older and richer." We decided to "retire now, work later."

We left our jobs after five years and set up a basic budget of $90 per month — the monthly amount paid into our account by the purchasers of our house.

In addition, we had enough money in a savings account to cover unexpected emergencies. We would not have to work along the way, but money we happened to earn would be used for equipment for Rebel or to add to the pleasure of the trip.

We lived aboard Rebel in San Francisco Bay and began to adjust to the conditions.

I cooked on a two-burner kerosine stove, and we ate and visited with friends by the soft light of gimballed kerosine lan-

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terns. We read in the daylight hours.

Lack of refrigeration was the hardest to adjust to. I had to buy one day's supply of fresh things at a time.

And, until I learned to gauge amounts fairly accurately, what wasn't eaten at night was served for breakfast.

The major disadvantage of a trimaran, as compared with a traditional keel yacht, led to the only major disagreement that Marvin and I had.

A trimaran is similar to an aeroplane in its strength-to-weight ratio. Marv kept impressing me with the importance of keeping the boat light. "It's a safety factor," he kept saying. I assured him that I wanted it safe, but if Rebel was to be our home for three to five years I also wanted my hand-crank sewing-machine, my typewriter, the tape recorder, and at least some of my books.

I suggested hopefully that maybe we would lose a few pounds instead, but a family diet wasn't what he had in mind.

Clothes presented a problem. We would need every degree of formality from scruffy clothes for the boat, to casual daily wear, to suit-and-tie Sunday best, and things for both summer and winter climates. Yet all had to fit into the foot-and-a-half hanging space, and a single locker, allotted to each of us!

With drip-dry and crease-resistant shirts and slacks, Marvin was fine. I concentrated on the marvellous easy-care fabrics and collected or sewed as much "co-ordinated variety" as I could squeeze into my space. The result was an acceptable wardrobe — if we weren't staying more than three weeks!

We stocked an extensive medicine box and added the best practical medical book I could find.

Then I turned to the problem of provisioning. A utilitarian cook at best, I had no idea where to start. I turned to the now-familiar books about cruising, and went through them again, looking for hints for food, and decided to try the plan that sounded most sensible.

I would make out detailed menus for a week and simply multiply the foods and amounts by the required number of weeks.

So out came the nutrition books, the cook books, and the recipe sections of the women's magazines. I planned everything, including mid-morning and mid-night snacks for the man on watch, and how to utilise left-overs.

The whole system was tested on a one-month trial cruise down the coast of California to Catalina Island, and back against the wind to San Francisco.

I learned a great deal on that passage, especially about food! I learned very quickly that we wouldn't need anywhere near the amount of food I had planned, because I wouldn't be eating my share.

About this time I discovered freeze-dried foods. Developed originally for hikers and mountaineers, they were ideal for our weight-critical trimaran.

720 meals

The process involved flash-freezing meats, vegetables, and fruits, then removing the moisture in a vacuum. The result was a lightweight packet of food which would keep indefinitely, without refrigeration.

An 8oz. packet, for instance, might include all the ingredients for a pork-chop dinner for two: four chops, ample fried potatoes, and apple sauce.

And there was a good variety to choose from: casseroles, stews, steaks, and chilli, even a sausage-and-egg breakfast.

We tried them all and found them satisfactory just as they came from the package. A little experimentation showed the possibilities, and we jumped at the chance to buy some 720 freeze-dried meals at half price.

They became the backbone of our supplies and our staple emergency stores. Even now, when we run out of money before we run out of month, we can still eat freeze-dried foods.

We left San Francisco in January, 1966.

We had trouble finishing the innumerable last-minute jobs because, suddenly, friends realised that we really were going to leave, and too many people wanted to have us to dinner "just one more time."

It was all very flattering, but it wasn't helping us to be on our way.

Marvin finished the most important piece of equipment just a few days before we left San Diego, our last port of call in the U.S.

It was a wind-vane, self-steering device—the most delightful, undemanding crewman imaginable. It passed its sea trials, was dubbed "Johnnie Reb," and became a permanent member of the crew.

I must have teased Marv a bit too much about his "all-girl crew." He informed me definitely that Johnnie was "he." That made it easier to understand the jargon: "He's keeping her right on course, isn't he?"

I can't exaggerate the importance of Johnnie to me. His efficiency freed me from most of my seaman's duties, and left me with the happier role of cook and companion, and willing hand in time of need.

The occasional night watches I took at the helm I took because I wanted to. They were hours of quiet darkness alone, a special time to think and philosophise and to know myself.

Our first step toward the South Seas was the longest one yet: 22 days and 3200 miles from San Diego to the Marquesas Islands.

As a check on our navigation, we set ourselves the task of finding Guadalupe Island two days off the California coast. When we passed that test easily, we faced the wide Pacific with greater confidence.

We were surprised to discover that our daily life at sea was rather dull.

There was less marine life than I had expected, and that left empty acres of water and sky to look at.

With Johnnie steering about 85 percent of the time, we looked around for ways to occupy ourselves.

We listened to tape-recorded French lessons, but repeating the phrases aloud in the middle of nowhere sounded silly. We read aloud for hours every day.

I was luckier than Marvin in that respect. Ten minutes' reading would give him a headache.

I was subject to seasickness if I tried to move about the cabin, but so long as I lay in the bunk I could read for hours on end with no ill effects.

As the heat grew more and more oppressive near the equator, we modified our habits.

Any work had to be finished before 10 a.m. or postponed until after 3 p.m. During the midday hours we just lay around and panted.

We began to have our main meal early in the morning while it still was cool. That meant that we sometimes had strange concoctions like chilli or stew for breakfast. Ugh!

Lunch was usually canned fruit and biscuits. In the evening we usually had a second hot meal served in the cockpit so that we could enjoy the sunset and the cool evenings.

I became such an advocate of the one-pot meal that I forgot what it was like to eat off a plate with a knife and fork. Peas on a plate were useless at sea; it was easier and better to throw them in the pan, add the rice and chicken, then serve the whole thing in a bowl.

Marvin's birthday came two days north of the equator, after we had been at sea for two weeks. It was understandably a very special birthday for him, because he was actually doing what he had dreamed about and worked toward for years.

About noon, he opened the package from his mother, which I had faithfully hidden until now.

The chocolates hadn't survived the tropic heat, despite their careful wrapping. Each one was a dark, saggy puddle in its frilled paper cup.

We laughed as we licked them like melting ice-cream.

The gifts he received from me were a chicken dinner and a birthday cake.

He had been teasing me about finishing the sweater I was knitting for his birthday, so he could be the only individual he had ever heard of with a new sweater to wear as we passed the equator.

Continued overleaf



REBEL, the trimaran in which the Greens sailed from San Francisco to Sydney, was photographed from a nearby yacht as she sailed from Takaroa, in the Tuamotu Archipelago in the Pacific.



ANN GREEN is up the rat-lines on the lookout for coral heads as Rebel sails inside the lagoon at Raiatea, Society Islands. Coral heads can be dangerous, so striking one is to be avoided.

THESE CHILDREN, in the Manu'a Islands, had never seen a yacht, and formed a group when the entire school — 128 students, six teachers, and two cooks — toured Rebel.



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ON WINDWARD BEACH, Namara, Fiji, Marv advances on a coconut tree — one bent by the wind, making the coconuts more accessible.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SYDNEY

Continued from previous page

But I had lost interest and given it up. It was just too hot. It seemed ridiculous to be knitting a warm woollen sweater when we normally wore nothing and felt that wasn't cool enough!

When I was fretting because I didn't have a proper gift for him, Marvin said he knew what I could give him: a haircut. So while he sat on the deck I gave him a de luxe haircut and beard trim.

I tried to gauge my cutting to finish in time for a short squall to wash off the snippets of hair, and when the squall refused to co-operate we threw buckets of sea water at each other.

For a fellow who always wanted to go to sea it was a good way to spend his birthday.

Usually at night, Johnnie steered while we slept. Marvin kept "pop watches," getting up every hour or so to check that we were still on course and that weather conditions hadn't changed.

There was one nerve-racking exception, however.

The California coast was five days behind us. It was late at night. I woke suddenly, looked out the window, and said, "Honey, there's a ship out there and he's headed right at us."

We leaped for the cockpit.

I flipped on our navigation lights, while Marvin took the helm. We flashed the torch on the sail, then sighed with relief as we watched the ship turn to pass behind us.

I imagined a barrage of curses from the steamer's bridge when the skipper saw our lights suddenly appear in front of him. Hundreds of miles from the nearest steamer track, he, too, had probably thought he was alone.

The only other ship we met at sea appeared on the horizon a few mornings later.

We speculated on what kind of ship it was, where it could be bound, and what it might be doing in this part of the ocean.

As we drew near we dressed enough to be presentable and peered with the binoculars.

Doldrums

I was very excited. I imagined it to be a large passenger liner, and had visions of exchanging messages and checking our position.

I had prepared a large, friendly placard reading *Bon Jour! Buenos Dias!* and *Hi, Y'all!*

Finally we came close enough to read her name and port: KOTOSHIRO MARU 8, TASCO.

My limited language ability left me speechless, and apparently the crew of young men on the fishing boat were equally shy with English.

There was much smiling and waving and picture-taking, but our two ships, thousands of miles from the nearest land, passed within 100 yards of each other without exchanging a word. It was sad.

By the 12th day we had covered two-thirds of the distance to the Marquesas, but we were approaching the doldrums, an area which is dreaded because of its calms and fierce squalls.

Our first doldrum squall was a spectacular one. It blew up suddenly, the wind howled impressively in the rigging, and in a few seconds we were soaked.

The wind blew the rain almost horizontally, beating the big waves until they looked like blowing sand dunes, each undulation topped with spume at its crest.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, it was gone.

None of the succeeding squalls equalled that one in ferocity. We came to welcome them, for they provided the only wind of the day and the only way Rebel could make any distance.

The sudden showers were also a welcome chance to rinse off some of the accumulated salt. Imagine us out in the cockpit, soaping down, and hoping that the squall wouldn't move away before we could get the soap off!

At noon on the 21st day, our sextant shot showed us only 50 miles from Ua Huka, the first island of the Marquesas group. All afternoon we "built" islands from the low-lying clouds on the horizon.

We caught a light shower in the afternoon and noted a bank

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"Best for baby, best for you."

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of cloud that promised a particularly nasty squall. About 5.30 it caught up with us with hard rain and gusty wind.

For a while we were too busy to worry about our landfall. Then it was too dark to see clearly.

We set the tiny red storm sail. The idea was to head slowly in the direction we wanted to go—slowly, because we still had not sighted the island we knew was out there.

It stormed through the night while we lay below in the bunk and fretted.

About 4 a.m. the weather cleared and we saw the shadow of an island in the moonlight, and at sunrise we set the genoa again and headed for the headland of Nuku Hiva, just visible across the channel.

I'll remember that sunrise for a long time, because it brought with it the incredibly sweet smell of flowers. It was just what I expected from a genuine South Sea island paradise, but the perfume was so sharp on the morning air.

All morning we sailed along the southern coast of Nuku Hiva, marvelling at the massive cliffs and lush, green hills. At one point I could count as many as six waterfalls. What a beautiful sight it was after three weeks at sea.

Just before noon of the 22nd day we dropped anchor at Taiohae Bay, Nuku Hiva, the Marquesas Islands.

We had really done it. We had safely crossed an ocean to arrive where we had decided we would go.

We were terribly proud of ourselves! The memories of the boredom, the seasickness, the rough weather, the breaking gear — all these faded away before the promise of living among the people of the islands.

One at a time we recognised and savored the benefits of travelling by yacht.

We stopped at all the well-known tourists spots, and many more.

We could afford to stay as long as we liked, and when we moved on we carried our food and lodging with us.

Because we were travelling on our own and in an unusual manner, even in the large ports we found it easy to make friends —people who were interested in yachts or sailing sought us out and went out of their way to make us welcome.

By longboat

On the island of Tutuila, in American Samoa, it was obvious that the culture was changing very rapidly — the immense educational television system could not revolutionise the teaching methods and leave the rest of the culture untouched.

We wanted to see "Fa'a Samoa," the traditional Samoan way, so we sailed to the Manu'a Islands, 60 miles away from Tutuila.

There are no harbors on the Manu'a Islands. Goods, produce, and passengers are taken to shore by longboat and landed through the surf.

On the island of Ofu, the Government had blasted a narrow cut in the reef in order to land a barge carrying heavy construction equipment.

We motored Rebel through the cut and nosed gently up on to the sandbar.

When the tide went out, we settled on our three hulls and sat upright on the sand, only 100 yards from the schoolyard.

Within an hour after we arrived, the head teacher appeared to ask if he might take his pupils on a "field trip" through Rebel. He said some of the children had seen yachts sail past in the distance, but this was the first time one had ever stopped.

That afternoon, 128 students, six teachers, and two cooks visited Rebel.

The children went through in groups of five, round-eyed, pointing, and whispering.

I was cleaning sand out for days afterward, but I would jump at the chance of doing it again. They were so filled with lively curiosity, and so appreciative of our hospitality.

Not all our adventures were pleasant ones, of course. The most terrifying experience of the voyage was the night Rebel went on the reef at Bora Bora.

The human error — depending on only one anchor in a cramped anchorage—was responsible, and when we realised the danger we sailed to safety at once.

Then the halyard broke and the sail dropped useless to the deck. Rebel was pushed on to the reef, where she pounded on the sharp coral for four hours.

Continued overleaf



FANTASTIC peaks and spires of the Marquesas Islands are in the background as Rebel is pictured after the first 3200 miles of the voyage.



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FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SYDNEY



GALLEY aboard Rebel is a kind of "mini-kitchen." Ann (pictured) designed cupboards, sink, and stove in a space about four feet square. Her oven folds away when not in use.

Continued from previous page

I left Marvin aboard, straining on the anchor line, while I swam and waded ashore in search of help.

Unfortunately, the man I chose to ask was the only ugly American of our experience.

When I explained my urgent need for someone with a boat and motor to pull us off the reef, he shrugged and said, "If your boat is hard on the reef, you may as well forget it."

Then, glancing at my cut feet, he added, "Young lady, you're bleeding on my floor. Would you mind stepping outside?"

In the end a Tahitian fisherman brought the Manuia, a 40ft. trading vessel with a powerful engine, to our rescue, and the Manuia pulled Rebel free and towed her to a safe harbor.

In the early-morning light we inspected the damage and were jubilant when we could find no water inside. Four hours' pounding on the reef and the extent of the damage was a cracked rudder.

Far bigger boats than ours had broken up on a reef, but the trimaran's light weight was an asset.

Only a yacht would stop at tiny, uninhabited Namara Island in the Great Astrolabe Reef—but the week we spent there playing Robinson Crusoe was one of the highlights of our cruise.

The island was "ours" and we explored it from one end to the other.



ANN'S favorite picture of Marvin shows the confident skipper, content, achieving his aims.

We drank its coconuts and ate its papayas, and spent hours lazing in the clear water admiring the beauty of the coral reef.

Rebel still demanded certain attentions and never ceased in her reminders that certain jobs needed to be done, but we felt no necessity for schedules — which has always seemed to me one of the banes of civilisation.

For us, it was an idyllic interlude.

Just before Christmas, Rebel and her crew sailed through Sydney Heads, right into the middle of the biggest fleet of sailing boats we had seen since leaving San Francisco Bay.

For the past two years we had been sailing from island to island across the Pacific, where navigational difficulties involved landfalls, not buoys and right-of-way rules.

We threaded our way through Sydney's normal weekend racing fleet, intent on staying out of everyone's way and reaching a quiet anchorage.

Speeding hydrofoil

A speeding hydrofoil noted our ragged American ensign and zipped close by to give its passengers a better view.

Two youngsters in an open boat passed us, talking loudly over the clatter of their outboard motor.

"Rebel, San Francisco," one read from our bow. "Gosh, do you think they really came all the way in that thing?" Marvin and I looked at each other and grinned.

As I write we have been in Sydney for a month and have found the Australians we have met wonderfully outgoing and friendly.

The multi-hull cruising clubs, both in Brisbane and in Sydney, have made us feel very welcome. We have explored the Sydney area, delighting especially in the beautiful harbor and the intense interest in boating and sailing.

Now we want to go farther afield. Australia is too **big** to see the way we would like to; still, we'll do the best we can!

We have bought an old car and we plan to leave Rebel quietly at anchor in Pearl Bay while we "cruise inland" for a month to six weeks, camping along the way.

We may spend a few days in the vineyards or picking tomatoes; we hope to visit a big sheep station. We may get as far north as Lightning Ridge to look at the opal mining, or as far west as Broken Hill.

We want to visit Melbourne and cross on the ferry to Tasmania. We'll try to time our arrival in Adelaide to coincide with the Arts Festival, and return to Sydney for the Easter Show, visiting Canberra and the Snowy Mountains scheme on the way.

Our future plans are very general and are always subject to change. But for now the plan calls for several months' work on Rebel before continuing the voyage.

We'll cruise slowly up the Australian coast at least as far as Port Stephens, then cross to spend the spring and summer season in New Zealand.

Then we'll return to Australia and go north up the Great Barrier Reef. Our last Australian port of call will be Darwin before we set out across the Indian Ocean, sailing west toward home.

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BILLY GRAHAM'S

— As the evangelist sees life, people, the main problems in the nervous-tension world of today

● American evangelist and author Billy Graham will preach at crusades in Brisbane (April 5-7) and in Sydney (April 20-28). Here are some of his comments made on a wide variety of subjects over the years, which are taken from the book compiled by Bill Adler, "The Wit and Wisdom of Billy Graham." (Published by Random House.)

The times we live in

"THIS has been an age of nervous tension. I think this will possibly go down in history as the 'Vitamin Capsule Age.' The pill business is one of the best investments you can make in America, because Americans have gone crazy over pills.

"Big pills, little pills, square pills, round pills, oblong capsules, Dexedrine tablets to wake us up, barbiturate pills to put us to sleep at night, and a lot of aspirin thrown in between!" ("The Holy Spirit and Revival in our Time," Chicago, 1952.)

★ ★ ★

"*TODAY you are not socially prominent in the business world unless you have an ulcer! Yet ulcers are caused by anxiety, worry, and fear. A famous doctor said some time ago that the condition of stomach ulcers goes up and down with the stock market." ("The Holy Spirit and Revival in Our Time," Chicago, 1952.)*

★ ★ ★

"THERE are men who say they love Jesus, but hate a man because his skin is a different color. That is a sin not only against the commandment to love thy neighbor but it is also taking God's name in vain. It is also murder, for to hate is to wish someone dead." (Madison Square Garden, 1957.)

On marriage

"I WANT to tell you something I have learned in reading a lot of books on this subject and I have learned from experience: You can never understand your wife, and don't try. You fellows have been trying to understand them for years and think there is something wrong with your marriage. You will never understand a woman. A woman is never meant to be understood; she is meant to be loved. Even the psychiatrists cannot understand them." (Charlotte Crusade, 1958.)

★ ★ ★

"BEFORE you get married, learn everything you can about the one you contemplate marrying . . . So many people marry and they have so little knowledge of the other person; his family, his background, his habits, and all the rest.

"A lot of them marry so quickly. I read about one the other day. They met in the morning and they were married by evening. In this vitamin-capsule age in which we're living, jet-propelled marriage. And they were divorced two days later." ("Youth's Problems," Dallas, 1953.)

★ ★ ★

"I HEARD about a fellow some time ago who was talking to a friend of his and he said, 'Boy, my wife is an angel.' The friend said, 'You're lucky, my wife is still living.' " (Charlotte Crusade, 1958.)

★ ★ ★

"IF you want trouble, if you want hell in your home, marry a person with deep-seated religious differences, and you've got it, brother." (Pittsburgh Crusade, 1952.)

★ ★ ★

"I'VE been married for ten years. I want to tell you I love my wife ten million times more than I did the night I married her. I really do, and we're sweethearts still . . . I remember the first time I ever kissed her; I guess I've kissed her about ten billion times. It's a wonder she has any lips left, or I have any, and I wish she were here tonight." ("Youth's Problems," Texas, 1953.)

★ ★ ★

"*IT was Jesus who lifted the woman to her place today. And every woman owes everything she has to Jesus Christ." (Charlotte Crusade, 1958.)*

Enthusiasm for the right things

"I SAW a man pick up a football once at the Rose Bowl, run 65 yards, and 90,000 people cheered; but he ran the wrong way and lost the game. He was the most sincere man I think I have ever seen. I had him right on my fieldglasses. Boy, he had sincerity on his face as he went down that field. But he was wrong." (Tenth Sermon, 1958.)

★ ★ ★

"IT is very strange that the world accepts enthusiasm in every realm but the spiritual. The world appreciates and understands emotion and enthusiasm until it becomes religious fervor — then immediately it is suspect.

"You can be as mad as you like about the World (baseball) Series; you can go to the Yankee Stadium and shout yourself hoarse, and everyone thinks this is normal.

"You can be as mad as you like about money or pleasure or even drink. You can be mad about the Beatles. And in each case you are thought to be sane and normal. But bring the same enthusiasm into your moral convictions and you are told that you are being beside yourself.

"When you bring a grand and glorious abandon to your dedication to the Lord Jesus Christ, you are thought by many of your neighbors to be mad, to have 'gone too far' in religion." ("Extremism," The Hour of Decision, 1965.)

★ ★ ★

"EVANGELISM is the fire truck of the church. When the fire truck comes along, all other vehicles get out of the way, and when the fire truck has done its job, the other vehicles begin to run again." (Press Conference, 1957.)

The problems of youth

"YOUNG people are only resorting to an escapism that they have copied from their elders. Brought up in a society that has substituted cocktails for meditation, pleasure for prayer, and whoopee for worship, they are following the only philosophy they know: to eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow they may die. And the Church, tragically, is at least partially responsible for this situation.

"And then we look at the world today and we find that young people are changing the world. You go to any part of the world today; it's the young people that are marching. Marching under various flags.

"Castro got the young people of Cuba and changed Cuba. Bell Ben Bella got the young people of Algeria to march to him. And all over the world today young people are marching. They want a song to sing, a flag to follow, a cause to believe in — something tough and hard and rugged.

"Young people wanted a challenge: young people wanted something that was hard and tough and they'd respond to it. I'll tell you the gospel of Jesus Christ is hard and tough and rough. It's hard to be a Christian. It's hard to live a Christian life in this present age in which we live." — ("God's Delinquent," recorded sermon, Great Sermons series.)

★ ★ ★

"THE young people of today, basically, are no worse than young people of the past, but the modern generation has been neglected. The father works all day and either spends his evenings in a bar or sitting in front of the television set with no time for the children.

"The mother works to get more money to buy more gadgets. They are overlooking their primary responsibility of just being parents and loving their children." (Press Conference, New York Crusade, 1957.)

"ALL over the world tonight, young people are searching for security. They want to be controlled, they want a master, they want a centre to life, they want something to believe in. I believe that Jesus Christ can become the Controller. He can become the Master. He can become the Lord of your life.

"In Russia today, young people are disciplined. I have a friend who has just returned from Russia, he's been there for several weeks.

"He said he never saw a lewd picture. He said, 'I never saw a drunk person.' He said, 'I went to the universities, I went to the schools, and I found dedication and discipline in hard work.' Because, he said, 'the Soviet Union believes in something. They have an ideology, they have a control, they have a security in their state in Communism.' " (Charlotte Crusade, 1958.)

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"WIT AND WISDOM"



● *American evangelist Dr. Billy Graham.*

Advice to parents

"A WOMAN once told me all her little boy needed was a pat on the back. I told her if it was low enough and hard enough, it would do him some good." (Pittsburgh Crusade, 1952.)

★ ★ ★

"AND listen to this, parents! Children are great mimics. They will not listen to you if you're living the wrong type of life or an inconsistent life.

"If Dad talks about constructive activity but then sits in front of the TV all evening sipping beer, his actions speak louder than his words and the children note what he does, but they forget the lectures.

"You teach your children not to lie, but then they hear you tell little white lies over the telephone. Train a child in the way he should go, teach them the proper set of values." ("God's Delinquent," recorded sermon.)

★ ★ ★

"PARENTAL responsibility involves giving the child what he needs, and often he needs discipline. Coddling children, sparing them from correction, is one of the primary causes of delinquency.

"The parent who takes the time and the trouble to discipline his child loves him far more than does the namby-pamby parent who sows the seeds of delinquency in his unspanked offspring by pampering him." ("Teen-Age Vandalism," The Hour of Decision, 1964.)

★ ★ ★

"YOUR children not only require a great deal of your time, they long and hunger for it. Perhaps they do not express it, but the hunger and longing are there just the same.

"Be a pal to your children, love them, spend hours with them. Cut out some of your so-called 'important social engagements' and make your home the centre of your social life. God will honor you and your children will grow up to call you 'blessed.'" ("Responsibilities of Parents," The Hour of Decision, 1955.)

Modern world is a mess

"OUR world is very much like a man who has cancer. When cancer is brought under control in one spot, it often breaks out in another. The world specialists may employ all the diplomacy and skill at their command. They may, as the Bible says, 'anoint themselves with the chief ointments,' but at best they reach only symptoms, and the cleverest of this world's leaders have failed to diagnose the cause of the disease." ("Spiritual Maturity," The Hour of Decision, 1959.)

★ ★ ★

"WHAT is the diagnosis of man's disease? We all have a disease. I heard about a man some time ago who graduated from medical school and he hung his sign up and a patient came to him.

"He was an old man and he described all his symptoms and the young man tried to diagnose it and failed. And he went back to his inner office, studied all of his med. books, and he still couldn't figure it out.

"He went in and said, 'Sir, have you ever had this trouble before?' And the man said, 'Why, yes.' The young doctor said, 'Well, you've got it again.'" (Madison Square Garden, 1957.)

★ ★ ★

"SOME are living in a hell of lust and immorality. Others are living in an inferno of greed and covetousness. Still others live in hells of resentment, prejudice, intolerance, and bigotry.

"We fashion our earthly hells out of the passions, the selfishness, and the sin that floods into our lives. There is always plenty of material for the fabrication of a hell on earth, and many of us have made one from which we cannot extricate ourselves." ("Hell," The Hour of Decision, 1963.)

★ ★ ★

"The smallest package I ever saw was a man wrapped up wholly in himself." ("Escape," The Hour of Decision, 1955.)

★ ★ ★

"MAN judges by the quality of another's clothes, his Dun and Bradstreet rating, the kind of car he drives, the clubs to which he belongs, and the church he attends. But to God these things are only a thin veneer.

"God looks directly upon the heart—upon its attitudes, its humility, and its pride. He makes His appraisal on the basis of what the man really is." ("The Rivers of Damascus," The Hour of Decision, 1956.)

★ ★ ★

"FALLIBLE men cannot create an infallible society, but redeemed men can redeem society. You can't produce a great society with men who hate, connive, take advantage, pillage, and overrun, with self-interest as the motivation.

"National greed and selfishness are the corporate expression of self-interest, and Jesus predicted that it would still exist in the last agonising days of man's world. This self-interest must be eliminated by the transforming power of Christ if we are to be part of a kingdom society." ("The Kingdom Society," The Hour of Decision, 1965.)

Man's preoccupation with money

"TELL me what you think about money and I can tell you what you think about God, for these two are closely related. A man's heart is closer to his wallet than almost anything else." ("Are You Robbing Christ?" The Hour of Decision, 1961.)

★ ★ ★

"THE poorest person in this audience tonight is rich by the world's standards, and in spite of our riches, in spite of our high standard of living, our whole economy is geared to getting more.

"The capitalist wants more profit. The laboring man wants more wages, for less hours. And all of us are engaged in a mad race, trampling over each other, cheating each other, lying, stealing, any way we can get it, to get another dollar." (Fourth Sermon, Charlotte Crusade, 1958.)

★ ★ ★

"THE older generation has been too busy amassing fortunes, clipping investment coupons, reading racy novels, gazing at television, striking for higher wages, lusting after gold, keeping up with the Joneses, and playing with their gadgets. They cannot be bothered about the moral and spiritual example they are setting for the next generation." ("Youth in Rebellion," The Hour of Decision, 1961.)

★ ★ ★

"WE thought if we had two chickens in every pot and two cars in every garage and a television set in every room that we would be happy. But we've found that we're not happy even when we have it all. There's something missing. There's something lacking. What is it?" (Madison Square Garden, 1957.)

Sin can't be removed with cash

"THERE are a lot of people who have the idea they're going to get up to heaven and come up to the gate and say to St. Peter, 'How much is it going to cost me?' And then you'll take out a five-dollar bill and you say, 'Will that cover it?' And slap it down!" ("The Greatest Sin in Dallas," Texas, 1953.)

★ ★ ★

"SIN pays—but it pays off in remorse, regret, and failure." ("Delusion of Deliverance?" The Hour of Decision, 1961.)

★ ★ ★

"ANOTHER sin of the tongue prevalent among Christians is the sin of criticism—going round and trying to take a speck out of our brother's eye when we have a log in our own." ("The Sins of the Tongue," The Hour of Decision, 1952.)

★ ★ ★

"A MAN may not be responsible for his last drink, but he certainly was for the first. No disease germ is powerful enough to lead a man to his first drink. Drinking was a sin first and a disease last." ("Alcoholism," The Hour of Decision, 1959.)

Broken homes break a nation

"ALMOST every historian will agree that the disintegration of the Roman Empire was due largely to the broken home. In a recent study of moral conditions in Greece, Persia, and Babylonia, the scholars agreed that divorces and broken homes, more than any other single factor, contributed to the downfall of these nations." ("The Answer to Broken Homes," The Hour of Decision, 1955.)

★ ★ ★

"THE sin of immorality is so terrible in the sight of God that it is the only thing He allows to break the marriage relationship." ("The Answer to Broken Homes," The Hour of Decision, 1955.)



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From green haven to red heart

● Writer Jeff Carter and his wife live with, and enjoy, those extremes



THE CARTERS, Jeff and Mare ("It's pronounced," says she, "as in Old Grey"), sort through thousands of negatives stored in the studio, which Jeff built in the old farm cowbails. There is also an extensive library of Australiana.



OUTSIDE the century-old farmhouse at Glenrock, they prepare for a desert safari. The Land-Rover has been thoroughly checked, so have water, fuel, food. Without proper planning, Jeff says, it's still possible to die outback.

By KAY KEAVNEY

"WHAT," I asked Jeff Carter, "is the most exciting part of Australia?"

He tersely replied, "The farthest I can get."

Big, red-bearded writer-photographer Jeff has seen most of it. As he writes in the foreword to his soon-to-be-published book "Outback In Focus," "I haven't seen it all. But I have driven and walked 250,000 bush miles in the past twelve years. Apart from a few nights spent in an Alice Springs pub and the occasional comfort of homestead hospitality or shearing-shed accommodation, my camp has always been my swag, under the stars."

For a goodly part of that quarter of a million miles over the oldest, harshest, emptiest, driest continent on earth, Jeff's blonde wife, Mare, has been right along with him.

When Goth, their elder son (now 12), was very small, so did he. Mare remembers washing nappies in the turbulent Snowy River. Then Vandal (now ten) was born, and Jeff took off on his months-long odysseys alone.

When the sturdy, blond little boys grew up enough, Jeff's parents, Perce and Doris Carter, started coming over to care for them, and once again Mare could get into the Land-Rover with Jeff and go far over the horizon.

Mare asked no quarter. Uniquely, this was a man's world, but she fitted in. It was her world the same as it was Jeff's. And this was doubly incredible, because Mare is both supremely feminine and by birth an American.

She was a young student en route for Paris' Sorbonne when she called in on Sydney some 17 years ago and fell in love with it. She went home, but then back she came and met Jeff when both of them were working on an outdoors magazine.

Jeff had got to the magazine by some pretty unconventional routes. He was born in Melbourne in 1928, son of an engineer who was an expert hunter and fisherman and a brilliant dress-designer.

He sold his first fictional story as a schoolboy at Melbourne High School. And he fooled around with an old camera from earliest times.

At 17 he went bush. He was variously fruit-picker, road-ganger, wool-comber, cotton-winder, and much else, including, incredibly, plum-pudding shoveller.

He went straight from a Sydney factory to a Sydney magazine devoted to the outdoor life, and by the age of 22 was its editor.

Jeff married for the first time at 18, and there were two children of the marriage, Karen, now 20, and Thor, 17. ("I like unusual names," he says. "Can't stand calling kids things like Bert and Fred.")

He enjoyed working on the magazine and had to become an expert photographer to hold down his job. But he soon found he was making more money as a freelance writer of fiction.

Mare was on the office switchboard when she first met Jeff. Then she became a copywriter. When the pair married they both stayed home and wrote pulp like mad. Jeff wrote Westerns, Mare romances.

At the same time they contributed to just about every magazine in Australia. In the first ten years of their marriage they wrote well over a million paying words.

They started going outback when researching stories on well-known writer-naturalist Eric Worrell. They fell hard for the strange old continent, and soon bought a car of their own and began their long safaris.

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PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER KEITH BARLOW

JEFF AND MARE on Glenrock, their farm on the N.S.W. South Coast, with their family horse, Smokey. The farm nestles in a green valley in the Illawarra hills. The high places are richly covered with rain-forest, towering over the farmhouse.



"MARE IN HER KITCHEN with a blonde plait down her back." Jeff has extended the old kitchen, "because all our friends gravitate there," while retaining its character. Mare makes use of both the fuel stove and a small electric stove.



BLOND SONS Goth (12) and Van (10) proudly show Dad old Wanted posters, some of the exhibits in the Boys' Museum in the former smithy on Glenrock. The museum is a co-operative run by the nine keen boys who founded it.

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• Continued from page 45

From green haven to red heart

They went farther and farther, and took pictures and wrote about the people they met and the unusual jobs they had.

This weaned Jeff right off fiction. Fact was too rich a goldmine. They never looked for news stories, only for true tales which they could sell again and again. Bourke and back o' Bourke, the Birdsville track, drovers' camps, rabbiters' camps, the Centre, Arnhem Land, the West — they came to know it all — until the birth of her second child slowed Mare up.

About five years ago they started looking for a farm of their own "to get away from the telephone." They found a wonderful old place dreaming at the foot of the Illawarra escarpment at Foxground, about nine miles in from Gerringong on the New South Wales South Coast.

It was called "Glenrock," and it had everything, even an old smithy with a huge set of leather bellows and a hearth and an anvil and home-forged tools, all in working order.

It had acres and acres, much of it climbing up a mountain richly clothed by the rain-forest. It was remote, but not too far from schools. As a matter of fact, it was the earthly paradise.

In between Jeff's trips, and later Jeff's and Mare's, a welter of altering and painting went on. It still does. They haunted auction sales. In time, the cowbail was converted into a studio, the milking-room into a darkroom, the barn into a garage, the smithy into a naturalists' and historical museum (about which more later).

These days the farmhouse is greatly expanded, without changing its character. ("We had to extend the kitchen," explained Mare, "because our visitors always gravitate to it, and we have lots of visitors from all over Australia and all points west.")

"Write it, eat it, take its picture"

Mare, in her kitchen with blonde plaits down her back, is as feminine a sight as you could wish to see. She is a remarkably self-sufficient housewife, and it's a very self-sufficient family.

They grow their own vegetables and fruit—which Mare preserves—run their own cows, have their own lemon trees and bees and fowls, trap or shoot their own rabbits, make their own cheese. The boys catch their own fish, eels, and yabbies. The farm has its own water supply, and beautiful water, too.

"We do buy butter," admitted Mare, "but we could make our own if I could be bothered."

"Round here," said Jeff, "they say the Carters waste nothing. They write it up, or take its picture, or eat it—or all of them."

Six books in two years' writing

They rise at 5 a.m. and they're in bed by 8.30. "Our friends ring from town about nine and say, 'Hey, didn't get you out of bed, did I?' And, dammit, they did!" grumbled Jeff.

Unusual parents breed unusual children. Fair-haired Van and Goth, who live an ideal life at "Glenrock" farm, got together with seven mates about 18 months ago and founded the Boys' Museum, mostly of Australiana. They started with historical items supplied by their parents and other locals, expanded with gifts from offbeat friends of the Carters all over Australia.

The museum opens on Sunday afternoons, for a small fee, and has attracted visitors from all parts of Australia and New Zealand and New Guinea, including parties from historical societies and gem clubs. It's a co-operative, means plenty of hard work for the boys, but even more interest and fun.

Some two years ago, Rigbys, the publishers, approached Jeff to write a book, and so launched on the world a one-man publishing explosion.

Jeff combed through his bulging files and came up with a book called "People of the Inland." It promptly sold out. So did the second edition. Since these inland people, with their unusual occupations, are dying out, Jeff was virtually maintaining a record for history.

Angus and Robertson's approached him for a book, mainly pictures, "The Life and Land of Central Australia," which also sold splendidly. Soon to be published are "Stout Hearts and Leathery Hands" and, from Rigbys again, "Outback in Focus."

"In the Tracks of the Cattle" was Jeff's next essay, and he has just finished a sixth book about young Australians and the surf.

It's a fantastic output for about two years, but then Jeff has spent more than 12 years preparing for it. "Now we're back to taws, though," Jeff said. "I need fresh material, so very soon Mare and I are heading out for Western Australia.

"The outback is changing radically, but its characteristics are important to be retained. It's still a harsh challenge. My stories and pictures may now be about fossickers and mining engineers instead of horse-tailers and trappers, but it's unendingly interesting.

"Outback tourism is now very big. It gives people a taste of something they miss in modern life."

"And," cut in Mare, "it gives them vicarious adventure, and harks back in many cases to the lives Dad or Grandad used to live."

"Outback in Focus" is as comprehensive a pictorial and written record as you're likely to see of that strange Other Australia.

Jeff writes in a deliberately unemotional style.

All the poetry is in the pictures. But his feelings break through when the subject is preservation of wildlife, or injustice to the Aborigines.

Wants wildlife to be preserved

There are three valuable service chapters at the end of the book, written by a man who knows whereof he speaks: "Hunting with a Camera," "Camping Without Tears," and "Motoring Outback."

The first two are full of good, wise advice for the aspiring photographer of wildlife and the novice camper, even for those who never intend to stray beyond 20 miles of the Big City.

The third is a must for the doughty soul who wants — like the Carters — to explore the outback by car. Jeff warns that it's still possible to die up in the hinterland. He advises the would-be adventurer on what to do, what to take, even how to find petrol and spare parts in the Never-Never.

Jeff sees in tourism a great new hope for the outback. And of conservation he writes, "Ideally, I would like to see the entire outback area discussed in this book declared a complete wildlife refuge."

"Outback in Focus" is a beautiful publication, designed to grace coffee tables, but also to be looked at, and read, and pondered.

In front, with a big white stark page all to themselves, are five meaningful words: "This book is for Mare."

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Travel choice—around the world or the South Pacific



● *Big Ben, photographed from Parliament Square.*

NEXT year is the year to travel! Not only do we offer you the exciting 1969 World Discovery Tour, there's a romantic 17-day cruise of the South Pacific as well.

The 1969 World Discovery Tour is the fourth arranged for us by group-travel leaders, World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd.; and they've done it again—a superlative itinerary on excellent ships.

Our previous tours set standards that would be hard to beat, but World Travel Headquarters have planned for 1969 their **FIRST ONE-CLASS** voyage right round the world.

This means all passengers aboard the P & O liner Orsova in February, when it sails via Guam, Japan, Hawaii, the U.S., Panama, and Madeira for Europe, will have the run of the ship—all its decks, pools, lounges.

And the one-class P & O ship Himalaya offers the same service and excellent facilities for the return voyage via Africa.

Since the tour was announced a few weeks ago—and the 17-day cruise a week or so later—World Travel Headquarters have received many inquiries and bookings from people anxious for the best accommodation.

For as little as $1835 (or $N.Z.1900), not much more than an ordinary return ticket, our World Discovery Tour provides:

Return shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins aboard the Orsova and the Himalaya (remember they are both one-class), London hotel accommodation for 12 nights, London sightseeing, a 23-day all-inclusive coach tour of eight European countries, a seven-day coach tour of England and Scotland, and the services of your own Tour Director and escort team.

Like a suite

If you want a single cabin—more like a suite—you can pay a little more and enjoy the best the Orsova has to offer.

Excellent two-berth cabins with and without private facilities are available in the Himalaya for varying supplements from $35 to $400.

Look at your ports of call! En route from Sydney, the Orsova visits Brisbane, Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa, Panama, Cristobal, Miami, and Madeira.

Lisbon, Casablanca, Dakar, Capetown, and Durban are on the return voyage in the Himalaya.

Between these two relaxing voyages, you'll have a total of 12 nights in London (covered by the basic fare) as well as sightseeing tours.

You'll have the thrill of visiting Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, France, and Monaco during the 23-day all-inclusive European coach tour.

Later there's the seven-day tour of England and Scotland, visiting the most interesting cities and towns and including a two-day stop-over in Edinburgh.

Dates shown in the itinerary will vary between March 27 and May 21, 1969, as the Continental and U.K. coach departures must be staggered for operational reasons as well as ensuring smaller and more pleasant touring groups.

The 15-day leisure period, at the tour member's own expense, can be programed over one or more periods.

Travellers on previous tours used this free time to visit relatives or take excellent, low-cost supplementary tours to Spain, Holland, Scandinavia, or Ireland.

If you cannot spare the time for the World Discovery Tour, then what about our 17-day "Treasure Hunt Cruise" of the South Pacific?

Spend 17 peaceful sunny days cruising the Pacific, calling at Noumea, Lautoka, Fiji, and Auckland, in the one-class Himalaya.

A lucky passenger will discover "buried treasure" after the Himalaya leaves Sydney on February 3—two round-the-world tour tickets, which, with $400 spending money, are worth $6000.

Donated by The Australian Women's Weekly, the "treasure" will be formally presented at a Pirate's Ball, a fancy-dress dance to be held shortly before arriving in Auckland.

One exciting aspect of this cruise is that members from all States except Tasmania can join the cruise ship in their home ports.

Western Australians embark in the Himalaya in Fremantle on January 25; South Australians in Adelaide on January 28; and Victorian and Tasmanian passengers in Melbourne on January 29-30.

New Zealand passengers join the P & O liner Arcadia in Auckland and travel to Sydney, where they have a few days at leisure before transferring to the Himalaya.

New South Wales passengers embark on February 3; Queensland passengers in Brisbane on February 5.

Then follows this romantic itinerary:

February 7-8: Noumea. Visit the aquarium, one of the most famous in the Pacific, or perhaps take a drive along the tree-lined beachfront of Anse Vata. At night visit one of the night-clubs and enjoy Polynesian dancing.

February 10: Lautoka, introductory port to friendly Fiji. Plenty of time to shop in the native markets and to wander through the broad tree-lined avenues of this tropical city.

February 11: Suva, capital of Fiji. Duty-free shops abound for gifts and souvenirs.

February 11-14: During these days the lucky winner will receive the treasure at the Pirate's Ball.

For sightseeing

February 14: Auckland. Time to say farewell to your New Zealand friends. Time, too, for Australian passengers for sightseeing . . . perhaps a visit to the Rotorua thermal areas.

February 18: Melbourne. Victorian passengers disembark. Western Australian and South Australian passengers transfer to their special boat-train to return to Adelaide and Perth.

February 20-22: Sydney. New South Wales passengers disembark.

February 24: Himalaya calls Brisbane to conclude the cruise.

Cruise fares, priced from Sydney to Sydney, are from $292 (or $N.Z.310) for accommodation in six-berth cabins without facilities.

Supplements, according to where you embark and disembark, apply—as well as supplements according to the choice of the varying cabin accommodation.

Full details of the itinerary and cruise fares are in our travel brochure, available from any of the travel agents listed on this page or from your travel agent.

WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive tour brochure by calling in or writing to any of the General Sales Agents listed below:

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wesfarmer's Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street, and 14 Terrrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191.

(All above are members of A.F.T.A.)

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 20-959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1. Tele. HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

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The cat's whiskers!

This colour is like cats. You love it or loathe it. Nothing in-between. It is the new Wild Lavender and only Dri-Glo have it. And you know Dri-Glo. Once they get on to something lovely they stripe it, spot it, flower it in such a variety of patterns and sizes that you hardly know where to stop. So be bold! Can't you see what Wild Lavender will do to a bathroom that is pink or white or blue or green? The cat's whiskers! If you refuse to be as new as Wild Lavender you can buy these same beautiful towels in yellow, blue, pink, green—any of the Dri-Glo fast colours. Anywhere in Australia or New Zealand.



DRI-GLO
WILD LAVENDER TOWELS

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FOR FOOTY FANS . . .



● Dress a dolly mascot in your team's colors. Directions page 50.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4896482

FOR FOOTY FANS . . .

● Mascot dollies with shoes cost about 50 cents at chainstores; shoeless variety (at foot of this page) is around five cents. Directions below are for outfits shown in color on page 49.



● Dolly mascots can decorate your car on big-match days.

Materials: Yarns used were Emu French Knit 5-ply for all colors and white, Emu English Knit 8-ply for black: one ball of each color will make enough clothes for an entire team's supporters; one pair No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 3in. doll.

STRIPED SHIFTS

Using 1st color, cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st., knitting into back of sts. on k rows. Work in striped pattern with 2 rows in each color for 10 rows. Cont. striped patt. and work thus:

*** Next Row:** K 8, turn, cast on 3 sts., k 12, turn, cast on 3 sts., k 8. P 1 row.

Next Row: (K 1, k 2 tog.) to end.

Next Row: (P 1, p 2 tog.) to end. Cast off.*

SKIRTS AND TOPS (Knitted in one piece)

Using Emu English Knit 8-ply in black, cast on 32 sts. Work 4 rows st-st. as for shifts, using black only.

Next Row: K 8, k 2 tog., k 12, k 2 tog., k 8.

Next Row: P 7, p 2 tog., p 12, p 2 tog., p 7.

Change to 2nd color in Emu French Knit and work as shift from * to *.

PANTSUITS

Using 1st color, cast on 14 sts. Work 7 rows st-st. as for skirt. Break yarn, leaving sts. on needle. Work 2nd leg the same on same needle, then p across all 28 sts. Work 4 rows. Change 2nd color, work 2 rows. Complete as shift from * to *.

TO MAKE UP.

Work 1 row double crochet round hems. Stitch press-fasteners to back openings.





● Pin a doll to the lapel of your coat.



START a collection of team dolls for your dressing-table.



PANTSUIT at right will fit both types of doll. Directions above.

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(ADVERTISEMENT)

Women of every age can have a beautiful complexion

TODAY, tomorrow, and forever — that's how long perfect complexion loveliness can last since scientists first discovered the beautifying benefits of a remarkable tropical moist oil that nourishes and influences skin cells and provides that superb bloom and texture every woman covets above all other beauty assets.

This moist oil gives the skin the same generous flow of natural oil and moisture which nature normally lavishes only on the soft, flawless complexions of the very young. This process which simulates the ideal effects of nature's way of soaking beauty into the skin, is capable of keeping a complexion at its highest peak of incomparable beauty virtually for a lifetime.

The revitalizing tropical oil has a natural isotonic (penetrating) action that enables it to sink easily into the skin rather than ride ineffectually on the surface. The flower-like bloom of your lovely complexion depends on a plentiful supply of moist oil for the plasma colloids, the skin's tiny water carriers which, when dry, cause riverbeds of eroded cells to show on the face in the form of wrinkles. The moist oil replenishes the plasma colloids from within, and has a hygroscopic ability to attract and draw in moisture from the air, rounding out the skin fluid cells to promote an exquisite, dewy bloom on the complexion.

When tropical oil of Ulan is smoothed over the face and neck each day and used as a peerless powder-base beneath make-up, it becomes the truly remarkable solution to dry, wrinkle-prone skin and the wonderful means by which women the world over can secure radiant, never-fading loveliness.

Complexion Plans and Make-up Hints for Every Woman's Beauty







The Teens

At twenty or less ensure that your complexion enjoys a youthful, dewy radiance by nourishing your skin daily with an application of tropical moist oil of Ulan. Smooth this beautifying moist oil over your face and neck and use it under make-up to bring out all the loveliest attributes associated with a supple, young skin. Begin your day by cleansing your complexion gently but thoroughly. Your instincts may tell you to be a soap-and-water girl, but modern enlightenment will persuade you that washing can often be too drastic and drying to the skin. Use instead a dissolving action lemon Delph cleansing milk which will clean and clear your skin without removing natural protective oils.

After cleansing, tone your face and neck with lemon freshener and then smooth on your oil of Ulan.

Select an Evenmatt petal-flake foundation and matching powder to bring out the beauty potential of your complexion, yet subtly conceal blemishes, bumps and freckles.

The latest trends in eye make-up point towards contouring the eyes with two shades of shadow. Mascara is flattering when applied in two coats, with lashes subsequently being separated with a clean, dry brush. Complete your make-up with a petal-pink or fresh-coral lipstick.

Your hair should always look lustrous and naturally attractive. The longer, smoother styles of today require that you wash your hair often. Try one of the "Peek-In" glow shampoos that will bring out the translucent highlights and enhance the colour-depths of the natural hair shade.

The 20's — Plus

Towards the thirties your looks and personality will begin to flower. It is essential, however, that even slight signs of skin dryness should never be ignored. Moist oil of Ulan smoothed daily over your face and neck will maintain the healthy balance of your skin and preserve the fresh bloom on your complexion. To supplement this, massage nourishing Ulan vitalizing night cream into your skin at bedtime with spiralling upward and outward movements of the fingertips, allowing the vitalizing oils and moisture to soak into tired tissues and banish tiny lines and wrinkles.

You'll need a cleanser that removes ingrained impurities and every scrap of make-up, yet doesn't deplete the natural skin oils. Use Delph cleansing milk with its gentle dissolving action. Soap, with a tendency to wash the skin too scrupulously for its own good is, definitely out!

Lemon Delph freshener used after cleansing will stimulate circulation and dispel sallowness.

Smooth a film of oil of Ulan over your skin and then apply your chosen skin-toning shade of Evenmatt foundation and matching Evenmatt feather-light powder to encourage your complexion to look perfectly matt and flawless.

Wear bright, jewel-coloured eye shadows and wield brow pencil liner and mascara fairly boldly. Don't be afraid to accentuate your mouth with an unusual or even a vivid shade of lipstick.

Take care that your hairstyle progresses with the times and let the special "glow" shampoos give the hair glamour.

The 40's & Beyond

At forty it's often a joy to let your carefully developed personality take a hand in the way you shape your good looks. Use your moist oil of Ulan base as faithfully as ever, a permanent undercover for make-up, to go right on feeding essential elements to your skin protecting and beautifying your complexion. Lavish rich Ulan vitalizing night cream on your skin before retiring, for extra nourishment.

Continue to cleanse your skin with dissolving action lemon cleansing milk and stimulate the pores with lemon Delph freshener.

Enjoy the luxury of a fluid face pack once a week. Smooth on Iso-Cazell cream and allow the warmth of your skin to draw isotonic fluids from the pack and absorb them into parched skin cells, filling them out to capacity so that tiny lines and wrinkles are rapidly eased away.

Before making - up, smooth on a film of oil of Ulan. Then select a shade of Evenmatt foundation, which is so flattering to mature complexions that require extra coverage, and blend it lightly over the skin. Dust on a matching Evenmatt powder. Apply rouge skilfully and use a gentle yet glowing lip colour. Mascara becomes a necessity after forty, when lashes tend to fade, and you can give your eyes a youthful sparkle with grey-green or grey-blue shadow.

If you don't care to "go grey gracefully," let your hairdresser advise you about a tint or rinse to transform and enhance your tresses. Continue using a "Peek-In" glow shampoo to keep hair lustrous and well-behaved.

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More strange — but true—statements made to an Australian insurance company:

- *Car had to turn sharper than was necessary owing to an invisible lorry.*
- *I collided with a stationary tree.*
- *Dog on road applied brakes, causing a skid.*
- *If the other driver had stopped a few yards behind himself the accident would not have happened.*
- *A lorry backed through my windscreen into my wife's face.*
- *Cow wandered into my car. I was informed later that the cow was half-witted.*
- *She suddenly saw me, lost her head and we met.*
- *I misjudged a lady crossing the street.*
- *I heard a horn blown and was struck in the back — a lady was evidently trying to pass me.*

COMPACT



Fashion turns turtle

When a swinging new fashion for men comes into the shops you can count on the with-it girls taking it over. Both sexes are wearing satin-finish, turtle-neck shirts now being made and sold in Australia for men to wear "after five." The shirt shown is one of the designs in turtle-neck shirts just coming into the shops. Some are plain, some are tucked and frilled. They're in the men's departments, and in rather short supply because girls are getting to the counters, too. The lucky girls who've got them are wearing their turtle-necks with tights and evening pants — in winter they'll be tucking them into maxi-skirts, cinched with big belts. Some designs sell for $9. Another, in a fine French cloth, is $12.

TOYS TEMPT ADULTS, TOO

(Doctor is skilled at mini-ships)

■ **Visiting the 1968 International Toy Trade Fair held in Sydney recently, we learnt that toys appeal to all age-groups — including adults.**

Parents construct scale models of planes, ships, cars, and historical and military figures with the same enthusiasm as their children do, according to toy manufacturers.

In fact, the sophisticated wife of the chairman of a large British toy company is proud of the model of a Coldstream Guard she assembled on the day her son was born.

Said Mrs. R. Ehrmann, whose husband represented the British toy industry at the Fair: "There's nothing unusual about that, really. Our doctor makes up the most beautiful sailing ships. And adults are always writing to us about the models they have constructed."

She smiled. "They are very dedicated."

Mrs. Ehrmann, who was born in Frankfurt, Germany, and lived in Cape Town, South Africa, until she married in 1955, enjoys another "childish" pastime—painting by numbers.

"It makes you feel so clever, so creative — especially when you put a color on number three that should really go on number five, because you think it looks better!

Signed work

"One of our representatives made me sign a landscape I had done, and carts it around to show customers. He says: 'If the chairman's wife can do it, so can you!' "

The Ehrmanns have three children — a boy and two girls—whose ages range from "four and a bit" to nine.

They each have a room stacked with toys, which, confesses Mrs. Ehrmann, are not always made by her husband's firm.

"But I usually have to buy the toys his company does make," she said, laughing.

Mrs. Ehrmann is genuinely fascinated by toys. And she notes her children's play with great interest.

"My son, who is nine, is particularly interested in the news. He has his own radio and listens from early morning until evening.

"The girls have a great dressing-up chest. As well as the usual cowboy - and - indian outfits, they love dressing up in my old nighties, hats, and gloves."

Mrs. Ehrmann has only one complaint — she has to tidy up after them!

The lovely old Victorian house at Campden Hill, South London — "Campden Hill is very much a village," says Mrs. Ehrmann — where they live is something of a showplace. Especially the orange kitchen.

"The architect thought I was out of my mind when I told him I wanted the kitchen painted orange, my favorite color. But as soon as you walk into it, you feel cheerful.

"It's like having your own bit of sunshine all the time—and, as you know, sunshine is very hard to have in England!"

A figure of speech

★ *A tourist has brought back from New Zealand a good story from a backblocks doctor he met there. The doctor asked a very young mother how she was feeding her infant, and the girl, ill-at-ease and on her best consulting-room behaviour, replied: "Baby is on the bust."*

STONE THE CROWS!

★ **Australians have their own distinctive turn of phrase, and no wonder — when you consider some of their forebears.**

It seems Hampshire, England, still has a dialect all of its own — and some very exclusive expressions to boot.

According to a recent BBC program, you'll still hear (if you are suffering from a hangover) someone say, "I pities thee: Dessay you got a heid like a bitel"—a bitel being the wooden head of the pile-driving mallet.

But perhaps the gem quoted is the sour description by the local poacher of the lady magistrate he encountered — much to his misfortune: "She were as narrow as this fence-post yon, we' a girt beak on 'er like a rook's bill, an' a voice like a cacklin' duck!"

This is just for the record

THE mystery of how a "Peer Gynt Suite" gramophone record came to be found by a pair of bush-walkers on top of Mt. Sonder, in Central Australia, has been solved.

The details of their unusual find was told by Frank Rigby in our February 14 issue. In his article "Walkabout in the Centre" he described the two weeks he and his wife spent in Central Australia last year.

"We heard," he wrote, "that the fellow who left the record there had two great loves in his life, the 'Peer Gynt Suite' and Mt. Sonder — so he decided to 'marry' the two.

"Somehow he humped a record - player up to the mountain so that he could hear his beloved music on his beloved mountain. No doubt he then made a ceremonial sacrifice of the record to the mountain."

● "High" notes

Mr. Glyn Jones, of Hawthorn, Victoria, saw the article and wrote to tell us that he had carried the record and player to the top of Mt. Sonder on August 1, 1966.

He then played part of Grieg's No. 1 Piano Concerto and part of "Peer Gynt" before climbing down to his wife.

"A friend was with me," he said. "We left our car at 10.30 a.m. near Redbank Gorge and climbed via the ridge from there, arriving at the top at 3 p.m.

"We had only 15 minutes of music before the descent, which took us until 7.30 p.m.

"The playing of this record on the summit of Mt. Sonder was the fulfilment of a nagging desire which commenced in 1958 when I first visited the area.

"Later, in 1964, I made a trip back with the express purpose of climbing Sonder to play the record, but the closest I got to the mountain was about three miles from its base.

● To return

"In 1966, while caravanning with my wife via Brisbane, Townsville, Mt. Isa, and Darwin to Alice Springs, I achieved that ambition.

"Mr. Rigby was right. I do have a great love for that particular mountain and I do have a great love for Grieg's music. It typifies for me the view from the top of Mt. Sonder."

Mr. Jones said he planned to climb Sonder again this July or August to recover his record and asked us if we could find out if Frank Rigby left it there.

So we phoned Frank, who assured us that he had left the "Peer Gynt Suite" where he had found it.



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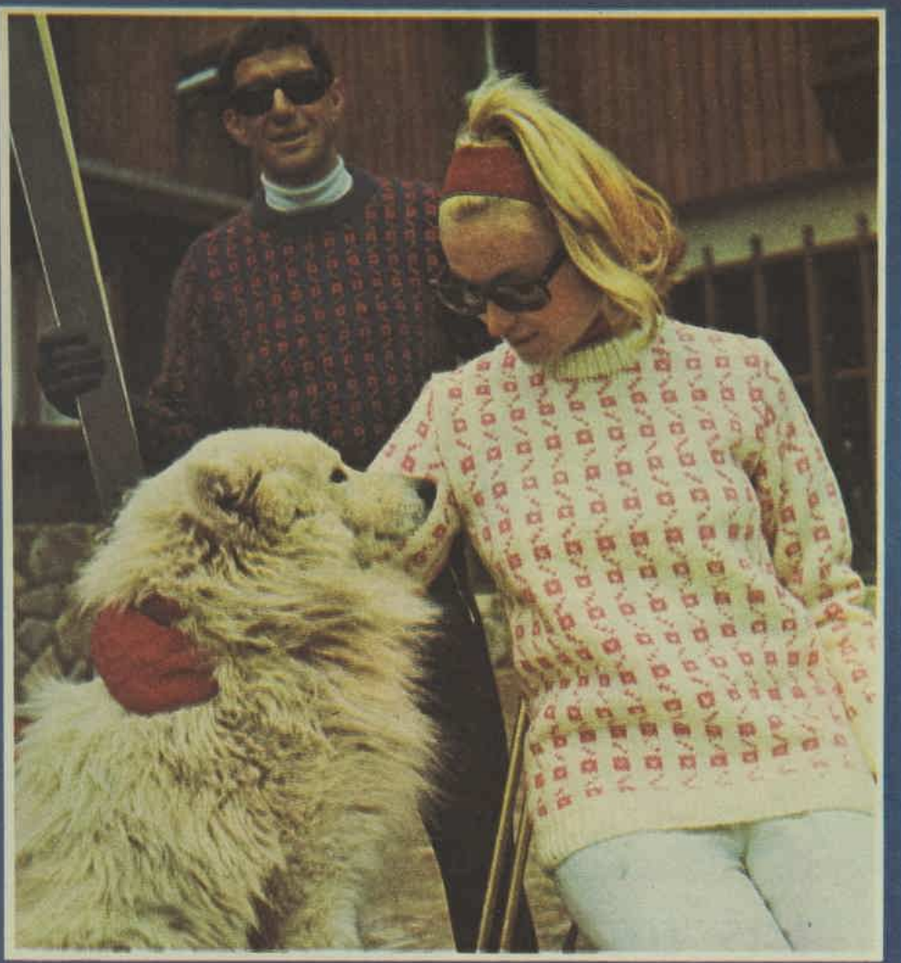
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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Solution to service

DON'T wait in shops all day to be served. Stand near a man. He'll be served first, but you won't have long to wait.

$2 to Anne Yorke, Woollahra, N.S.W.

How much in package?

MANUFACTURERS of some packaged foods must have either very small stomachs or very large imaginations. "Two to three portions" or "Will serve four helpings" would be laughable if not so misleading. We are not excessive eaters, but do not appreciate the pattern on a plate unless it has been covered with a dinner worth removing. Housewives are grateful for quickly prepared dishes, but a more realistic statement of the amount we are likely to serve would enable us to buy enough to serve ourselves, too.

$2 to Mrs. Fay Idriess, Deception Bay, Qld.

Into folk museums

IT would be wonderful if Australia's ghost towns were made into folk museums, with objects used by pioneer ancestors, dated not later than 1900, on exhibition. Employees could wear period clothing, and damper and billy tea could be served to the accompaniment of old bush ballads. Horse-drawn vehicles, such as buggies, jinkers, sulkies, and gigs could be exhibited and used for leisurely drives along the bush roads.

$2 to "Snuff Box" (name supplied), Port Melbourne, Vic.

Emergency fan belt

THIS may be of assistance to any reader in similar trouble. Recently we had the misfortune to break a fan belt on our car, miles from help. However, help did come, in the form of a truck-load of roadworkers, smiling and grizzled, who told us that a nylon stocking would do the trick. My stretch-type nylon took us the six-mile journey into the nearest town. Though by then unwearable, the stocking would have lasted a few more miles as an emergency fan belt.

$2 to Mrs. Jean R. Smith, South Brighton, S.A.

● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume her verse on her return.

"That man's father . . ."

HEARING footsteps in the hall, my sister called out, "Is that you, son?" "Yes, Mum," was the reply. "Oh," my sister said, "I thought you were your father."

$2 to "Tangled" (name supplied), Moonah, Tas.

TO MARK THE OCCASION

MRS. BONNEY'S idea of a silver tray with a record of all important occasions is most appealing. I did not want an engagement ring. Instead, I chose a beautiful long-stemmed glass goblet, appropriately engraved. Later, our wedding date was added. Now that our baby son is here, his name and date of birth will also be inscribed.

$2 to "Sentimental" (name supplied), Rostrevor, S.A.

★ ★ ★

CHARMS added to a silver bracelet mark our memorable occasions. One represents our wedding day, and to this was added the signs of the zodiac under which we and our daughter were born. As my husband is in the RAAF, we have charms from the three cities in which we have lived. Another one—from Vietnam—will be added when my husband returns this year.

$2 to Mrs. Robyn Gardner, Hughes, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

WE buy a tree or a shrub. Adding the date to a weatherproof name - tag makes doubly sure that we remember which tree or shrub marks which event.

$2 to "One Way" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

OUR plan to commemorate family occasions has been to add a book, inscribed on the fly-leaf with names and dates, to our home library. In this way we now have a large cookery book, a guide to baby and child care, a good dictionary, and some beautifully illustrated art books.

$2 to Mrs. J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHO said anything about silver trays? It was our 47th wedding anniversary, and that day our big dog broke his collar. My wife came out of a shop and said to me, "I have bought a dog-collar, it will do for your anniversary present."

$2 to "Collared" (name supplied), Leura, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T know about its suitability, but when a friend of mine was married recently, she received a household broom as a gift. Attached to it was a note, which read:

"This useful gift accept from me, its use I recommend.

"In sunshine use the brushy part, in strife the other end."

$2 to Mrs. J. Weir, Blaxland, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

EVER UPWARD

"Hasn't Susan grown!"

This kind of remark must be one of the most ancient known to the human race. Boys and girls have always grown, and relatives and family friends have always noticed it.

But the old exclamation is made with genuine surprise today. It is commonly agreed that young people are growing more than ever before.

Parents still make marks on the wall to show how high Gary or Deborah was on November 23, 1967, and so on. But the marks shoot up like Jack's well-known beanstalk.

I don't claim to know why. Some say it is the result of eating more vitamins.

Quite often I meet men and women who say their children are taller than they are.

They pretend to be cheerful about it, and even proud of it. But are they?

"Time" magazine said lately that American men in their forties keep waking up in the night in panic and



thinking: "My kids are taller than I am!"

The epidemic of inches raises difficulties.

Mrs. Dingwell was hoping her daughter Dolores would be a ballerina.

Dolores had lessons for years and did well, but she started to grow up and up. When last sighted she was approaching the six-foot mark.

There is not much demand for six-foot ballerinas, as they tend to tower over their partners.

Also, it is better for dancers to be short, because they don't fall over so easily. (They have a lower centre of gravity.)

When Mrs. Dingwell mentioned her problem, I said: "If male dancers are growing taller, too, it might even out. Dolores could find a partner who is six foot four."

But she was pessimistic. She says Dolores may have to become a model. There is no height limit for models.

The stocking manufacturers (a shrewd lot) are providing for lengthy girls by turning out special long-legged lines.

The bed and bath people may also have to do some rethinking. One hears complaints that boys are too long for their beds and girls have to bend their knees to get into baths.

Tallness has advantages, of course. Young beanpoles can stand behind older folk at football matches and get a good view. They can change electric light bulbs without using a ladder.

Yet I can't help wondering where it will end. Will the next generation be giants?

Perhaps we should lay off the vitamins a bit. I don't look forward to having a grandson who takes me on his knee.

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camel brown and maize check, camel plain



camel brown and maize stripe, maize plain



aqua and camel brown check, aqua plain

Physician mix'n

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aqua and camel brown stripe, camel plain



nil and olive green check, olive plain



apricot and camel check, apricot plain

match blankets

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The Australian
Women's Weekly Fashion News

In this 12-page section we bring you something different in fashion: The top designs in the Paris spring collections, plus a report on the clothes being worn by people here and abroad.

Here and on following pages are some of the fashions that won the highest applause in the recent Paris spring collections.

Romantic fashions are in; the prettiest dress you can wear is sheer, flowery, and waisted. Add a wide-brimmed, flower-laden hat and you have fashion allure, 1968 style.

Bonnie, Clyde's bloodthirsty partner, will have followers. Bonnie has come to town, and she's wearing gangster stripes and a beret perched on one side of her head. Paris is mad about Bonnie's beret.

There's a real blow-up in Mexicana fashions — the fiesta colors are superb.

Continued on page 62

● *Dior's romantic flower-printed dress and wide-brimmed flower-laden hat. Note the Dior spring skirtline, above the knee.*

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE

At the royal film premiere of "Romeo and Juliet"



MRS. TOMMY STEELE arriving at the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square, London, for the glittering royal premiere, in a silk brocade dress with a feather boa collar.



OLINKA BEROVA, Czechoslovakian film star, attracted a lot of attention when she arrived at the theatre in a crownless hat and long gown with a low-cut halter bodice of cut-out flowers.



THE QUEEN was a dazzling figure at the royal premiere in a silver-and-white evening gown encrusted around the hemline with silver beads and pearls. She added a white fur stole.

THE STARS

Romeo and his Juliet in real life





ABOVE: Olivia Hussey (Juliet) leaving London for Rome to be fitted for the Zeffirelli dress she was to wear at the royal premiere of "Romeo and Juliet." CENTRE: With her Romeo (Leonard Whiting) Olivia strolls through a park in London wearing a pinafore dress with a black polo-necked sweater.

AT RIGHT: Their big night . . . Olivia and Leonard at the premiere of their film. Olivia is wearing the dress designed for her by director Zeffirelli.



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WEARING OVERSEAS





AT LEFT: Princess Paola of Belgium arriving at Whitehall for the 50th-anniversary dinner of the Anglo-Belgium Union. Her crepe evening suit had a cropped jacket and gold lame blouse. ABOVE: At the dinner in the Banquet Hall the Princess sat next to Prince Philip. She had removed her jacket to show the long-sleeved high polo-necked gold blouse.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA with her husband, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, who were flying from London's Heathrow Airport to Milan, tourist class. The Princess, hatless, wore a suede coat banded in fur.



ABOVE: The Duchess of Kent, heavily suntanned from a two-week skiing holiday in the French Alps with the Duke, boarding an aircraft to fly to Preston, in the North of England, in a military-style coat and pillbox hat.



AT RIGHT: The Earl and Countess of Harewood (former Australian model Bambi Shmith) at a dinner party at the Queen's Hotel in London. The Countess wore a striped jersey dinner gown which featured a cape collar.

More pictures of what people are wearing overseas on page 63

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THE STARS OF SPRING

Continued from page 59

Take note of the non-stop glamor in evening pyjamas and how the prettiest young birds are wearing bermudas for dressed-up occasions. St. Laurent has promoted bermudas.

Paris says three cheers for red, white, and blue and uses this color trio in chic new ways.

It's a big year for ruffles and, again, a big year for legs. Legs, via color, are often the focal point of fashion.

White stockings have returned, and navy, black, and brown look newly smart.

Important is the new mood for fit and flare and a closer-to-the-body line.

Get belt-minded. Belts come in all widths and fabrics, and can be worn high or low or at normal waist level. Belts, this season, are more than a fad; they're a whole new way of fashion.

Fashion rebel Courreges designed the most daring pantsuit in all Paris. (The couture looks upon the suit as a fashion gag.)

Courreges' clothes are sexy in the new transparent mood, and his culottes were the most daring ever shown in couture collections.

—*BETTY KEEP*



● *Get ready for dazzling Mexicana colors, because they will star for spring. Below, Ricci's one-piece dress in multi-colored fiesta shades is sashed and worn with a colorful wide-brimmed scarf hat.*



● *Balmain put his seal on fashions from the 'thirties by opening his spring collection with a Bonnie fashion. Bonnie's dress is in gangster stripes with a chic side-slanted beret.*



● *Watch the flattery of white organdie ruffles. Above, Balmain uses this trim on the sleeves of a white organdie top. The top is worn with sensational high-riding brown velvet at-home trousers.*

● *Ricci combines red, white and blue in the dress above. The singlet top is white, with red sleeves; the skirt navy. Note the sailor-boy beret.*

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What people are wearing overseas

LORETTA YOUNG, at right, with Mr. and Mrs. Jean Louis at the Royal Poinciana Playhouse in Palm Beach, Florida. Miss Young's coatdress in heavy silk brocade was designed by Jean Louis. Mrs. Louis wore a float coat.





SARI-STYLED gown of heavy white silk with gold beading was worn by Mrs. F. Kelley, who accompanied her husband to the Royal Poinciana Playhouse in Florida. Mr. Kelley is chairman of General Dynamics Corporation.



FRANKIE VAUGHAN and his wife arriving at No. 10 Downing Street. They were among the show-business stars invited to a reception given by Britain's Prime Minister for the Prime Minister of Luxemburg.



GOLD silk jersey trousersuit was worn by Mrs. Harry Fowler when she and her husband were guests at No. 10 Downing Street.



ANTHONY BOOTH, who plays the Labor-supporting son-in-law in the television series "Till Death Us Do Part," with Susan Ryan at the reception given by Mr. Harold Wilson.



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Top designs from Paris showings



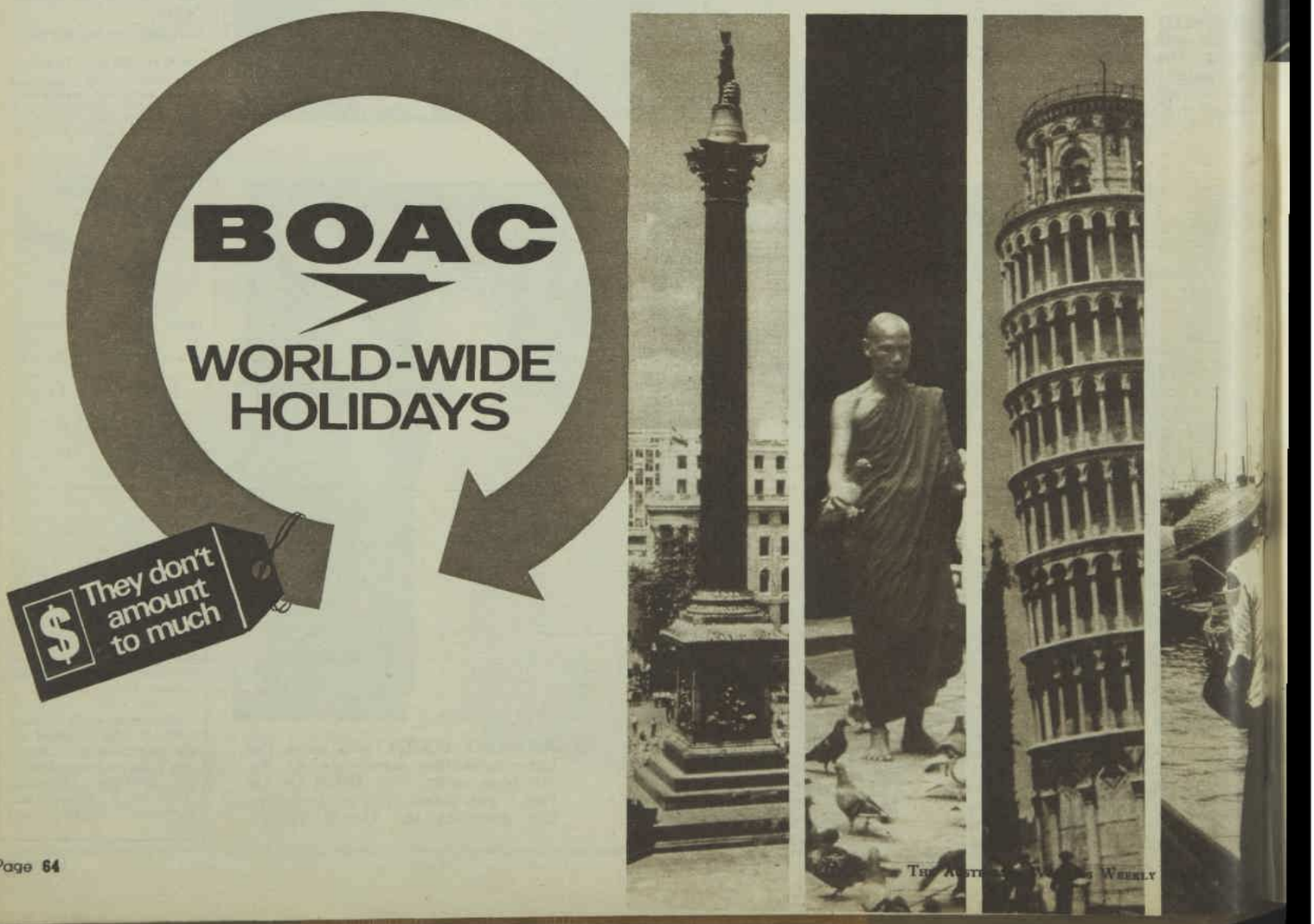
● Yves St. Laurent designed the bermuda ensemble, above, for after-five. The colored Spanish combs are his new evening accessory.

● All Paris is crazy about gardenias and daisies. Below, Patou masses the entire bodice of a white organdie dress with these blossoms.





● The ruffled dress in diaphanous sheer is one of the newest after-five looks in Paris. Ruffled dress (above), by Dior, is made in chiffon. Details to note: plunge neckline, long, full sleeve.



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● The wrought-iron balconies of Paris houses inspired the print in Feraud's evening dress, above. It is in red, white, and blue.

● Nina Ricci's bermuda suit, below, tells a single color story; hat, scarf, and stockings are in matching pink. Paris considers the bermuda suit formal enough for any daytime occasion.





● The Courreges cut-outs are the most revealing in Paris history. Suit in pique, has the Courreges signature — a propeller used as a trim.



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WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN AUSTRALIA



AT RIGHT: White feather boa trimmed the silk shantung dress worn by Mrs. Ian Mason, of Glen Iris, Victoria, to a fashion parade and cocktail party in Melbourne. With her is Mrs. Wilfrid Barker, of East Malvern, in a black skimmer with a white "pussy" bow.



AT LEFT: Mrs. S. Winston Smith, of Fig Tree Pocket, Brisbane, wore a navy-and-white-striped coatdress with a jaunty white hat to a hat parade at Lennons Hotel organised by the Downlands College Ladies' Auxiliary.

More pictures of what people are wearing in Australia on pages 68/69.

BELOW: Printed silk slacksuit with a see-through neckline was worn by Dominique Levy, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, to Prue Watson's "Psychedelic Happening" party at Vaucluse.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Lang Hancock leaving her home in Dalkeith, Perth, for a cocktail party, in the cotton terrace-dress she bought in Honolulu. The dress is patterned in hot-pink and gold on a green background.

AT LEFT: Among guests at Andrew Ind's coming-of-age party in Adelaide were Alison Reilly in a navy-and-white-striped voile Empire-line dress and Helen Cherry in an aqua-and-white floral gown highlighted with a large bow at the back.





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4335.—Coat, skirt, and turtle-necked overblouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38 inch bust. Butterick pattern 4335, the price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

● The belted coat and matching skirt, above, answers a special design request from a reader who comes from the north.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have just under 6yds. of 44-in. lightweight wool to make a coat and matching skirt. I see by the papers the belted coat is to be worn and I like this idea. I want the skirt straight and to knee-length, the coat in the same length. I want a pattern in size 18 (38in. bust)."

Yes, belts are back in fashion. As your wool is light in weight, the style I have chosen, above left, would be perfect. The design is double-breasted and has a notched collar and full-length sleeves with tab and button detail. The straight skirt has a dart at the waistline. A short-sleeved, turtle-necked overblouse is also included in the pattern. To order, underneath the illustration are details.

"What style in an evening wrap would be correct to wear over a floor-length white crepe formal?"

My choice would be a floor-length cape made in silver lurex, black velvet, or a pastel wool.

"I have bought a brown-and-beige check suit for winter and would greatly appreciate your ideas for accessories. I am in my early twenties and have an average to slim figure."

Wear brown stockings and matching shoes, beige gloves, and gold costume jewellery.

"Are shoes with high heels still being worn?"

Heels are getting higher and thicker, but shoes with a high, spiky heel are right out.

"Could you let me have a size 18 pattern for a slacksuit consisting of a single-breasted tailored jacket and slim pants? The slacksuit is to wear during the winter months."

I can let you have a pattern for a slacksuit with the details you mention. The pattern also includes a design for a tailored skirt and above-knee-length pants. To order, quote Butterick pattern 4557, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D orders accepted.

"I have made a red velveteen after-five dress and would like your advice on accessories."

Red with red is just about the newest thing around—red shoes and stockings, red handbag, and white gloves. The alternative is red with black accessories.

"What is the correct length for a kilt? It is made in the Gordon tartan and I would like to know the color for the acessories. I am 17."

Wear your kilt 2in. above the knee with dark navy stockings and matching shoes.

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(Advertisement)

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ABOVE: In Melbourne, Mrs. P. Grant Hay, of Kew, wore an elegant Empire-line gown of black-and-white chantilly lace to a dinner dance. The dress was styled with a wide V-neck-line, long slim sleeves, and a black velvet ribbon tie accented the high-waisted line.



MRS. TONY WHATMORE, of Ascot, Brisbane, wore a large pink straw hat with an upswept brim, to match her cool, sleeveless pink dress when she attended a morning tea given by the Australian-American Association. She added bone accessories.



AT RIGHT: Informal party gear — a white sharkskin low hipster skirt with a tiny midi top of floral cotton—was worn by Jenny Field, of Point Piper, Sydney, when she was a guest at Prue Watson's "Psychedelic Happening" party at her parents' home at Vaucluse.

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WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN AUSTRALIA





AT LEFT: Mrs. Kerry Spry, of Killara, at a charity party in Sydney, in the stunning shirtmaker dress in lame patterned in jewel colors that she bought from Bellini in Rome. It has a just-below-the-hip belt and bracelet sleeves.

ABOVE: Mrs. Sidney Franklin, of Toorak, at a dinner dance in Melbourne, wore a romantic-look gown of white Sea Island cotton, tucked, and with inserts of lace on the bodice and around the ruffled neckline and sleeves.



AT LEFT: At a race meeting at Flemington, Mrs. Andrew Chirnside, of Carranballoc, Vic., in a floral silk A-line dress with a half-belt, and Mrs. James Richardson, of Streatham, Vic., in a high-fashion daffodil-yellow silk trench-coat and off-the-face hat.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. S. Baillieu Myer's Italian organza gown, which she wore to a dinner dance in Melbourne, was embroidered in a tapestry rose-patterned design in pinks and green. The large bow and bands were cream edged with emerald.



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MEBX 124

SLIMMING NEWS

Research Chemists overseas have discovered that as much as 10 lbs. weight can be lost in 17 days with a new substance called StataVar.
It makes dieting easy. StataVar tablets simply control the appetite so there is no need to miss meals or go hungry. StataVar is sold by chemists and takes pounds off the figure in a matter of days.

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PURE NEW WOOL

Big picture: Mini-zippered sugar blue wool ratine suit by Geoff Bade...around $28. Small picture: Marshmallow pink cape by Mark Shaw (worn over a simple wool twill dress)...around $52. Both Wool Award Winners. Available at better stores everywhere. (Prices are approximate.)

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SOME DO'S AND DON'TS WHEN DEALING WITH THE HARD-OF-HEARING

● After a recent article "Some Don'ts When Dealing with Blind People," the Australian Association for Better Hearing wrote to us, pointing out there were nearly as many "don'ts" when dealing with the hard-of-hearing.

The Association says that, in general, people understand total deafness, but they fail to regard partial deafness for the very real handicap it is.

DON'T shout! Most people who do not hear well are actually physically handicapped by defective hearing mechanisms. Increased loudness rarely helps; sometimes it actually hurts.

DON'T become irritable and say "Never mind!" or "It doesn't matter!" It does! You force your friend or relative into an isolation you would not care to share.

DON'T address your hard-of-hearing friend through someone else, as though he had a child's mentality. Most hard-of-hearing people acquired their impairment in later years and could be as intelligent as you.

DON'T ever assume that deafness means dumbness—in either meaning of the word. Care enough to find out the extent of the hearing loss and how best to communicate.

DON'T mouth your words in an exaggerated fashion. If your friend can lipread he will follow best if you talk in a natural voice—a little more slowly, if you are in the habit of talking quickly. Not all words can be lipread, but a mixture of hearing and seeing can be very effective.

DON'T expect your hard-of-hearing friend to follow all changes of subject. If you mention "soles" tell him whether you are discussing fish, footwear, or religion.

DON'T repeat the same words over and over. Use a different phrase to convey your meaning. "Do you want a book from the library?" can be easily changed to "I'm going to the library. Will I pick up your book?"

DON'T expect your hard-of-hearing friend to hear from another room. If he uses a mixture of hearing and speech-reading, it will be necessary for him to see your face.

DON'T say, "He can hear you when he wants to!" Everyone with a hearing loss *wants* to hear all the time, but a hearing defect will cause loss of some sounds, thus leaving the pattern of the sentence incomplete.

DON'T deride Grandpa when he always responds to your call to lunch, though you can't make him hear the things you think important. Grandpa is doing the sensible and logical thing—using clues to compensate for failing sounds.

The first clue is the time; the second clue is that (maybe) you have made it plain you don't want him underfoot and you will call him when you are ready; the third clue is the sound of your voice in these particular circumstances.

DON'T use long, involved sentences. Remember that he has a communication handicap, even though he may manage fairly well with his hearing-aid and speech-reading.

This does not mean you must use one-syllable words. Three- and four-syllable words can be quite easy to hear and lipread. But keep your sentences to the point.

DON'T be misled into believing the hard-of-hearing person wants isolation. The wallflower wears a bright smile, pretending she doesn't care if nobody asks her to dance. But she does! Oh, how she does! If you will take the initiative, and provide a stepping-stone here and there, your friend will positively blossom.

SOME DO'S FOR THE SUFFERERS

DO go to see your ear specialist if you are missing bits of conversation. He will tell you the cause and extent of your hearing loss and advise whether a hearing-aid or operation will help you.

DO be honest with yourself and your friends. Don't try to hide your hearing loss. How can anyone help you if they don't know that you have a handicap?

DO acquire a hearing-aid if there is the slightest chance that it will help you. Try several kinds and choose the one with a tone to suit *you*.

DO inquire about hearing-aids to suit your pocket.

DO regard your hearing-aid as your friend, and persevere with its use.

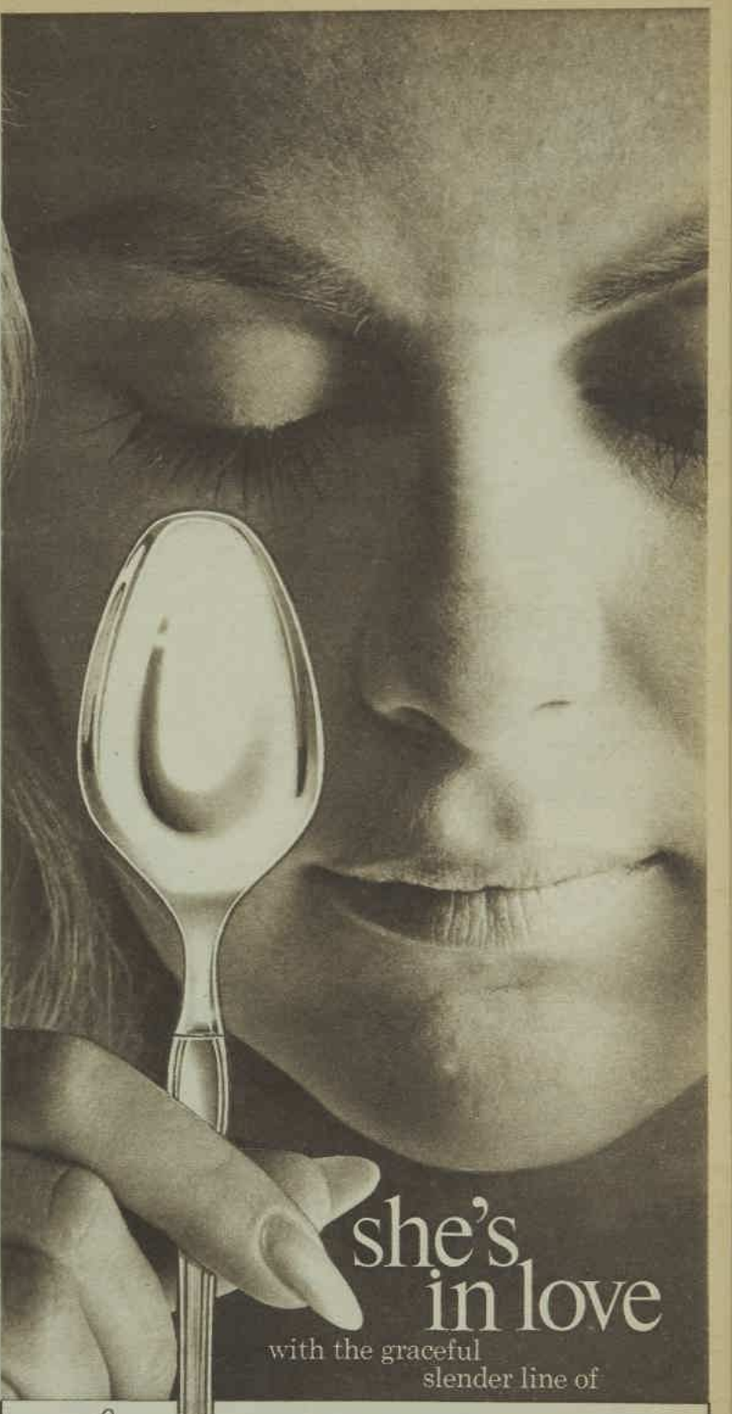
DO inquire about lipreading lessons and auditory-training classes. Whether you can benefit from a hearing-aid or not, you will derive some benefit from speech-reading classes.
There are branches of the Australian Association for Better Hearing in all the capital cities and some country centres. Classes commence in February, May, and September, much the same as the school terms.

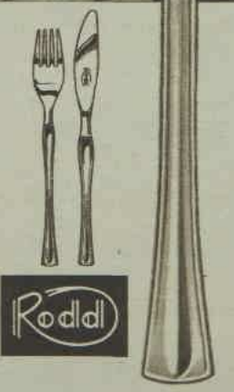
DO join up with other hard-of-hearing people. You'll be surprised how well they cope and how much you can both benefit and give. Unity is strength.

DO be alert, and ready to use all possible aids to communication.

DO overcome your fear of deafness. It doesn't make you in any way inferior, so don't hide yourself or run away. Mix with people and make an effort to participate. YOU CAN COPE WITH IT, IF YOU TRY!

● These Do's and Don'ts were supplied by the Australian Association for Better Hearing. National Headquarters is at 324 Pitt Street, Sydney 2000.





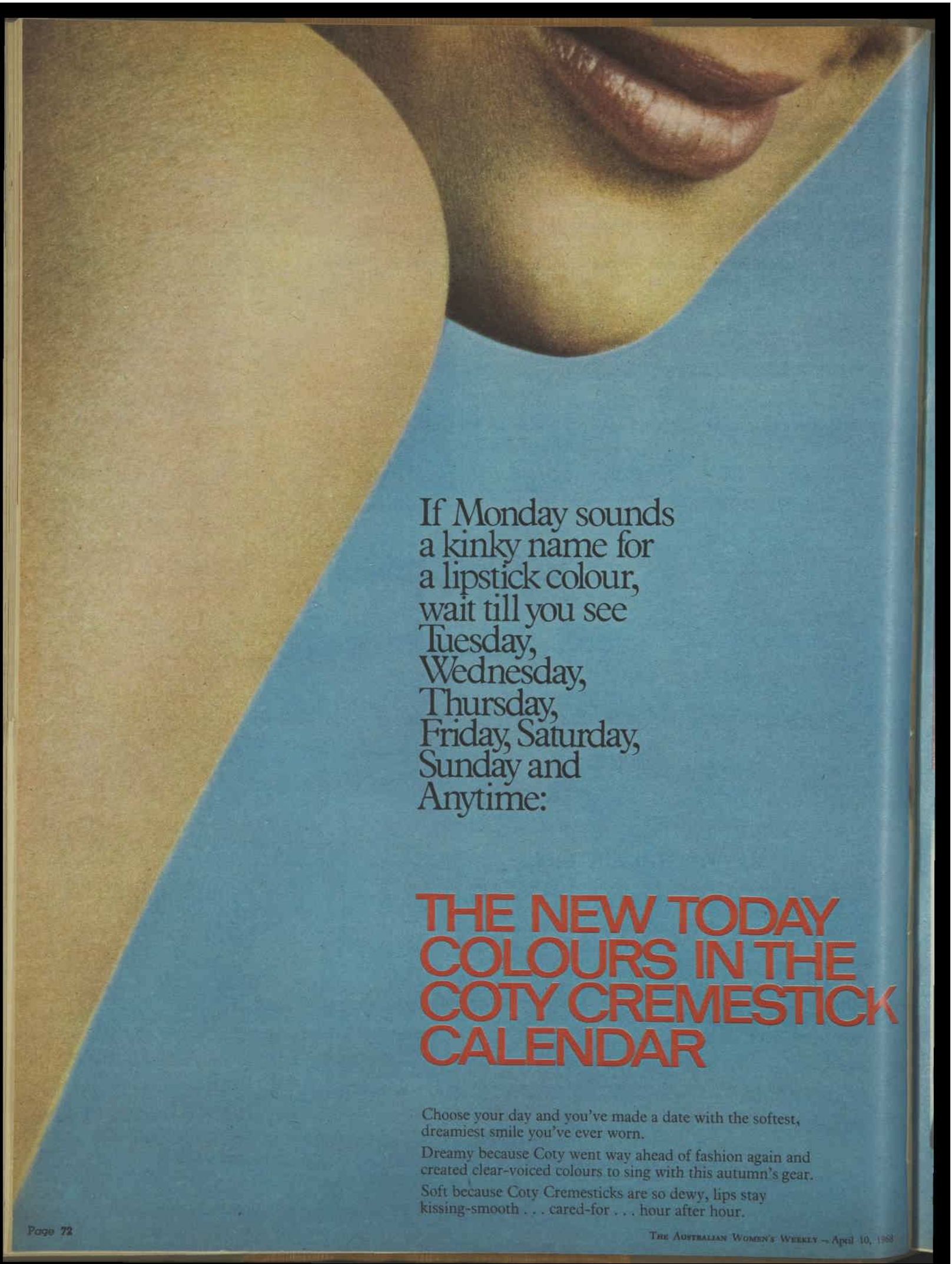
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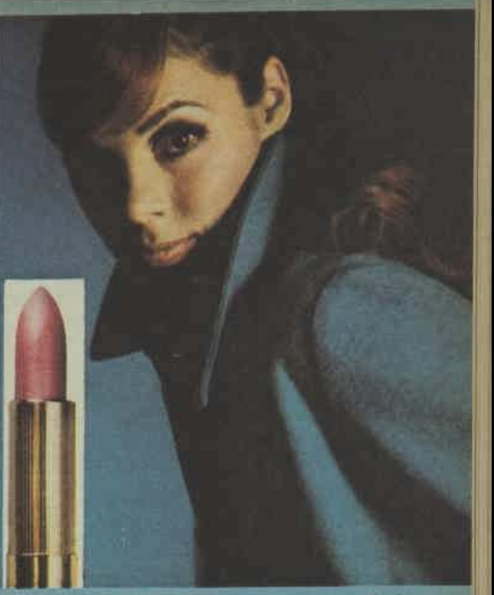
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Your Monday Whim: tender coral with a hint of peach. Teams with oranges or golds.



Your Tuesday Mood: poised, positive pink. Pairs off with soft reds, winter blues, lilacs.



Your Wednesday Glow: sunny rose beige . . . to co-ordinate with beige make-up and blue gear.



Your Thursday Spy: bold flamenco rose . . . for femme fatale moments in little black dresses.



Your Friday Game: dare you play with this gleamy pewter? Looks wild alone, or as a slicker.



Your Saturday Child: pure gold to go it alone or as a slicker. A '68 forecast from overseas. *Saturday shoes—by Gamin.*



Your Sunday Petal: young but not so innocent pink . . . fresh and fragile with forest greens.



Anytime: a rose with under-tones of bronze. Very in vogue with sombre bitter chocolate.

NEW CREMESTICKS FROM COTY

Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday and Anytime clothes—by Jantzen. Thursday, Friday and Sunday clothes—by Sportcraft.

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● A couple of months ago I quoted Miss Shari Lewis, the American entertainer who works with that charming puppet Lamb Chop, as saying that America no longer has any real children's shows.

AT the tender age of five or six, Miss Lewis says, children enter a no-man's-land in which they begin to listen to the Beatles and watch the super-heroes, missing out entirely on all the tender fantasy that used to belong to childhood.

I went on to name some of the books I enjoyed as a child and enjoyed again with my own children, books that seemed to me to have been written by inspired story-tellers who knew that a story has to be fun for the teller as well as the tellee.

The number of readers who wrote to me on this subject — most of them parents of young children — shows how many are concerned that their children are reading rubbish, or not reading at all.

Telly's partly to blame, of course. It's a sort of double-pronged danger. Children love to watch it, and they also love to be in the swim, watching what all the other kids are watching; and parents find it useful as a way of pegging the children down, keeping them quiet, and getting them out from underfoot.

But television doesn't involve a child in quite the same way, doesn't replace the wonder and the intellectual excitement that comes from the gradual unfolding of a written story.

Television is presented whole and finished to the child, and it moves at such a pace that it's all the small mind (or any other mind, for that matter) can do to keep up with what's being offered.

It doesn't demand a great deal beyond attentive ears and eyes, but a book is an open and pressing invitation to take things at your own pace, to dawdle and speculate, and guess and predict and turn back, and it gives a child all the time in the world to ponder **why** instead of battling to keep up with TV's incessant "and next, and next, and next."

One reader, the mother of three little girls, who says there were definitely fairies at the bottom of her garden when she was a child, sent me three charming stories she had written and typed and decorated with drawings herself. These she gives, at Christmas, to her children and her small nieces and nephews.

"No presents have been more gleefully pounced upon," she writes, "or more often read; not because I am a great literary genius, but because it gives them that touch of make-believe that they want so much. Maybe this will seem a good idea to some other mothers who get a little fed-up with too much stark realism being dished up to the very young."

Introduce your children to your favorite childhood books

FROM a reader in a country town in New South Wales comes a letter full of valuable advice. The writer is both a mother and a trained children's librarian. She writes:

"It would seem that such modern sophisticates as Batman and James Bond have replaced old childhood favorites like 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Peter Pan,' and 'Blinky Bill,' but this is not so. We have all seen the popularity of 'Mary Poppins,' 'Winnie the Pooh,' and 'Doctor Dolittle,' as films, so the old favorites still find a place in the hearts of the children of today.

"As a children's librarian I found it a great pleasure to introduce children to the world of fantasy through such books as 'Dr. Dolittle.' As parents, we can do a lot to combat the mass medias' onslaught of violence and sophisticated adventure.

"Most children are spellbound when introduced to the world of fantasy by a parent or teacher. Reading aloud and story-telling have been found very effective in children's libraries and could be equally effective in the home.

"As parents we are careful of what our children eat, but often we seem to neglect the intellectual food they receive by reading and TV viewing. If you loved Alice, or 'Andersen's Fairy Tales,' or 'Peter Pan,' introduce them to your own children.

"But don't merely hand them the book saying, 'This was one of my favorites.' Tell them about the book, taking the trouble to read some of it to them. This personal introduction to books means so much to a child.

"Go to your own municipal library and talk to the children's librarian, who is specially trained in children's literature. She will give you a list of recommended books.

"Some books of fantasy that I would recommend to you and your child are 'The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe' and its sequels, tales of the war between good and evil in the mysterious land of Narnia; 'The Borrowers' and its sequels, which tell of a family of small people a few inches high who fight to preserve themselves from extinction, and live by borrowing those household items, like pins and thimbles, which so mysteriously disappear; 'The Hobbit,' by G. R. Tolkien — this will outclass Batman for excitement any day; 'The Stone Cage,' by Nicholas Stuart Gray, a delightful humorous tale about Rapunzel and the witch who imprisoned her in the tower.

"Read these yourself and you'll enjoy them, for, as C. S. Lewis once said, 'the criterion for a good children's book is that an adult should enjoy it.' You will find this very true as you guide your children toward the old-fashioned wealth of fantasy."

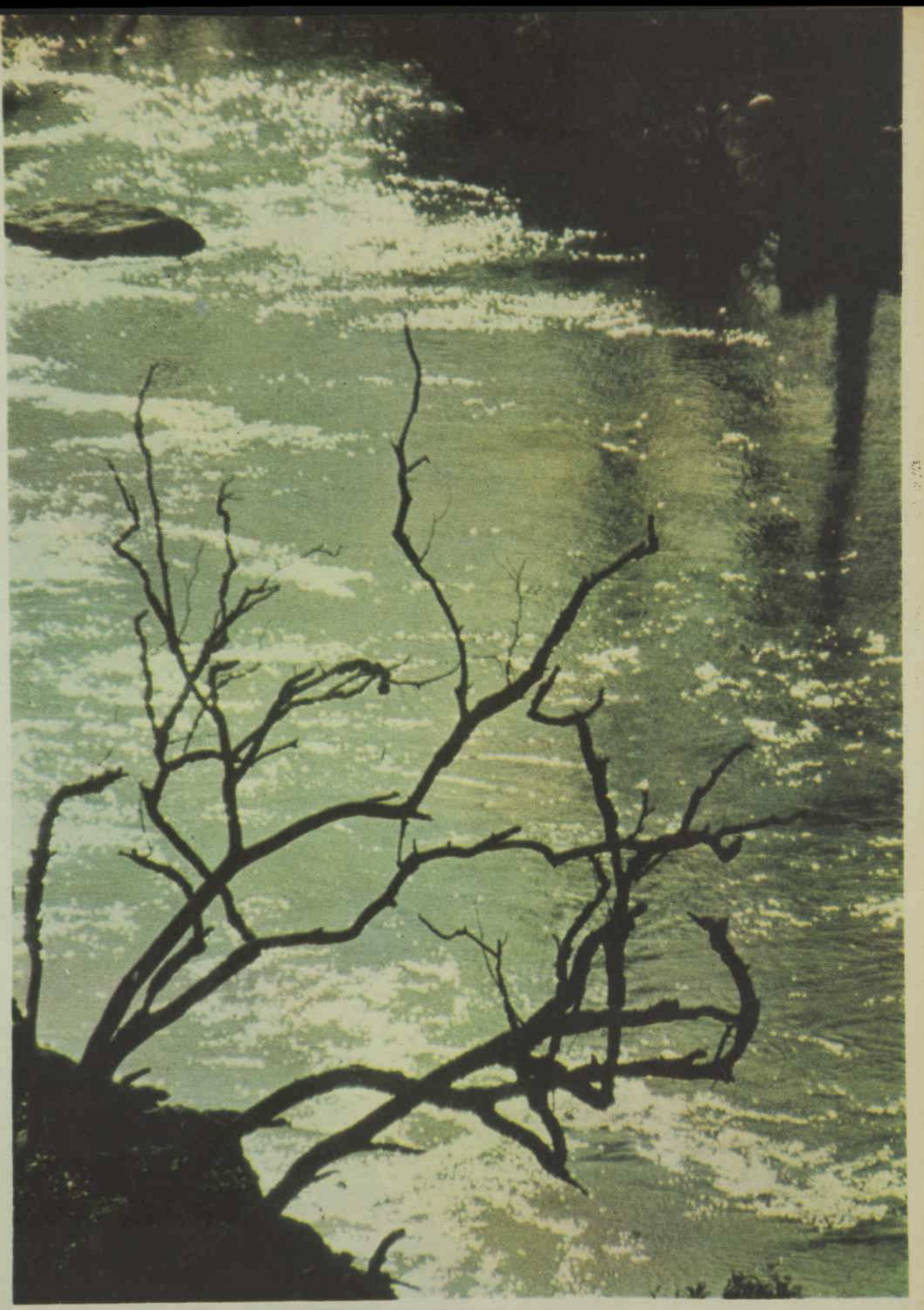
I don't know "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe," or "The Stone Cage," but I know and second the recommendation of "The Hobbit." "The Borrowers" I was recently introduced to by an assistant in a Sydney bookshop when I was looking for presents for two young friends.

I read two of them (terrible habit; even children aren't safe from slightly second-hand book presents from me), and I fell for the little borrowers, Homily, Pod, and Arietty, and wished they'd been around when I was young.



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SUNLIGHT AND SILHOUETTE

SILVER patches of light, fleeting across storm-shadowed grey-green waters, throw into relief the fine-etched branches of an old tree, which leans out over the Avon River, in the Avon Valley between Northam and Perth, Western Australia.

Picture by Mr. R. Woldendorp, of Perth

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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Jill Evanns wears Berlei Fancy Free to shape her favourite white cocktail... her long slim black... and the little plaid Pirrie she wears to town.



Fancy Free midline bra...to gently control the midriff under new slim fitting styles. No. 207—**$6.95.** Dress by Susan Small.

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Fancy Free basic stretch bra...wide cut armholes for latest cut-away fashions. Lower back and front than most basics, too. No. 200—**$4.50.** Dress by Miss Hartnell.



Fancy Free basic bra. Wired under cups and with support to give a firm high line to the fuller figure.
No. 305—**$6.50.** Dress by Kenneth Pirrie.





Fancy Free...by Berlei

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(Jill buys Fancy Free in boxes from the Berlei counter stand)

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ARFIE

By LORIMER HAMMOND



He was such an engaging little dog and quickly won the hearts of Lucy and her husband, Edgar

LUCY WALLER said to her husband, "What we need is a dog for you."

"For me?" said Edgar. "Why do I need a dog?"

"I didn't say you need it," Lucy corrected him. "I said we need it. If you had one you'd have to walk your dog a couple of times a day, so you'd get at least that much regular outdoor exercise, then you might be a little less pernickety around the house—which is what I need."

Edgar said: "Oh. You think I'm pernickety, do you? I suppose that's because I criticised your slapdash style of housecleaning. I simply tried to tell you how to apply some labor-saving knowhow to the job."

"Knowhow!" said Lucy. "Housework advice from you is just exactly what I don't need. I've been keeping house ever since I was 20, and both you and I are now middle-aged enough to do things the sensible way. But you won't be sensible. Five mornings a week you drive to the office in your car. You sit there all day.

"After that you drive home and sit around here till bedtime. Sunday you drive to church and back, otherwise you spend the rest of the whole weekend right here, squatting. You never get any outdoor exercise. That's what makes you so . . ."

"Pernickety," said Edgar. "Took the word right out of your mouth, didn't I. Maybe I do need a pooch, I guess I'd kinda enjoy having one. What kind shall I get?"

"Poodle," said Lucy.

"Nope," said Edgar. "I can't speak French. How about a Doberman pinscher?"

Lucy said: "Nix. You can't speak German, either."

Edgar laughed. "That's a fact," he said, "and from the same viewpoint I ought not to get a Russian wolfhound, or a Belgian police dog, or a Mexican hairless. Perhaps an English setter would be good for me. I like English setters."

"So do I," said Lucy. "I like Boston bulldogs, too."

Choice of breed was settled arbitrarily by Edgar's business partner at the office. Recently the partner's dog had produced a litter of pups, and the partner insisted on giving one to Edgar.

In a way the gift pup coincided with Lucy's preference as well as Edgar's, being part Boston bulldog and part English setter. It must be admitted that he looked oddly conglomerated. They named him Half-and-Half, using the British cockney pronunciation, Arf-'n-Arf, which they shortened. They called the pup Arfie.

"He has sweet eyes," said Lucy. "They're the color of Boston brownbread."

"Yes," said Edgar, "but the other end of him looks more English. His tail is as droopy as the moustache of an old English plutocrat in the House of Lords."

There was nothing droopy, however, about the pup's vivacious zest for venturesome research. Arfie's delight in poking his nose into strange places revealed a bump of curiosity as flagrant as that of any cat. Edgar found that this could lead to very unexpected contacts.

He and Lucy lived outside the city, where life was rustic enough for dogs to be walked free of a leash. It was decided that Edgar would take Arfie out for a stroll every morning just before breakfast, and again every evening before he and Lucy retired for the night. On the second morning of this procedure Lucy had breakfast ready on schedule, but Edgar didn't come back on schedule. An hour elapsed. No Edgar. No Arfie.

On the phone to the neighbors, Lucy asked if the missing pair had been sighted, and was told that nobody had seen them. Toward noon she was on the verge of notifying the police when the two derelicts turned up accompanied by professional acrobats in circus costume.

"Lucy, darling" said Edgar, "I want you to meet the Eight Elastic Eberharts. They've brought me and Arfie home in their car. Arfie discovered them. He snooped into the big barn they rented recently to use as a studio for rehearsing their new act. I'm sorry it worried you, my dear, and I suppose it's too bad I skipped half a day at the office. But Arfie instigated it, not me."

"Stop blaming the little dog," said Lucy. "I wish I'd been there with you."

Not long after that Edgar and Arfie went AWOL again, this time while out on their evening stroll. And this time their disappearance extended to such a late hour that it was past midnight when Lucy's worry grew so acute that she really did phone the cops.

About two o'clock in the morning a police car fetched Edgar and Arfie home. Edgar babbled with excitement. "Wow! You just w-w-wait!" he yammered to Lucy. "Wait till you hear what Arfie and I got ourselves mixed up in tonight!

"You know the Giles' house," said Edgar, "that big modern house belonging to that classy dressmaker, Isabella Giles. You know she often holds private fashion shows in there to exhibit her newest gowns and furs to special clients. Usually the place is all lit up, but tonight it was absolutely dark. Arfie sniffed around the house, always full of curiosity, then he began to bark like mad, so I barged in to see what he was up to.

"I found the door wide open and the Giles' dame stretched out on the floor, bound and gagged. Her seamstress, her housemaid, and her chauffeur were stretched out beside her, all of them gagged and bound hand and foot. But the robbers neglected to cut the telephone wire, so I called the cops. I stayed to help with the start of their investigation."

"That settles it!" declared Lucy. "From now on, whenever you walk the dog, I'm going with you. I refuse to be left out of any more fantastic happenings that Arfie's snoopy little nose may lead you into."

Regular outdoor exercise has thus been added to the married companionship of middle-aged Edgar and Lucy. Every day they now walk the dog together, morning and evening.

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PAINT ROLLERS



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your Easter ham
PINEAPPLE GLAZED HAM

2-15oz. cans GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 1 canned ham, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon plain flour, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup pineapple syrup (number of cans of pineapple will depend on size of ham).

Drain pineapple slices. Place ham in aluminium foil-lined baking pan, tent-wrap and bake in slow oven (325 degs. F.) the required time. Mix brown sugar, plain flour, mustard and pineapple syrup together well. One hour before end of cooking time, open foil and spread top of ham with half syrup mixture. Close foil and bake 30 minutes. Open foil again and place pineapple slices over top and spread with remaining syrup. Bake, uncovered, 30 minutes longer. Transfer ham to serving platter, arrange remaining pineapple slices around ham garnishing each with a red-tinted pickled onion and ripe olive. Mint sprigs can also be added.



dessert for the young at heart
JELLIED PINEAPPLE AND RICECREAM

29oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, 1 cup canned ricecream, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 packet Orange-flavoured jelly crystals, 1 packet Lime-flavour jelly crystals.

Drain syrup from pineapple pieces and measure into two equal parts. Soak gelatine in cold water then dissolve over hot water. Stir into ricecream. Turn into jelly mould. Chill. Add sufficient water to half the pineapple syrup to make 1¼ cups. Bring to boil, stir in orange jelly crystals. Cool, add half pineapple pieces, spoon into mould over ricecream, chill. Prepare lime jelly in same way, adding remaining pineapple pieces. Set in 7-inch cake pan. Chill all until firm. Unmould lime layer on to serving plate, then unmould the orange jelly and ricecream on top of lime jelly. Garnish top with cherry.



ORANGE HOLIDAY

Combine Golden Circle Pineapple and Orange Drink with a teaspoon (per glass) of passionfruit pulp, and maraschino cherry set in red jelly. An orange slice to garnish.

GOLDEN SPICE

Golden Circle Pineapple and Grapefruit Drink, ripe papaw pieces, ice cubes, and a garnish of lemon and crystallised ginger.

POT 'O GOLD

Golden Circle Pure Pineapple Juice with grated orange rind and a teaspoon of honey.

PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q

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WINDOW-BOX GARDENS

● Small though its scale may be, a window-box can fulfil one's need for a garden.

THE expected blaze of petunias or geraniums is not a must for a window-box, although they are spectacular and cheerful.

Your box can suggest a landscape with mountains, lakes, fields, and forests —or any landscape you fancy. You need just a few props, and a little imagination.

That jagged, mossy rock you found recently can be a craggy hillside sweeping down to a lake (a square foot or two of plastic sheeting dished to hold water). A patch of moss can make a grassy field, a clump of maidenhair fern a copse of spreading elms.

By ALLAN SEALE

Sclenanthus or Canberra grass grows in an unbelievably green dome like a gently mounded emerald hill. Prostrate thyme becomes a distant forest.

Plant the foreground with erect little variegated acorus, clumps of ajuga, mossy saxifraga, dwarf conifer, even a clump of cyclamen or primula. These then become "giant" plants framing the distant vistas.

This miniature landscaping can be fun. If the effect is not up to expectations, the result can be easily "bulldozed" level and planted with a few neat rows of dwarf begonias.

The first essential is a solidly constructed, well-secured box. An avalanche of rocks and timber could be embarrassing if it fell on to people passing below!

The conventional materials for window-box construction are timber or concrete, but timber is lighter and easier to secure. The most suitable timbers are the Australian hardwoods, cypress, or American redwood. Redwood is soft and easy to work, yet is very weather-resistant, and resists rot for many years.

Fibreglass or aluminium also makes strong, light window-boxes, but aluminium needs a heavy layer of plastic or bitumen paint inside to prevent corrosion by the soil.

A window box is often supported on the sill, but many sills now slope, and although boxes can be built to nestle on this slope, it is more satisfactory to support them on a shelf held by two or three heavy brackets plugged to the wall below the window. Then, as a safety measure, securely fasten chains to window sash and either end of the box.

Timber needs painting with several coats of oil paint to protect the outside. Usually the inside is painted only with a fungicide, such as bordeaux, but modern plastic gloss paints or enamels may also be used to protect the inside of the box, as they are not toxic to plants.

Another way to protect the timber from moisture and to drain the box is to line it with plastic sheeting, folded in at the corners to fit smoothly over the sides and base, then secured to the timber with plastic cement.

Or, the sheeting can be taken to the top of the box and covered by tacking a thin, inch-wide strip of moulding round the top inside edge.

But perhaps the most satisfactory arrangement is to have an inner liner for the box which can be lifted out, soil and all. For large boxes, the liners could be divided into three separate units to make handling easier.

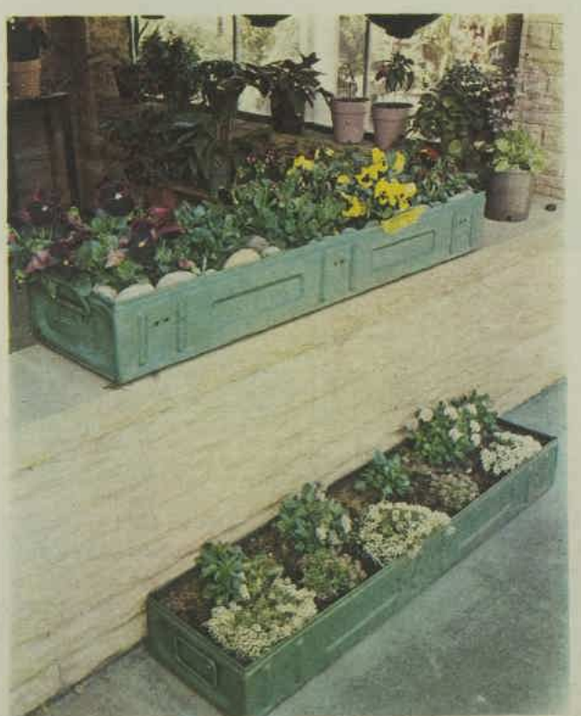
The use of planter boxes gives further possibilities. In a yard or on a terrace, you can change the display around, featuring only plants in their prime. A compromise of this would be to have three of the box units, the ones at either end with fairly permanent greenery such as trailing ivy, vinca major, or fern, and the centre one changing from, say, primulas to lobelia or violas, then to begonias in summer.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 242



● This glorious veranda-ledge display of lobelia and Thousand Wonder begonias is contained in three boxes, each 3ft. 3in. long, 10in. deep, 10in. wide, made inexpensively from heavy-gauge chicken wire and cement. Drain holes along the front edges allow a run-off into the garden below. Mrs. I. M. Selmon, Sans Souci, N.SW., owns the boxes.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 244



● These two planter boxes are also grown by Mrs. Selmon, of Sans Souci. The top one, a mass of pansies, is edged with smooth, weathered stones. The one below has alyssum — white, and Lilac Queen — and violas. Both our pictures are by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 243

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

The soil: Proprietary potting mixtures are right for most plants, and in city areas the easiest soil to obtain. If you can make up a soil mixture, the John Innis mixture is good — 7 parts medium crumbly garden soil, 3 parts peatmoss. 2 parts coarse sand. To each bucketful of mixture add about 2 teaspoons of garden lime and the same of a good, complete plant food.

You could also use vermiculite instead of soil. It is extremely light, and thus easy to lift, and needs less structural support than soil. It also holds large quantities of water without becoming soggy, but has no plant nutrients, so the plants need to be fed.

To do this without building up an excess of plant food in the vermiculite, water initially with a nutrient solution, catching the excess which drains through.

Water with this run-off each day after it has been topped up to the original volume with water. At the end of about three weeks, make up a new mixture.

Catching the run-off isn't difficult if the drainage from the box is controlled, which it should be, whatever soil or soil substitute is used. Have one reasonably sized drainage hole, say ¾in., in one corner, and tilt the box or base slightly so that all moisture drains to this. The waterproof lining (plastic sheeting or metal) is carried down slightly into the hole, and a few inches of plastic garden hose plastic-cemented into the hole to direct the water off.

An inch of pea-sized charcoal over the base of the box will aid drainage. Keep soil or vermiculite from clogging the charcoal by covering it with hessian, or thin nylon material. Where several units are used inside one long outside box, these can drain into the main box through multiple drainage holes.

If using a nutrient solution with vermiculite, make up, say, a gallon plastic jar, using a teaspoon of packeted, complete liquid manure. Plug the hose at the drainage outlet while the solution is watered over the surface, then hang the jar below the box, and let the hose drain into it.

Next day, the jar is topped off with water, and the contents applied again; and so on for three weeks, when the solution is discarded and a fresh lot made up.

In addition, for each cubic foot of vermiculite use about a teaspoon of either superphospate or complete plant food (Gro-plus, Hortico 2, or No. 5) scattered over the surface every 3 months —**but not on azaleas or ferns.**

As vermiculite is very light, anchor it with an inch layer of sphagnum moss.

FOR HOT, SUNNY WINDOW-BOXES

Permanent or semi-permanent trailing plants: Succulents including sedums, graphtophyllum, mesembryanthemums, Lotus bertholotii, Geranium incanum, ivy geraniums, Cuphea ignea, prostrate rosemary, arabis, cerastium (snow-in-summer), Juniper conferta, Heliotropium aureum, Cotoneaster horizontalis.

Bushy perennials: Gazanias, kalanchoe, Jasmine parkmani, Achillea tomentosa, fairy roses, dwarf conifers, Gardenia radicans, dwarf pomegranates, blue fescue.

ANNUALS FOR SUN

Trailing: Livingston daisy, alyssum, verbena, virginian stock, Bijou sweet peas, Cascade petunias.

Upright: Phlox, petunias, torenia, dwarf celosia, ageratum, petite marigolds, violas, pansies, nemesia, lobelia, bedding begonias.

FOR SHADE OR PART SHADE

Permanent trailing plants: Californian ivy, glacier, and other light trailing ivies, Vinca variegata, Asparagus sprengeri, wild strawberry, Heeria elegans, basket type fuchsias, and, for frost-free positions, lamium, plectranthus, philodendrons.

Permanent upright: Acorus, liriope, ophiopogon, ajuga, dwarf azaleas, ferns, bergenia, bedding begonias, chlorophytum, ardisia.

ANNUALS FOR SHADE

Primula, dwarf cinerarias, virginian stock, schizanthus, coleus.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 245

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If you're
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4. MAKE-UP: Choose from three medicated PURE MAGIC make-ups in six complexion-matched shades: LIQUID for medium coverage with a soft sheen, plus moisturising agents; CAKE for sheer to full long-lasting coverage. COMPACT POWDER; the instant make-up for light coverage.

PURE MAGIC by MAX FACTOR

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The Heir of Starvelings

Concluding instalment of our two-part Gothic serial

By EVELYN BERCKMAN



Terrified, Davina frantically scrambled at the iron grille as the crook was thrust toward her.

HEARTBROKEN at the death of her fiance, NEVIL STONOR, in the Crimean War, DAVINA MILNE, daughter of the REVEREND FREDERICK MILNE, longs for worthwhile work that would take her out of herself. Her wish comes about in an unexpected way.

Evil, bedridden LORD STANYON, whose estate of Starvelings has been allowed to go to rack and ruin, is the subject of alarming tales among the villagers. When barrister JOHN TRUSCOTT visits him on behalf of relatives, he finds WILLIAM, Lord Stanyon's seven-year-old son and heir, in a shocking state of filth and neglect.

At Truscott's insistence, Lord Stanyon reluctantly suggests that some village woman be engaged to care for the child. Truscott seeks advice about such a person from the Reverend Milne, and both men are amazed and dismayed when Davina insists on undertaking the task herself.

She finds William backward but amenable, and with an extraordinary interest in ceremonial procedures; while Lady Stanyon, the village publican's daughter, proves to be a downtrodden kitchen drudge.

When Lord Stanyon requests Davina's presence through his uncouth servant, PORCHER, she thinks that he wants to discuss William's progress. But, to her horror, he begins making crude love to her, then seizes her in an iron grip, drawing her to him while she fights vainly to free herself. NOW READ ON:

ALL at once, with an exclamation, Lord Stanyon let Davina go. She pushed back and staggered upright, breathless and trembling, standing a few paces from the bed. Only then she saw that the instrument of her liberation had been Nevil's engagement ring. One side of its setting had scratched down his cheek, startling him into releasing her.

For a long moment they stared at each other. Then she hurried from the room and was quickly on her way home. But as she walked on, relief at her escape gave way to a new worry . . . the prospect of Lord Stanyon's retaliation.

Tomorrow morning, on his orders, Porcher would undoubtedly refuse her entrance. The undertaking was over, and this struck her as disaster. For what of William? What would become of him? She hadn't realised how her devotion to the task, all for herself in the beginning, had transferred itself to the child.

But to her astonishment next day, Porcher admitted her as usual. The relief that flooded her was like the escape from a great danger.

Entering the library, she had no more time for conjecture; William was upon her at once, eager with questions.

"What will I wear," he asked feverishly, "when I visit the Queen?"

For a moment she was nonplussed.

"Why," she said finally, "when you are grown, you may wear peer's robes."

"Tell me," he blurted. "Tell me—!"

Not very knowledgeably she essayed, "Well, they are very grand, red velvet with a train and white fur on the collar, and—"

"Like—l-like?" he interrupted her in excitement.

"Like what?"

"Come look." He seized her hand and tugged.

She allowed him to drag her from the room and to a far extremity of the house. A handsome oaken door with sumptuous panelling stood before them; he managed its handle familiarly and pushed it open. They stepped into a long gallery, windows down one side and opposite a wall hung with paintings. He led her up to a large canvas and stammered, "L-like so? Like so?"

Before a column hung with drapery stood a man, life-size, in a commanding attitude, his tall figure swathed in all the opulence of red velvet, miniver, and the Collar of the Bath. In his high-nosed arrogant face, Davina saw a striking resemblance to the present Lord Stanyon, though this man must have lived eighty or a hundred years ago . . .

"Like so?" William was insisting.

"Yes," Davina agreed. "Those are peer's robes." He must have come up here often, she thought, to identify the apparel so quickly from her description.

She began moving down the line of paintings. All of them portraits, and all of them dim and dull from neglect, and the older the dimmer, naturally.

But here, all at once, was something more recent and much more interesting . . . what could only have been the present Lord Stanyon in his youth. Forty years ago? Fifty? In colors comparatively fresh and clear was presented the essence of the splendid Regency buck. He descended an outer stairway, wearing a top-hat and a light tan greatcoat with five capes and huge silver buttons, perfectly moulded to his tall and superb body.

To page 84



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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Yes, William." He had not ceased worrying at her heels, and a whining note had crept into his Come, come, "Come where?"

He grasped at her hand, more feverishly than before. They negotiated passages always narrower and darker that suggested a back-of-scenes given over to seamstresses' closets and storerooms. And assuredly this was a store-room into which he brought her at last — a room so large and so strange that she took a long moment to take it in.

On all four sides were shelves to the ceiling, and on the floor stood numbers of trunks, chests, and travelling hampers. Their contents were tumbled down and left to lie, the chests and hampers open and gutted, with stuff spilling out.

"There, over there!" William was stuttering. "Come look, look —!"

She let herself be impelled toward an enormous coffer whose dome-shaped top had been thrown back. And there, half-tumbled out of it, rich and vivid in the gloom, smouldering red like banked embers.

"Like so?" he was clamoring. "Like so?"

"Yes," she said numbly. "Yes."

"Can I wear them? Now?"

Davina hesitated. How much had the sumptuous fabric suffered under time and dust? Would it drop to pieces of its own weight if she touched it? Cautiously she lifted a fold and was a little reassured by the heavy drift of lavender that came sifting along it. She pulled with more force; the huge collar appeared, snowed under by dried lavender and camphor crystals. Now she bent over, plunging both arms beneath the miniver; it was like lifting a heavy rug. Standing with her burden clutched in her arms she asked, "Can you hold up the rest of it, William? Not let it drag?"

Eagerly he nodded and picked up the considerable overflow of velvet and fur as best he could. They regained the gallery and she dumped her load on the window-seat, panting, but he gave her no time.

"Can I put it on?" he stammered. "N-now?"

She took hold of the collar, having to use both hands, and pulled at the mass. The fur looked dry and ragged and was yellow with age, but the velvet was still a glowing crimson. This massive amplitude, which indicated the tall and broad proportions of the men who had worn it, she hung on William's thin shoulders. He tried to take a step and halted, nailed to the spot by its weight.

Stooping, she picked up the train. Then, solemnly, they began to pace the length of the gallery to and fro. This lordly pantomime he seemed willing to keep up indefinitely, but his step began to flag; she guessed how his shoulders must ache beneath his crushing splendors. Once, unexpectedly, he paused before another portrait.

"The Queen," he announced. "See!"

Davina peered at the canvas, sunk in dimness like all the rest, and made out a lady haughty and upright before the inevitable column; on a table near her sat the coronet of a baroness. She demurred, "Oh, no, William, this was your — your great-grandmother, perhaps. The Queen is much finer than this."

"Can I see the Queen? When? When?"

"When you can read — and write," said Davina in sheer blackmail. "And talk differently. And bath much oftener. Will you?"

He nodded. "When I see the Queen, will I wear it?" He flapped the robe.

"Not yet," she returned perforce. "Later," and at once such disappointment overshadowed him that she hurried on, "but when you are grown you will wear your robes, you will." This poor undergrown mite, would he ever take his seat in the Lords? Would he, on any of the scant occasions when robes were worn, be able to appear in what was rightfully his?

"Meanwhile, you must know how to walk when you wear them, you must practise and practise," she improvised, and again picked up the train. In no time at all he was engrossed again, and quite happy.

As she later walked toward the gate, a rustling in the bushes halted her, and William himself bounded out. Apparently their recent occupation had left him gay and sportive instead of comatose as usual.

"Oh, William!" she exclaimed as he danced about her, delighted with his ambush. "You scared me!"

He was visibly upset. "I wouldn't skeer — scare you," he protested. "It's horrid to be scared like — like—" He pointed vaguely. She saw that he was shivering, in evident terror, and she set down her basket.

"Like what, William?" she coaxed. "What scares you over there?"

He made no sound, and it took her an instant to realise he was crying; the sudden change from his gaiety to this stifled weeping, so unlike the loud hearty grief of a normal child, struck her to the heart. She put her arms around him. "Tell me what scares you," she coaxed again.

He swallowed.

"He said — If I ever tell—"

"Yes?" Davina encouraged. "What did Porcher say? What did he say he'd do to you, if you told?"

"He said — if I tell —" William managed, from chattering teeth, "— it'll coom out and eat me."

"What will come out and eat you? What is it?"

He shook his head mutely.

"Well, then, where is it? Do you know where it is?"

Pale, rigid, he pointed. "There," he whispered. "Over there."

Davina looked in the direction of the pointing forefinger, but saw only trees and undergrowth.

"Where?" she persisted, nonplussed. "Show me. I shan't let it hurt you."

After a moment he went ahead for some hundreds of feet, then he stopped dead. "In there," he muttered. "In there."

Peering through a screen of branches, she made out a pallor which was not of trees but of stone, then the outlines of a gateway or arch. She moved forward and a loud wail broke from William.

"It's all right," she soothed. "I shan't go nearer." Now she could see the thing in some detail, and it was bizarre enough; a low, curving arch, set all around with spike-shaped stones pointing inward, so that the aperture displayed fangs all the way to the ground — a gateway with bristling teeth. As she took in this curious embellishment something else was reviving in her memory. Mixed in with the miscellany that clustered around Starvelings, had there been another tale, something about a cavern, and an echo . . . ?

Why, of course, the Folly; a lunacy of some 18th-century Stanyon. She had lumped the Folly among the other inventions about

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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Starvelings, but she had been wrong; there was an actual Folly, and here must be its entrance; this jagged gate, with its aura of monstrosity.

"Porcher, he says—" William blurted convulsively "—he says you can hear him."

She took another step.

"No!" William's cry halted her in her tracks. He screamed and screamed in such frenzy of terror it took her a long time to calm him. When she rose at last she was surprised to see a corner of Starvelings House at no great distance from them. The lonely, set-apart feeling of the place had misled her into thinking it remote.

.

22 July, 1855

The Reverend Frederick Milne,
The Rectory,
King's Lydiard,
Wiltshire.

Sir,

Since I have long felt it my responsibility that Miss Milne should have undertaken her courageous and charitable work at Starvelings, on behalf of the Honorable William Stanyon, I am proposing to attend on her there at about noon, 8th August, for the purpose of inquiring whether or not she prefers to persevere in her task. May I trouble you to advert Miss Milne of this; in this manner I should have the opportunity both of seeing the little boy, and of ascertaining Miss Milne's wishes in the matter.

Prior to appearing at Starvelings, may I, sir, have the honor of waiting on you at your house, for a particular reason? I should expect to appear at about eleven, and would desire you, if you will be so good, to signify whether this hour be convenient. In the meantime, may I beg of you to hold this latter intention of mine confidential.

Your humble servant,
John Truscott.

.

The instant Porcher opened the door next morning, Davina's look and carriage transfixed him with sudden guardedness.

"Porcher," she said without preamble. "You have been terrifying Master William with tales of some creature shut up in the old Folly, which you will let loose on him if he displeases you. You are more than contemptible, to frighten a young child with these wicked lies. Do not do this again, or threaten him in any other manner, or it will be the worse for you."

His eyes fell away before hers; he made as if to turn and walk off.

"Stop where you are," she said. "Do not dare to go, till I have done. You have also struck Master William at various times and have made him deaf in one ear, or nearly deaf. If ever again—" she spaced her words with the emphasis of a tolling bell, "—if ever again I hear the like, or that you have attempted any retaliation upon him from this time forward my father will speak to the Lord Lieutenant, who will send soldiers to arrest you. A very poor view will be taken of Lord Stanyon's servant ill-treating Lord Stanyon's son, I promise you. And be assured," she concluded, "that I would have had you in jail by now if it were not for leaving Lord Stanyon unattended."

He looked at her expressionless; then turned about. This time she let him go.

William was sitting in a gallery window-seat; their place of meeting was no longer the library.

"William!" she announced. "What do you suppose? You are going to have a visitor one day soon, the gentleman who came here not so long ago. Do you remember him?"

"Sisspence," said William decidedly. "He gave me sisspence."

"That was very kind of him, was it not? And you will have to receive him properly; this is your house. Now: let us pretend that I am Mr. Truscott come to see you."

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Family-sized sultana cake wins our $10 prize

● A family-sized sultana cake, made by the boiled-fruit method, wins $10 in our weekly recipe contest this week.

THE prizewinning recipe is a delightfully moist, fruity cake that will keep well. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

BOILED SULTANA CAKE

4oz. butter
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
2 tablespoons brandy
1 cup water
1lb. sultanas
3 eggs
3 cups self-raising flour

Combine the butter, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, brandy, water, and sultanas in large saucepan. Place over heat, bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Set aside to cool.

Place mixture into mixing bowl, stir in the beaten eggs. Gradually fold in the sifted flour. Place mixture into greased and lined deep 8in. square tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to cool in tin.

Prize of $10 to Mrs. M. B. Dargan, 12 Melville St., Young, N.S.W. 2594.

The MAGGI menu for Lent:

12 delicious main course dishes.



SEAFOOD CASSEROLE (SERVES 5)
4-5 small bream fillets • ½ lb. cooked peeled prawns • 1 bottle oysters drained • Lemon juice • 1 pkt. MAGGI White Sauce • ½ pint water • ½ cup white wine • 1 dsp. chopped parsley • 2 shallots chopped • 1 capsicum sliced • Boiled rice • Parsley • Lemon wedges.
Method: Place seafood into lightly greased casserole dish. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine Maggi White Sauce and water. Bring to boil, simmer for a few minutes. Add wine and vegetables. Pour over seafood. Cover and place in a moderate oven for approx. 40 minutes. Serve with rice. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedges.

TUNA RING (SERVES 8-10)
1 tsp. gelatine • ½ cup water • ½ tsp. each soy sauce and salt • 1 hard boiled egg • 4 gherkins • 1 pkt. MAGGI Tomato Soup • 2 tbsp. gelatine • ½ cup water • 1 stick celery chopped • 3 shallots chopped • ½ capsicum chopped • 12 white cocktail onions chopped • 1 x 7 oz. can tuna • dash tabasco • 3 dsp. vinegar • 1½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce.
Method: Combine first four ingredients. Stir over hot water until clear. Pour into wetted 8" ring tin. When set decorate with slices of egg and gherkins. Prepare Maggi Tomato Soup as directed. Soak gelatine in ½ cup water. Add to soup. Stir until dissolved. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Add vegetables and seasonings. Spoon into mould. Refrigerate. To serve: hold in warm water briefly. Turn on to platter, garnish with shredded lettuce and parsley.



CANTONESE PRAWNS (SERVES 4-6)
1 pkt. MAGGI Spring Vegetable Soup • 2 cups water • 1 lb. prawns cooked and peeled • 2 hard boiled eggs chopped • 2/3 cup milk • 2 tsp. chives or shallots chopped • 2 tsp. finely chopped parsley • ½ tsp. paprika • 2 tbsp. sherry (optional).
Method: Prepare soup as directed using 2 cups water only. Add prawns, eggs, milk, chives or shallots, parsley, paprika and sherry. Stir and heat through over low heat. Serve over fluffy boiled rice.



EGGS A LA KING (SERVES 4)
1 onion chopped • ½ medium green capsicum chopped • ¼ lb. mushrooms, or 1 small can mushrooms sliced • 1½ oz. butter • 1 pkt. MAGGI White Sauce • 6 hard boiled eggs halved • Pinch nutmeg.
Method: Saute onion, capsicum and mushrooms in melted butter. Prepare Maggi White Sauce as directed. Add the vegetables, eggs and nutmeg. Serve hot.

MUSHROOM & TUNA CROQUETTES (SERVES 8-10)
1 pkt. MAGGI Mushroom Soup • 4 oz. butter • 4 oz. flour • 1 lev. dsp. gelatine (soaked in 1 tbsp. water) • 1 x 7 oz. can tuna • 1 tbsp. chopped parsley • Breadcrumbs • 2 eggs lightly beaten.
Method: Prepare soup as directed. Melt butter, add flour, blend well over low heat until bubbles form. Blend in soup. Cook until smooth and thick. Off heat, add gelatine, tuna and parsley. Chill well. Form into croquettes. Roll in breadcrumbs, dip in eggs, roll in breadcrumbs again. Deep fry until golden. Serve garnished with tomato slices and lemon wedges.





Spoon measurements in all recipes are level unless otherwise stated. 8 fl. oz. measuring cup used.



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by Clarks

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

He entered into this new drill with his usual willingness, though without the excitement he reserved for one thing alone, his beloved robes. These, folded, were now permanently stowed on a window-seat; the bribe of wearing them would incite him to work when everything else had failed.

. . . .

"She's been roaming about," said Porcher, lounging against the four-poster. "She'd allus use to stop in the lib'ry, but it's the long Gallery now. That's where the Hon'rable Wiyyum does his sums an' all. They've got your Lordship's robes up in there, an' the Hon'rable trails 'em up an' down."

"An't the robes mouldered away by now?" snapped Lord Stanyon. "Where else does she go, besides the gallery?"

"Oh, here and there. Yesterday she all but walked into the Folly, but the boy perwented her."

"I told her she might go where she pleased," Lord Stanyon meditated aloud. "Well. An inquisitive girl, wandering about a ruinous place like this — a mischief might easily befall her. She might have a bad tumble over some stones or fall into the lake or — or she tried to go into the Folly, you say —?"

"She wos ready to try. And much good it'd done 'er, if she had. The door's padlocked safe."

"Take off the padlock, you fool," ordered Lord Stanyon. "Let our lovely miss go where she will. But whatever happens to her, it must be nothing but an unfortunate accident."

Porcher looked at him silently. Both pairs of eyes were full of an identical hatred.

. . . .

"William!" said Davina, and he came to stand rather shyly beside her. "Mr. Truscott, you and the Honorable William Stanyon have met before?"

In utter amaze Mr. Truscott, remembering the desolate, filth-encrusted little savage of that first encounter, surveyed the presence at Davina's side — a pale decorous little boy in a brown linen suit, a white shirt, and neat shoes and stockings. The visitor's amazement gave way to stupefaction as the small creature advanced, bowed beautifully, held out his hand, and said, "Sir, you are welcome to Starvelings." His voice was a funny mixture of rustic and educated accent.

"Thank you, William," returned the lawyer solemnly, as they shook hands.

William, his duty done, smiled uncertainly and effaced himself behind Davina's skirts.

"Let us all sit in the library," said Davina, and led the way to the gloomy apartment where she had mustered at one spot three of the most possible chairs. Here they all sat down, and Mr. Truscott, wanting only some private conversation with Davina, saw himself unavoidably committed to smalltalk with the heir of Starvelings.

"I hope that you are a good boy, William, and do all that Miss Milne tells you?"

"Yes," said William uncompromisingly.

"William," Davina put in softly. "Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir." William corrected himself, but Mr. Truscott observed that his hazel eyes looked vague, and that his whole air, in fact, was vague and inattentive.

"And," Mr. Truscott pursued the dreary but approved pattern, "do you mind your book?"

"Yes, sir," said William in the same uninterested way.

"William," suggested Davina. "Would you not like to bring your letter-book and show Mr. Truscott how well you write?"

The boy vanished in a flash, and Mr. Truscott noted how his bodily swiftness and grace contrasted with the apparently indifferent quality of his mind.

"You must not judge him too hardly." Davina sprang to his defence the instant the door closed behind him. "He is deaf or partly deaf in one ear. That wretch — that man Porcher — struck him." The anger in her face made her, for a moment, quite unfamiliar to him. "He deserves to be whipped, but without him I suppose that Lord Stanyon would die of neglect. So at present there is nothing to be done."

Mr. Truscott's expression was grave. He said, "On my first visit here I thought it quite remarkable that the child's mother should not protect him, a little at least."

"Lady Stanyon," said Davina, "is an unfortunate woman who lives in a half-dark kitchen and does all the drudgery of this place unassisted. She has been too crushed to protect her child or herself.

"And all of it comes from that evil man, Porcher, I know by her manner — she dare not say a word or lift a finger against him. But how can a servant so intimidate his master's wife? And why?"

This miserable woman has misconducted herself with the servant, and the servant holds it over her head, Mr. Truscott's professional mind voiced his theory. Unconsciously he grimaced with distaste at the thought of Davina in contact with this sordidness.

"Miss Milne, it seems to me that this difficult task of yours may also be thankless," he essayed. "Would you wish to give it up?"

She looked at him in astonishment. "How can you suppose I would do such a thing? Why, I have only been here a few months."

"I know, I know," said the barrister. "And already the improvement is unbelievable, and I offer you my profoundest admiration. But apart from the — ah — oddities of this establishment, the boy strikes me as being of dull or inferior faculties —"

"He has been abused and neglected," Davina protested. "Need I tell you, of all people? But he is beginning to read and write, and his accent has improved. And at least we keep him clean, we go to the Rectory, where hot water and towels present no difficulty. I love to dress him nicely. I have a fifteen-year-old brother, did you know? And my mother kept all his clothes most carefully. William looked well in the little brown suit, did he not?"

"Very well indeed."

"There is a little almond-green velvet suit that I long to dress him in, but I suppose a proper occasion will never offer. He would love it so. He has a natural sense of occasion. And natural good taste — for example, he wished to buy a print of the Queen for his very own, and so many new ones have come out, you know, for the marriage of the Princess Royal. So when we went with our sixpence to the village shop —"

"You took him into the village?" Mr. Truscott put in, astounded. "That must have been a nine-days' wonder."

"Oh, it was! You may imagine. But now it has died down. And now people talk much less nonsense about ghosts and so forth at Starvelings," she broke off, listening.

"I believe I hear him coming. And will you give my father and me the pleasure of taking lunch at the Rectory? Please do not say no, you are expected."

"Many thanks," said the lawyer. "Most kind of you."

At the Rectory, just after they had stood for grace, Mr. Truscott approached to hold Davina's chair; William, stepping in front of him, said sternly, "Sir or madam, by your leave!" and shoved the chair under his instructress with a zeal that caught her a thump behind the knees.

They were saying goodbye in the garden, leisurely. The guest could find no fault with Mr. Milne for excusing himself, or with William for taking a nap after lunch. He could be alone with her again for a few moments and watch how the air stirred her hair softly, lifting it into glints of pale gold or letting it fall back to pale gleaming brown.

"The thing about William that makes me saddest just now," she was saying, "is this tremendous desire he has to see the Queen and to — it sounds fanciful — to kiss her hand. One day I must learn the date of some public procession and take him to London so he can see the Queen pass by in her golden coach."

"The Queen," said Mr. Truscott reflectively. "Ah, yes. As it happens, she will be at the Middle Temple rather shortly to receive congratulatory addresses on the marriage of her daughter. The affair, of course, will be overflowing. But I have not exercised my right of invitation—not yet."

"Mr. Truscott!" gasped Davina, as the roseate implications dawned slowly. "Mr. Truscott!—"

. . . .

"William!" Davina told him. "What do you suppose? You are going to see the Queen!"

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUDD*



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Left: Shown solo is DIANNE in Scotch Mist and Rootbeer breathin' brushed pigskin. The two-tone colouring makes DIANNE a versatile unusual casual — water and stain resistant, too.



Above: Saddle stitching, bold buttons and pockets, pockets, pockets. Sardi's jaunty double-breaster mixes superbly with JACKIE in Gunsmoke. Team care-free Hush Puppies with *your* winter casual clothes.
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"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"



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It's hard to have to think about woollens in a heatwave . . . and so is trying to buy a swimsuit at the end of summer. Having been caught often by off-season buying, a Queensland reader asks . . .

—A READER'S STORY

Why not a boutique for all seasons?

THE store sizzled with the newest in this season's psychedelic woollens. Red-hot prints, primitive tartans, way-out checks, screaming paisleys burned into your very soul, bouncing your temperature ten points in spite of the cool 60 deg. air-conditioning. Outside it was 90.

"Can I help you, madam?"

"Yes," I said, tearing my eyes from a nearby striped number, for all the world like a shocking-pink zebra. "I want a swimsuit, please."

"A swimsuit, madam?" One eyebrow went up, and she repeated it in an incredulous tone. "You're a little late in the season for swimwear, I'm afraid. However, if madam cares to have a look in the basement there might be something left from the sale." And she gave me one of those swift, assessing looks that clearly said: "Don't waste your time—even at the peak of our collection I doubt if there'd been anything that fitted."

Relegated to the no-hopers, I became deflated, frustrated—and then annoyed. Just because they were determined to foist advance-guard woollens on a sweltering public in the middle of a heatwave didn't make it incongruous to ask for swimwear.

After all, I hadn't had my holiday yet. I told her so—which was as futile as it was fatuous. As if she cared!

So, for good measure, I threw in a hate against the psychedelics. "How anyone can even think of buying those in this heat . . ."

To which she condescendingly smiled and told me that some of the lines were actually sold out the very first day.

Oh, they've got you beaten every time. Like it or not, you've just got to project your clothes like a season ahead, or make do with last season's.

I remember about 12 years ago when we were leaving England for East Africa, my husband and I, with rash optimism, combed London for tropical rig in temperatures down to zero. We plunged into the warm fug of an Oxford Street emporium and kicked the snow off our boots.

"I have an awful feeling," I prophesised, gloomily, "that we've struck one of those in-between seasons." After Christmas for some reason they usually have a White sale. "Sheets!" I hissed, when he asked, "What the hell's that?"

By LILIAN RIVERS

"Must be to tie up with the snow," he suggested.

"Can I help you, sir?" A figure emerged from behind a rack of damp-proofed fur-trimmed ski-pants.

Husband went into the attack. "Shorts." The word hit the store like a minor atom bomb.

I had to admire my husband. It takes quite a bit of courage to mention such a commodity when your nose is blue, knees are knocking, and everything around is fleecy-lined to the buttonholes.

True to stiff-upper-lip tradition, the salesman rose to the occasion. "I regret, sir, you've rather caught us out of season."

"He's going to Africa," I explained.

"Ah-ah." He thawed a little. "Well, perhaps there might be something in Boy Scouts—or Middle East missionaries . . ."

"Oh, no," I shuddered, "You really can't!" My husband stood, behind the fitting-room door, in the most voluminous, heavy duty, long shorts you've ever seen. "It only needs a pith helmet and you're Doctor Livingstone reincarnated! Frost-bitten, at that!"

"Surely we're not the only people to ever leave in the cold to go to the heat?" we said. "There must be somewhere in London that caters . . ."

There was, one of those Piccadilly exclusives, so madly expensive you daren't go past the door.

There was no alternative but to leave it until Port Said, where, rather than face the Red Sea in tweeds, we were forced into a buying orgy of shoddy, specially-run-up-for-the-tourist cottons that fitted nowhere and practically had fallen to bits by the time we arrived in Mombasa.

Once in Africa your fervent prayer was always that you would never return to England in the winter. I have known folk who penetrated no farther than the transit lounge of London Airport.

In Nairobi, fashion was also geared to world standards. Be your creation from Paris, Rome, London, Bombay, or Tel Aviv, it was still buy now, wear later, and you could bet your bottom dollar there wouldn't be an overcoat among the lot.

"At least going to Australia won't be a problem," I said, packing up to leave Kenya. "I'll only want a few light woollies, cardigans—so we'll have a ball in Hong Kong. Imagine — everything duty-free! And suits and shoes and shirts run up while you wait."

We hit this shopping mecca in the middle of Chinese New Year. Hong Kong was decked in new spring rig-outs. Cardigans, had I said! I dodged firecrackers in and out of every shop on the island and in Kowloon searching for one.

True, there were masses of beaded affairs, OK for a night out with rice wine and chopsticks, but hardly suitable for shopping sessions in Aussie supermarkets.

"All woollen garments finished now," they giggled, "but we have one very beautiful pure cashmere made in Scotland, very cheap for English lady — £12!"

We concentrated on husband's raw silk shirts—which they didn't tell us would shrink two inches round the neck—and my raw silk shoes, which they didn't warn me not to wear in the wet.

And as for duty free! They wait until you go through Customs on the way out, weigh everything down to your toothbrush, and make up revenue on excess baggage.

Naturally, according to the law of averages, someone must strike it lucky sometime — like the American lady flying over next week. "My wardrobe will be just dandy for your heat," she wrote. "I've got the latest in next season's cottons."

Who knows . . . she could feel awfully silly if she's the only one in a Bonnie and Clyde look among the minis in Sydney, because it's not only the weather you have to be right for but fashion, too.

So please, you big stores, couldn't you spare just a boutique corner with a smattering of everything for the woman of all seasons who may be going overseas, interstate—or merely hasn't got around yet to deciding what she wants for this?

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"The Queen?" She saw the news sink in, his face and his breathing change, his eyes grow bright —

"Will she wear h-her —" he was stammering with excitement, "— wear her — her c-crown?"

"She will wear a little crown, I dare say."

"And will I — will I — kiss her hand?"

"Oh, no, William. You see, there will be many people there, hundreds and hundreds, and we will just be standing with them and watch her pass by. But she will be quite near us," she consoled. "You will see her much nearer than most people do."

"Will I wear it? Will I?"

"Oh, William, darling." She was compelled to throw cold water again. "Only grown men wear their robes. You will wear them when you are older. But this time you will wear a lovely velvet suit — and long white silk stockings — William!" She proposed, against his lengthening face. "Shall we practise how to speak to the Queen? She won't speak to you this time. There will be too many people. But let us practise, so that you will know when the time comes. Let us pretend that I am the Queen —"

Davina became increasingly anxious for the great occasion to arrive and be done with. Every morning, William greeted her by asking, "The Queen? Will I see the Queen today?" and with his excitement he tired at his lessons more quickly than ever.

She took to walking up and down the gallery, studying the portraits while he slept. She would think of Nevil, but no longer with the old terrifying despair. She would remember his power of amusement, and their happiness together. Then she would think of the enormous opportunity Starvelings would seem to him, even in its ruined state . . . There paintings, for example.

She halted before the nearest portrait. This was Elizabethan; husband and wife in the middle, stiff and solemn; four sons in descending order of age ranged on his side, four daughters on hers. The picture must have been a blaze of color once; now it looked as if seen through muddy water. But here, at one end, was something peculiar . . . She leaned forward and peered.

The youngest son's face was not only dim like the rest, it was covered with a sort of black velvety smut. Mildew? But paint never mildewed, or not to her knowledge. She could only conclude that the paint on the child's face had fallen off, and that damp had got into the canvas behind it and worked through to the front. Nevil would have known how to repel this assault of time . . . She sighed and moved off along the line of paintings.

THIS was odd. Here was another family group, this one of about Cromwell's time, as the severe white collars and plain clothing testified. The father and mother were seated, the elder son standing a little behind; a middle-sized boy leaning against his father's knee. All of it dim and dirty, but again, on the younger son's face, that patch of furry black. Puzzled, she walked along the entire row. There was no comparable flaw in any other canvas.

She reached out and touched the canvas; her fingertip came away dense black. Soot? But as neither of these canvasses was near a fireplace, she was still more puzzled. In her basket was the Turkish cloth she always brought for their hand-washings at the stable pump; it was still wet.

With extreme care she pressed the cloth to the black face and withdrew it. It came away black like her finger. Not soot at all. Lamp-black. By what accident could lamp-black get on a canvas? None; it had been deliberate. Some roisterer had thought it amusing to spoil these pictures, just as street vandals would deface a wall of a monument.

How Nevil would have responded to this phenomenon! Even though his chief passion was for documents, he would never have rested before this grotesque circumstance. And no more need she . . .

Her basket next morning was loaded with unaccustomed items; before she mounted to the gallery, she filled a large jug at the pump. As soon as William had bent to his tasks she deployed her equipment before the Cromwellian portrait. Clean rags, mild laundry soap, a tiny portable stove. Its six-inch hollow cube was designed to burn charcoal, but she lighted two short fat candles and thrust them in for fuel. A tin basin of water was put on this, and as soon as it was lukewarm she dipped in a rag, wrung it nearly dry, and applied it to the Stygian oval. The warm water brought away the black in quantities.

Not rubbing at all, she merely blotted and blotted, gently, patiently. When the black cap over the face had changed to uneven grey smudges, she ventured to apply just a breath of soap on a cloth. Even before she let herself examine what she was uncovering, she could see that the paint was intact and had not let the black go through. And now recognizable flesh tints began to emerge, eyes, features, the shape of a head.

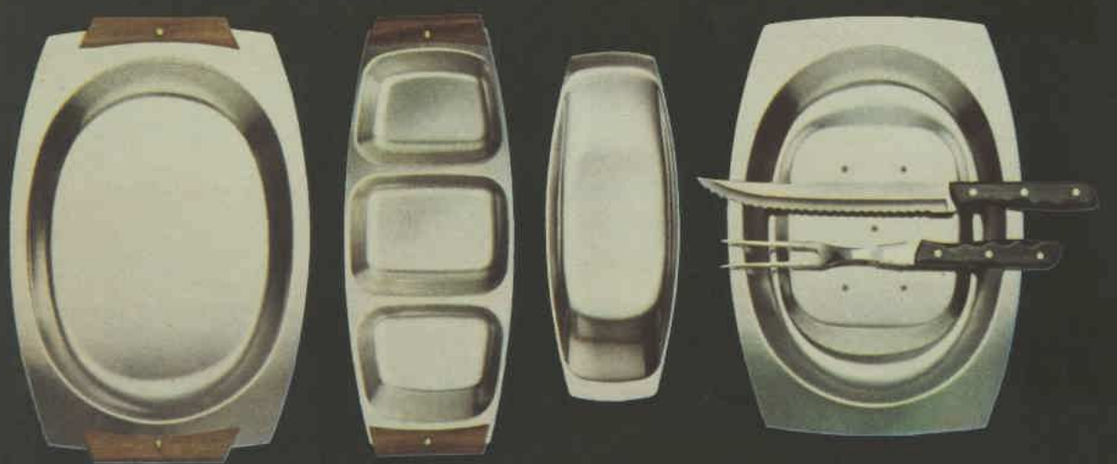
She stood up at length, stiff with long bending and concentration, and stepped back to see the result of her labors.

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William looked at her from out of the canvas.

She stood staring for a long moment; the living child and the painted one were so identical. Here in this 200-year-old counterpart of William were the same face with its vague, incurious hazel eyes, its pallor, its pronounced heart shape, its smooth, dark auburn hair brushed across the forehead. And identical not in face only, but in carriage and manner; with William's own languid air this little boy leaned against his father's knee.

By the way, what of William? She looked into the window-seat. William had vanished; so stealthily that she had not heard his playing truant — for him, a spectacular naughtiness. After an instant she shrugged; his truancy seemed unimportant. She was feverishly anxious to get to the more ancient portrait, the Elizabethan group.

She began again the blotting process, only with ever greater care; if the other portrait had been 200 years old, this one must be 300 or more. Would the paint begin dropping off, would the canvas bear even the gentlest touch?

At length, she moved off to survey the uncovered face. Once more the time-drowned, dim little face was William's. So at long intervals the family tree put out these twigs; William was a Stanyon type, infrequent, but authentic.

As she started gathering up her rags and basins, ano her thought struck her a disturbing blow. The mutilation of the paintings now seemed to her no mere vandalism, but something more malign. Someone hated William sufficiently to blot out even his resemblance. She shivered. How could the gentle little boy incur such a destroying hatred, unless someone, in some manner unknown, stood to profit . . . ?

The door opened. William sidled in and approached her sheepishly.

"Oh, William." She put her arms round him, kissing his cheek; longing so passionately to protect him from whatever danger threatened him, she couldn't bring herself even to reprove him.

. . . .

At last the great day had come. William, bathed, brushed, and combed, was decked out in the green velvet suit, with a little white silk shirt whose ruffles foamed at the collar and all down his front; with long white silk stockings; green satin pumps; dazzling white gloves.

Mr. Truscott had planned the whole itinerary meticulously for Davina. Now his clerk Mr. Borthwick, had brought her and William to Temple Bar, in the heart of London, and the historic building where the Queen would soon arrive.

The lovely scene was alive with people, thick crowds outside the gates to see the Queen pass, scarlet uniforms; splendid coaches driving up and disgorging embellished people; all around them the mounting turmoil of occasion, of voices and movement . . .

Davina, glancing at William, saw that his face was shining with excitement; he was breathing quickly, his lips parted, and his eyes darting here and there. Mr. Borthwick herded them inside, into a small vestibule whose four walls were solidly banked with flowers.

Here Mr. Truscott waited, in his gown and wig, looking much more handsome and impressive than in ordinary dress. He conducted them into an enormous room, placed them midway along a central aisle, and warned. "I fear you may have time to be fatigued with standing, but I can do nothing about it. This is the Banqueting Hall of the Middle Temple, and the gentleman escorting the Queen is the Treasurer of the Middle Temple." With that, he left them to their own devices.

They were very early, it seemed, but Davina was glad, as they could look about at leisure. At the far end of the hall, beneath a carven panelling, was a massive chair on a dais covered in red carpeting; over the chair were the Royal Arms, and above all of it was a handsome canopy of state, dark red. Meanwhile, endless streams of people were pouring into the hall, the ladies in splendid toilettes. On either side of the throne, men were assembling into symmetrical ranks of black gowns punctuated by crisp white bands and topped by white wigs, and Davina found Mr. Truscott and pointed him out to William. All movement lessened, subsided, vanished. And finally, nothing but silence and the air electric from waiting.

THEN from outside came a roar. Trumpets at the entrance split the air, and a sharp stirring ran through the crowded hall. A solitary uniformed presence came through the door and advanced with measured pace up the aisle, imperiously striking his white staff of office on the ground at every other step. And now, entering behind him, a small figure conducted by a tall Bencher.

Victoria wore a splendid silk dress of pale lustrous yellow and the ribbon of the Garter. On her smooth, pale brown head she wore a small exquisite crown of alternate fleur-de-lis and maltese crosses, and her neck, arms, and fingers were a solid mass of flashing stones. Davina's first impression was of her shortness, the second of her plumpness. But it made no difference; an astounding force of personality emanated from Victoria, far from merely filling a role she created a very culmination of majesty . . .

The long transit was accomplished, the Queen mounted to the throne, always with accomplished grace and dignity, and turned to face the multiude, still standing. Now, from outside the door and into the dead-silent room, preluded by a splendid roll of drums, came the National Anthem, played by trumpets alone, and their pealing metallic voices gave to the familiar strains an unfamiliar, thrilling urgency.

Then Victoria sat; Davina had a brief moment to note that her husband, standing beside her, was a tall handsome man. Then the Treasurer himself was advancing, to bow magnificently before the Queen. He held a scroll but obviously did not read from it; in a beautiful cadenced voice that told of endless experience in addressing large assemblies, he began: "May it please Your Majesty. The Master Treasurer and Master Benches of the Middle Temple, on this auspicous occasion . . ."

The Queen had accepted

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

the address, replying briefly; her voice extremely musical. Then she was escorted back along the red carpet, everyone now cheering; the ceremonial ranks of Benchers were dissolving into the crowds. Davina and William could only let themselves be carried along in the press of moving bodies. Outside the door in the packed vestibule, Mr. Truscott was waiting.

"How can we thank you—" Davina began, but he took her arm hurriedly and began to impel her toward a passage, saying, "This way, this way." She thought gratefully that he was helping them escape the crowd by way of some obscure door. But they now entered a library, lofty and splendid, but only of the dimensions of a large drawing-room. She caught sight of a sweeping yellow dress and flash of jewels, and understood that this was a small private reception. Tea was being dispensed; Mr. Truscott edged them forward until they had a good view of the Queen.

Victoria was the only person seated. She was engaged in animated conversation, unaffectedly enjoying herself in striking contrast to her husband: his handsome face was impassive, his air reserved and formal. The Treasurer hovered protectively beside the Queen, bending down during their exchanges.

Davina was not to know that in consequence of certain words Mr. Truscott had said to him, that dignitary was even then murmuring, "Ma'am, would Your Majesty be disposed to accept the duty of a very young subject, Lord Stanyon's son."

Victoria looked at him with quick curiosity. She knew of the wicked Lords Stanyon, their dissipations, the ruin of their fortunes; she also knew the legend of the recluse at Starvelings, his disreputable marriage, and the shadowy son in whose existence some believed and some disbelieved.

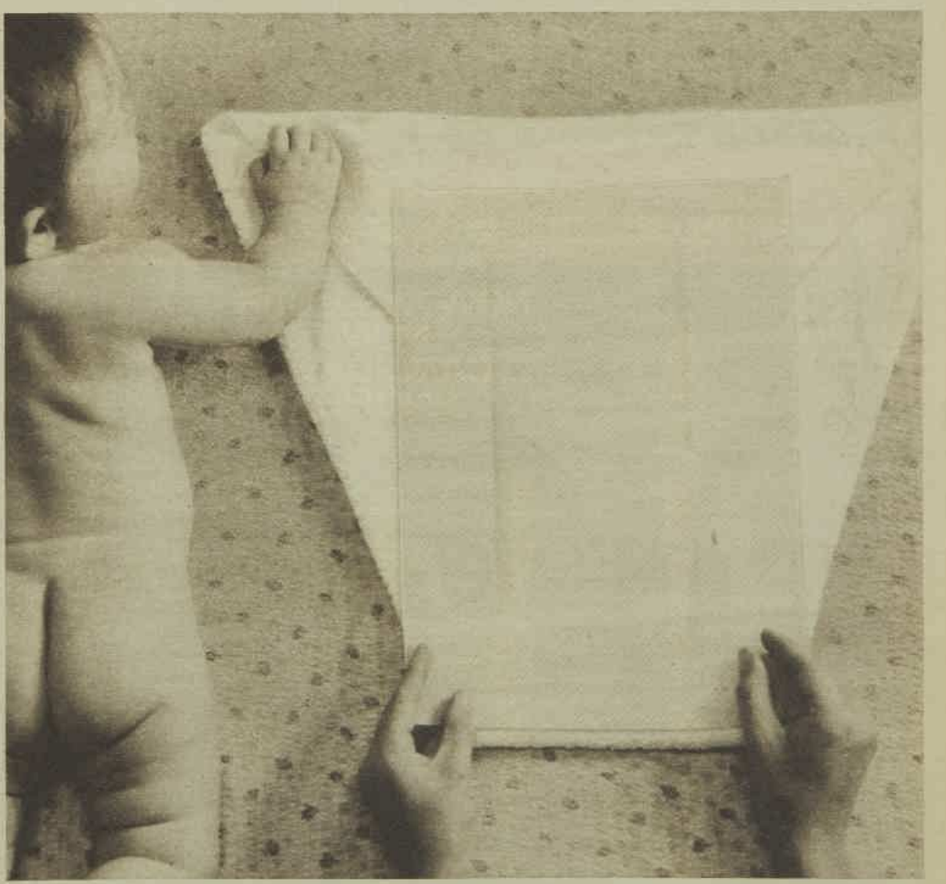
"There is a son, then?" she asked, half incredulous. "If you please, Mr. Treasurer, I should like of all things to see him."

In consequence Davina, totally unprepared, experienced a considerable shock as an elegant young equerry advanced upon their little group, bowed, and said, "Miss Milne, I have in command from her Majesty the attendance of the Honorable William Stanyon. She only had time to gasp, and none for last-minute promptings. With bated breath she watched him go; trotting beside the equerry, he looked terribly small and unprotected. Unconsciously she took a few hasty steps forward, to see and hear him in his ordeal. He would forget everything he had learned, poor little boy. Not that it mattered, she told herself fiercely; anyone might forget under the shock and unexpectedness of the event.

The equerry had halted some twenty feet from the Queen, bending down behind a screen of people to brief his convoy. A silence was spreading, the spectators sensing something unusual; in the stillness Davina could even hear the equerry murmuring something to William, and William cutting him short with a curt, "I know."

Then he started forward so quickly that the equerry had practically to chase him to the royal objective. By the time he had managed to get out, "Your Majesty, the Honorable William Stanyon," William had paused before the Queen at exactly the right distance. He performed a lovely bow, then sank to one knee. Victoria, palpably astonished, extended her hand in automatic response. William kissed it, rose, and made another beautiful bow.

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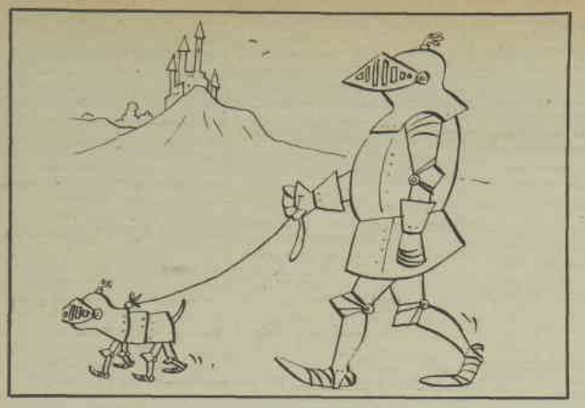
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"I am happy to meet you, William," said Victoria. "Are you a good boy?"

"Yes, ma'm," said William.

"That is good." The Queen was obviously amused "And do you study well? Do you apply yourself?"

"Yes, ma'm," affirmed William.

"I am glad to hear it, and I hope that we may meet another time."

Could an unschooled child hear the note of dismissal? Or was it simply that he was carrying out by rote what had been imparted to him? In any case he bowed once again, then with precision and grace started to walk backward. His performance caused a sensation among the beholders, not excluding the Queen; as he passed Davina, she could hear him counting under his breath, One, two three four . . .

Over the lavish tea that awaited them in Mr. Truscott's lodgings reigned an atmosphere of celebration — confined, however, to the minor characters; the hero of the occasion was almost too comatose with the excitements of his day to eat.

"He got up so early in the morning," Davina explained.

"Yes, yes," agreed Mr. Truscott. He had a slight, but increasing, air of preoccupation that covered, in reality, a growing intention and a growing nervousness.

"Yes, yes," he repeated. "No doubt that William has covered himself—and you—with glory."

"I had better be covering him with something warmer," said Davina, seeing William's eyelids drooping. "He will be off his chair, in a moment. Could he—"

"Allow me." The barrister rose and gathered William up, not unhandily. "He can rest on my bed, with a travelling rug over him." He bore him off before Davina could make the obvious suggestion to lay him on the sofa near them. For he wanted no audience, not even a child sound asleep, for what he was about to do.

With purpose half-grim half-apprehensive, he returned to the parlor. But before he could say a word, Davina had forestalled him.

"Mr. Truscott," she said urgently. "What will become of William?"

The frustrated suitor sat down, drawing a long breath.

"What will become of William?" he echoed. "You mean if Lord Stanyon were to die soon?"

"Yes."

"Well." Mr. Truscott ruminated, "No one knows what money resources may still be left, but I should say little or nothing. My guess is that if the father died tomorrow, the new Lord Stanyon would certainly be made a Ward in Chancery. The mother, from what you say, might not be adjudged a competent guardian —?"

"Hardly, I should think."

"Well then, Chancery would investigate and amass the assets such as they were, and use them for William's benefit. Perhaps one or two of the farms might be cleaned up and rented, and the best of the timber sold and the woods replanted from year to year, and so forth. From an estate so enormous, a few bits and pieces may usually be salvaged."

He pondered. "The house itself is too vast and ruinous for repair, I fear. But there are a number of cottages on the estate, and two or three of these might be made habitable — one for William's permanent use. So the probabilities are that he will live in modest comfort with a small income, and always have a roof over his head."

"Not a brilliant future," murmured Davina.

"Not brilliant, as you say," Mr. Truscott had had enough of William. "We can only wait and see . . . Miss Milne," he said suddenly and urgently. "Miss Milne."

Her eyes were daunting in their total lack of comprehension.

"I am speaking to you by your father's permission," he strove on. "I had—had virtually agreed not to approach you on this subject for another six months, or even more, but—but—" His blundering was a new sound in his ears; his nerve had not failed him like this when he stood up in court to argue his first case. "—but I find my feelings engaged beyond what I had—had anticipated. My admiration for you—my esteem—"

Her eyes: was the expression in them a dawning consternation?

"To cherish hopes for half a year or a year, and learn in the end that they had been unavailing," he pursued, by no means fluently, "is, you will acknowledge, a considerable hardship . . . ? So I have — have ventured to speak prematurely, in order that—that if these aspirations of mine were vain, I might relinquish them the sooner."

Before his eyes a vivid and animated girl had withered to a ghost.

"I do not mean," he protested hastily, "that I am asking you for a decision in this moment. No, no. But if you could entertain the idea of — of favoring my suit, at some future time? All I ask is, that you will think of these things. Do not say yes or no. Not at once."

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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

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LITTLE DUCKLING, breaking out of an Easter egg, was made by Mrs. D. Emmerson, of Toowoomba, Qld. It won a Sydney Show prize.



EASTER FOODS

● These are the traditional and luscious foods of Easter—a delightful Easter egg, hot cross buns, simnel cake, roast turkey — and you can make them all at home. Recipes begin overleaf.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

SIMNEL CAKE can be decorated with the traditional Easter egg or with other pretty trimming, like the marzipan strawberries on the cake in background. See recipe overleaf.



ROAST TURKEY is served with sauteed potatoes, hot asparagus, buttered almond-beans. We give a choice of two stuffings, one with mushrooms, the other with chestnuts. Delicious for entertaining or family meals.



HOT CROSS BUNS are spicy, studded with fruit, and glazed to make them beautifully shiny on top. The crosses are put on with a plain flour paste, before baking. Serve them with lots of butter.

Continued overleaf

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continuing . . .

EASTER FOODS

SIMNEL CAKE

ALMOND PASTE

12oz. ground almonds
1½ cups castor sugar
2 small eggs
few drops almond essence
little lemon juice

CAKE

8oz. butter or substitute
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
¼ cup white sugar
grated rind 1 lemon
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 eggs
4oz. cherries
8oz. chopped mixed peel
2oz. walnuts
2oz. almonds
8oz. sultanas
8oz. raisins
5 tablespoons sherry
3 cups plain flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
pinch salt
1 teaspoon mixed spice

Almond Paste: Mix together ground almonds and castor sugar. Beat eggs, mix with almond essence and little lemon juice. Mix into dry ingredients, adding extra lemon juice if necessary; paste should be firm. Chill.

Cake: Cream butter and sugars together with lemon rind and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix halved cherries with chopped peel, chopped nuts, sultanas, and chopped raisins; add to creamed mixture. Fold in half the sifted dry ingredients, followed by sherry, then remainder of dry ingredients. Place half mixture in 9in. cake tin lined with 2 layers of brown paper and 1 layer of white paper. Roll out just a little more than 1-3rd of almond paste to about 9in. circle, using cake tin as guide. Carefully lower into tin on top of cake mixture, press down well. Fill remainder of cake mixture into tin, bang down a few times on table to level and remove air bubbles. Bake in slow oven about 3½ to 4 hours or until cake is cooked. Allow to cool in tin; leave overnight before decorating.

Egg Decoration: From almond paste make 11 small egg-shaped balls; stand aside on cake rack. Make up fondant glaze. Divide small quantity of fondant into 3 small bowls. Leave one quantity white; color one remaining quantity pale pink and the other pale green with food coloring. Spoon fondant over eggs; allow to dry.

Roll out remainder of paste (using a little icing sugar on rolling pin and board) into a round ½in. larger than top of cake. Spread top of cake with smooth apricot jam, carefully lay paste in position, flute edge with fingers. Spoon a little fondant glaze in centre of cake, allow to run slightly to edge. Arrange eggs round edge of cake. Just before serving, brush sides of cake with smooth apricot jam or tie ribbon decoratively round cake.

FONDANT GLAZE

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
pinch cream of tartar
1-1¼lb. icing sugar

Combine water, sugar, and cream of tartar. Cook over low heat, stirring until sugar dissolves, then bring to the boil. Boil steadily 3 to 4 minutes; cool to lukewarm. Beat in enough sifted icing sugar to give thick coating consistency.

Strawberry Decoration: Color small amount of almond paste with red food coloring. Mould 11 strawberry-shaped balls. Roll in red sugar, made by mixing 1 tablespoon sugar with a few drops red food coloring. Color a little extra almond paste with green food coloring. Roll out thinly, cut with small fluted cutter to form strawberry hulls. Secure to strawberries with little egg-white. Add small green stem, made from green almond paste.

Bought almond paste can be used instead of the recipe for almond paste given above. You will need approximately four 4oz. packets. Use 1½ packets for centre of cake; 1½ packets for decorating top of cake; 1 packet for moulding eggs or strawberries. If almond paste is too dry, knead in a little beaten egg until a soft, pliable consistency is obtained.

EASTER EGG

This Easter egg, made by Mrs. Dorothy Emmerson, of Toowoomba, Queensland, won first prize in its section at the Royal Sydney Show. The egg is shaped over an Easter-egg mould. Gum paste is used for the egg and moulded decorations.

Directions: Tint a small amount of gum paste pale pink. Roll out thinly, press over both sides of Easter-egg mould; cut top to represent a cracked egg. Allow to dry. Mould duck from white gum paste, place in cracked part of egg. When dry, paint in duck's features—eyes, bill, etc.—with diluted food coloring.

Wish for a Winter playing happy in easy care 'Bri-Nylon'

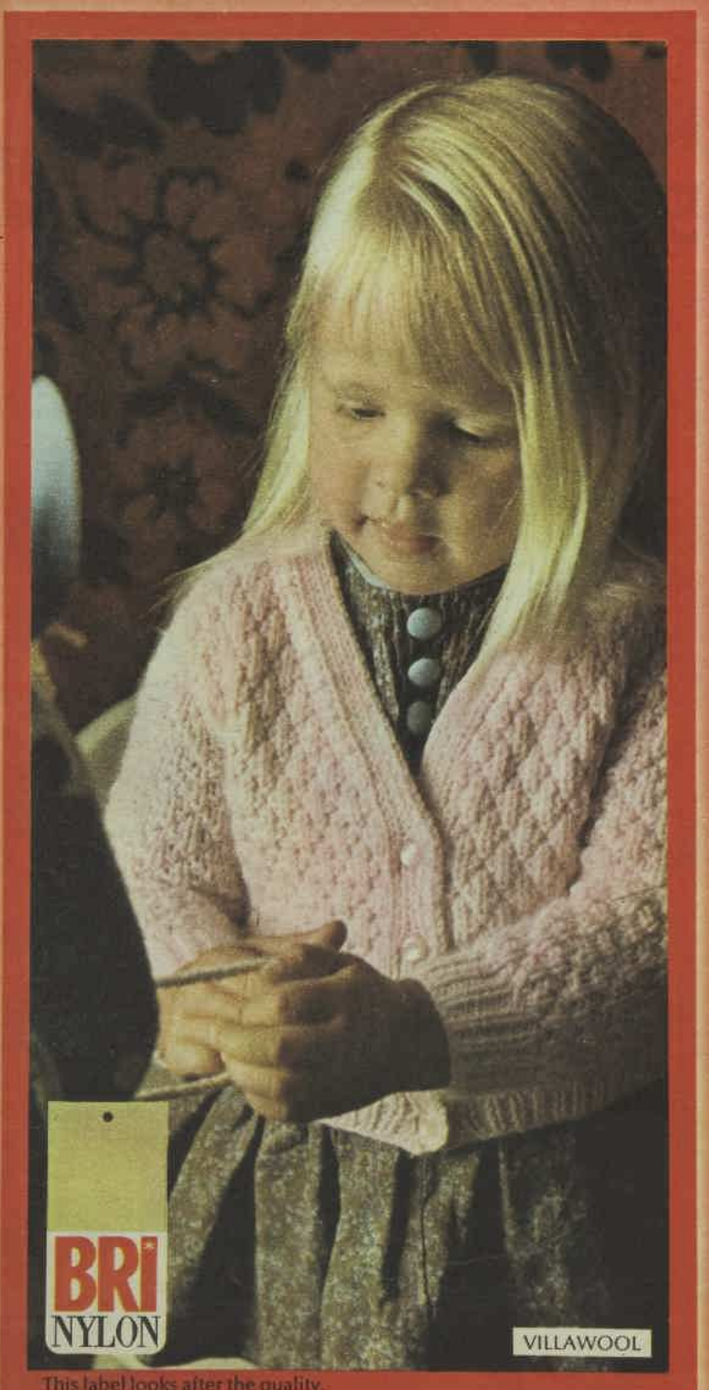
A little cuddle-me cardigan that's a dream to wash. A delight to knit in VILLAWOOL yarn. The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead, you're assured of the quality.

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This label looks after the quality.

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Cut a circle of yellow gum paste for hat, dry over a small bottle to curve. Cover with piped design to represent straw, using yellow royal icing and No. 00 tube; secure to head of duck. Finish edge with small yellow lace pieces. Tie ribbon round head, tie small bow. Finish hat with small spray of piped flowers.

Join egg halves together with shell design, using No. 3 tube. Pipe small embroidery design above and below shell. Repeat design on each end of egg. Pipe wording and, when dry, tint with food coloring. Add small ribbon bow.

GUM PASTE

1oz. water
1 teaspoon gelatine
1 teaspoon glucose
1¼ cups sifted pure icing sugar

Soak gelatine in water; dissolve over hot water. Add glucose, stir to dissolve. Mix in sifted icing sugar. Leave to stand in covered jar a little while before using.

HOT CROSS BUNS

1lb. plain flour
1 teaspoon salt
1oz. compressed yeast
¼ pint warm milk
2oz. sultanas
2oz. currants
2oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon mixed spice
½ teaspoon cinnamon

PASTE FOR CROSSES

¼ cup plain flour
little cold water

GLAZE

1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon gelatine
1 tablespoon hot water

Crumble yeast into basin, mix with 1 teaspoon each of previously measured flour and sugar; mix in warm milk. Stand in warm place 15 minutes or until mixture is spongy. This is called "setting the sponge."

Sift flour, salt, and spices into large basin. Rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Beat egg well, add it to the yeast and milk sponge. Add this mixture to flour mixture, make into soft dough. Cover with clean cloth, stand in warm place 40 minutes; at the end of this time dough should have doubled in bulk. Turn on to lightly floured board. Knead well, turning outside edges of dough into centre. Knead until dough is smooth and elastic. Cut into 15 even-sized pieces, knead each piece into a round. Place in greased lamington tin with ½in. between each. Set again in warm place 10 to 15 minutes.

Make paste for crosses by mixing sifted flour to very soft paste with cold water. Using small, plain nozzle, pipe crosses on each bun. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with glaze made by dissolving sugar and gelatine in hot water. Cool on cake cooler.

ROAST TURKEY

If you're entertaining over Easter, a turkey will solve all your catering problems if unexpected guests drop in for dinner. There's so much juicy, succulent meat, carving is easy, and you have the comfortable knowledge that you'll be able to satisfy the hungriest appetites.

Turkeys are now available in sizes ranging from 6lb. to 24lb., so there's a size for every family. Also available in some areas are turkey halves; these are about 3lb. to 5lb. in weight, depending on size of whole bird. So, even if you're cooking for only one or two, you can still have your own Easter turkey. To cook these turkey halves, rub the flesh generously with butter, wrap in buttered aluminium foil; put into baking dish, skin side up. See approx. cooking times at right.

For whole turkey, stuff with desired filling, truss, then spread with softened butter (you'll need about 4oz. for 12lb. to 14lb. bird); rub butter well over breast and legs. Place in baking dish with 1 pint stock (this can be made from the giblets). Cover bird with well-greased greaseproof, brown paper, or aluminium foil. Cook in moderate oven; allow 20 minutes per lb. for bird up to 12lb.; allow 15 minutes per lb. for bird over this weight.

Turkey does not contain a great deal of fat, so baste it occasionally during cooking to keep it moist and succulent.

When turkey is cooked, transfer to heated serving dish. Strain into saucepan the liquid from baking dish. Skim off a little fat, mix to a paste with 1 to 2 teaspoons of flour. Add this gradually to gravy, bring to the boil, stirring. Simmer a few minutes, season to taste, serve with the turkey.

Serve with sauteed potatoes; asparagus spears, heated in their own liquid; whole green beans, tossed through with slivered toasted almonds and topped with a little melted butter to which has been added a squeeze of lemon juice.

Below we give you a choice of stuffings; each is sufficient to fill a 12 to 14lb. turkey.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

15oz. can chestnut puree
4 cups soft breadcrumbs
salt, pepper
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2oz. butter
2 tablespoons white wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 egg

Put chestnut puree through sieve, add breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg; mix well. Stir in softened butter, white wine, parsley, and lightly beaten egg.

RICE AND MUSHROOM STUFFING

6oz. cooked long-grain rice
¼lb. sliced mushrooms
2 sticks celery
¼ crushed clove garlic
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
salt, pepper
butter for frying

Saute mushrooms and finely chopped celery in a little butter 5 minutes; add to rice with remaining ingredients, seasoning well.

Dear Polly,

"I'm scared of hair colouring. My hair's mousy and dull-looking and I desperately need a change. But I want to be sure it'll look good when I'm finished."



Changing the colour of your hair is easy these days. You just shampoo in Polycolor. With Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring your hair always looks completely natural. You can darken or deepen the present colour of your hair or make a complete change – there are 20 shades to choose from. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more...then you just shampoo in Polycolor again!

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P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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"And WHY must I write about 'What I did on my Holidays' instead of making a tape-recording?"

A pause fell between them. "I would not do that — answer you — at once. Not when you have been so kind." She seemed to have vanished into a boundless remoteness. After another few moments she said, "I fear it is time for our train."

As she started to rise like a sleep-walker, one thing was clear to him: that he had spoilt her day.

.

The homeward journey was fatigued and flat, drained of excitement. Davina's thoughts were not nearly so much of the proposal as of her own stupidity in not having suspected something of the sort. Mr. Truscott had put himself to the most extraordinary trouble; was she to suppose that it was all for the little boy? She had been a thoroughgoing simpleton.

She thought of her last sight of Mr. Truscott, who had escorted them to Paddington and seen them into their carriage; she remembered him standing motionless, his eyes fixed on her as the train moved out, and the memory somehow smote her heart. And now he loomed on the threshold of her life with his question that was also a demand. She must think of it sooner or later, but not now, she thought with a sort of panic, not now . . .

She glanced at William; he had gone to sleep leaning on her shoulder the moment they were settled in their seats. But, now she was surprised to find him wide awake. His eyes, fixed on her, seemed unusually large and mournful.

"William," she hailed him. "Well, it has been a marvellous day, has it not? Just think, you saw the Queen and, kissed her hand, and so beautifully that I am proud of you, William. I am very very proud. And she spoke to you, the Queen spoke to you. Are you not proud, too?"

William heaved a long, quivering sigh, and murmured something.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I—I didn't wear it." His voice was shadowy and tearless "I didn't—wear it!"

A cold dismay entered her heart. She understood all too well. For him the day with all its brilliance, had been no more than a blank. And it was no use to argue, or to call him ungrateful. His vision of the Queen was inseparably bound up with a vision of himself in robes, and to destroy one was to destroy the other.

Both of us, she thought, both of us, William, and since it was getting cold in the coach, supported the tired child more closely against her . . .

And now she must think about her future. Her thoughts moved ceaselessly about this inexorable fact, whether she walked or worked at household tasks, taught William, or lay awake in her bed at night. In six months she would be twenty-one. She might live another thirty or forty years, or worse. What was she to do with herself?

SHE could marry Mr. Truscott. (She knew his name was John, but she could think of him only as Mr. Truscott.) He was a pleasant man of estimable profession. She knew that he would treat her always with consideration and kindness. And she liked him. Now that she came to think of it she had liked him from the very first, when his championship of William had brought him into the Rectory parlor; she would always be disposed in favor of a man who so exerted himself to help a child.

I had better marry him, she thought dispassionately, and was startled by a new realisation of deficiencies not in him, but in herself. With youth, health, and everything else to commend her, she knew herself for what she was in reality: a shell in whom there was no life at all.

Still, Mr. Truscott knew her circumstances, and had seen fit to propose, nevertheless. Since he seemed willing to accept the risk, let it be on his own head. Yes, she would accept his offer of marriage the next time she saw him.

In this same lifeless, dispassionate way one day, Davina was thinking of this stricken place of Starvelings as she made her way through the ruined woods to the gate. Starvelings, endowed by the local imagination with all sorts of horrors, had turned out to be a series of shams. One neglected little boy was the sum total of the horror. The evil of Starvelings? There was no evil.

Suddenly she recalled one last legend that she had not cleared up. The Folly. The Folly of Starvelings, around whose midnight labyrinths crowded the most grisly tales of all. Well, why not at least look at it?

She was at more or less the same spot from which William had pointed to the Folly. She walked a score of yards, and found herself gazing into the trees concealing the granite arch.

This particular Folly, according to rumor, was underground. Such rumor might be wildly inaccurate, but in it there was usually some foundation of truth. And if the Folly were, actually, subterranean, she would not venture into it by so much as one step. Too fearsome to think what natural damage might have gone forward over all these years of

To page 102

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Master Foods speak up about spreads

Look what's going on behind our backs!



(Easy-to-make party snacks—that's what!)

Delicious, made-in-a-minute Asparagus Dip; Asparagus Savouries; Fish Savoury Eggs; Club Sandwiches; Chicken and Vegetable Pie Pieces; Devilled Hamwiches; Liverwurst Dip and many more. Partying soon? Don't turn your back on Master Foods spreads!

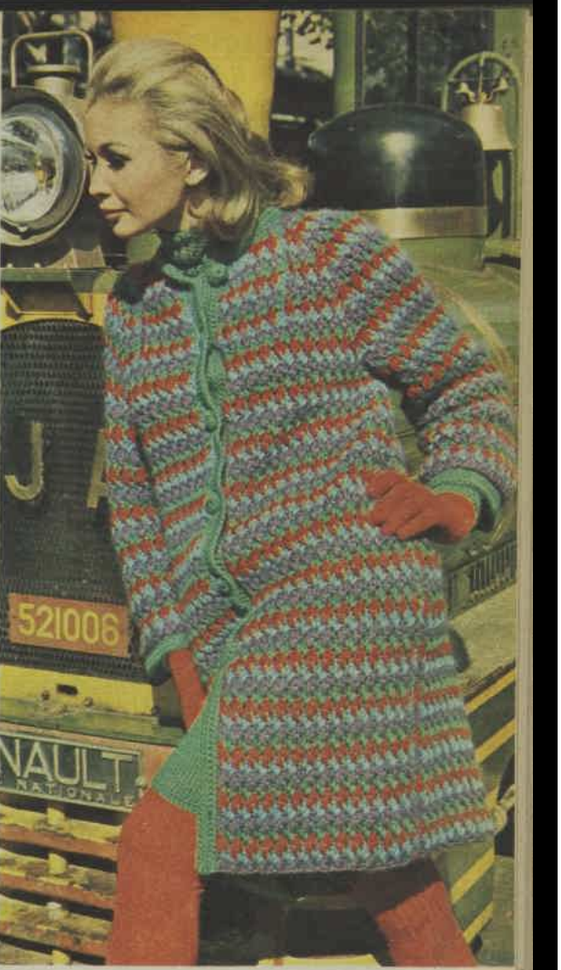
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FOUR WARM DESIGNS FOR WINTER DAYS



● There's a hand-knitted culotte dress and a crocheted coat on this page; a boy's sweater and a dress with knitted top and crocheted skirt on the following pages.

CULOTTE DRESS

Materials: 25 (27) balls Patons Totem; 1 pr. each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 1 No. 10 crochet hook; 22in. Lightning zip fastener; 2 hooks and eyes.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust, 36 (38) in. hips; length of leg seam, 8½in.; length from shoulder, 35in.; length of sleeve, 17in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2in.

LEFT LEG AND SIDE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 110 (116) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row to 128 (134) sts. Work 3 rows st-st.

To Shape Body (right side facing): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and next 3 alt. rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th foll. row to 104 (110) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 19½in. from start of body shaping. (Adjust length if req.)

To Shape Raglan: R.s.f., k 47 (49), cast off 10 (12) sts., k 47 (49) sts. **

Next Row: P 47 (49), turn. Work on these sts. only for left front, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 21 sts. rem., ending on right-side row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 9 sts., p to end.

Cont. in st-st., dec. at raglan every alt. row as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 2 sts. rem., p 2 tog., finish off.

Return to sts. on holder. With wrong side facing, p 47 (49).

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT LEG AND SIDE

Work as left leg and side to **.

Next Row: P 47 (49) sts., turn. Work on this side only for right back, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

Return to rem. sts., with wrong side facing p to end.

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 21 sts. rem., ending on p row.

Next Row: Cast off 9 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in st-st., dec. every alt. row at raglan as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row to last 3 sts.

Next Row: R.s.f., k 1, k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 2 tog., finish off.

SLEEVE

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (56) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every 6th foll. row to 84 (88) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 17in., or length desired.

To Shape Raglan: R.s.f., cast off 5 (6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl. Rep. last 4 rows 2 (3) times.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows only until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join 4 raglan seams and join centre-front seam. With r.s.f., using No. 8 needles, commencing at centre back, pick up and k 14 sts. on left-back neck, 14 on top of left sleeve, 38 round front of neck, 14 on top of right sleeve, and 14 on right-back neck. (94 sts.)

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, * into next st. work k 1 p 1, (k 1, p 1) 4 times, * rep. from * to * to last 7 sts., into next st. work k 1 p 1, (k 1, p 1) 3 times. (104 sts.)

Work in k 1, p 1 rib until collar measures 5½in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam legs. Fit zip into back, commencing 2½in. up in collar. Seam centre back from crutch to zip. Seam sleeves. Turn down collar and sew hooks and eyes to turned-down edges. Press all seams on wrong side.

TO FINISH OFF

With crochet hook work 2 rows d.c. round cast-on edges of legs.

CROCHETED COAT

Materials: 12 balls green (g), 10 balls red (r), 10 balls blue (b), 9 balls heather (h) Patons Totem; No. 8 crochet hook; 6 ¾in. button moulds.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust (actual 36in. for easy fit). Length from back neck, 39in.; sleeve seam, 16in.

Tension: 7½ groups to 4in.; 2 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: ½ tr., work as tr. leaving last 2 loops on hook.

BACK

Using g, commence with 103 ch.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end of row. (102 d.c.) Commence pattern:

1st Row: Using g, 3 ch., miss 1 sp., ½ tr. in next 2 sps. wool over and complete tr., 1 ch. * ½ tr. into each of next 3 sps., wool over and complete trs., 1 ch. *, rep. from * to * to end.

2nd Row: Join in r, 3 ch., one 2 ½ tr. group into 1st sp., 1 ch., * 3 ½ tr. group into next sp., 1 ch., rep. from * to end.

3rd and 4th Rows: As 2nd, using b and h.

Rep. row 2 for patt., keeping colors in sequence, until work measures 30in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: 1st Row: Sl-st. over 2 groups, work in pattern to last 2 groups, turn. (30 groups.)

2nd Row: Sl-st. over 1 group, work to last group, turn. (28 groups.)

3rd Row: Work without shaping. Keeping continuity of pattern, repeat 2nd and 3rd rows five times.

14th, 15th, and 16th Rows: As row 2 (12 groups rem.). Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using g, commence with 52 ch.

1st Row: D.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. to end of row. (51 d.c.) Work in pattern to correspond with back to start of armhole shaping.

To Shape Armhole — 1st Row: Sl-st. over 2 groups, patt. to end.

2nd Row: Patt. to last group, turn.

3rd Row: Work without shaping. Rep. rows 2 and 3 four times, then row 2 once.

13th Row: Work to last 4 groups (neck edge), turn.

14th Row: Work to last group, turn. Rep. row 14 twice more. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using g., commence with 52 ch. Work d.c. row and patt. rows as for back until 2 complete color groups have been worked.

Next Row (Inc. Row): 4 ch., 1 ½ tr. group into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 ch., patt. to end, working an extra ½ tr. group into turning ch. at end of row (1 ½ tr. group increased at each end of row).

Work 3 patt. rows without shaping. Rep. these 4 rows until 8 incs. in all have been worked. (25 groups.)

Continue without shaping until work measures 16in., ending with same color as back at armhole shaping.

To Shape Sleeve Top: Work as armhole shaping for back. Five groups rem. Fasten off. Work another sleeve to match.

TO MAKE UP

Sew raglan sleeves to armholes at back and front. Sew underarm and side seams. Press all seams.

BORDER

Using g., with right side facing, join in wool at lower edge of right front and work a row of d.c. to neck, 3 d.c. into top corner of right front, d.c. round neck, 3 d.c. into top of left front, d.c. to lower edge left front, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: D.c. to neck, 3 d.c. into corner, d.c. round neck, working 6 decs. evenly spaced. (To dec., work ½ d.c. into 2 sps., wool over hook, and draw through all three loops on hook), 3 d.c. into next corner, 2 d.c., 4 ch., d.c. into next sp. (buttonhole loop made). Mark 5 more buttonholes at even intervals down front, as illustrated, and work buttonhole loops at each position as before. D.c. to end of row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: D.c. up right front, working 4 d.c. into each button loop, 3 d.c. into corner, dec. 6 times at even intervals round neck, 3 d.c. into next corner, d.c. to end.

4th Row: As 3rd.

5th Row: As 3rd, but with only 2 decs., one on either side of front neck. Fasten off.

CUFFS

With right side facing, and g., join in wool and work 5 rows d.c. at each cuff. Fasten off.

BUTTONS

Make a running loop and work 8 d.c. into loop. Draw up into tight ring and join round with sl-st.

2nd Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c., join with sl-st.

3rd Round: 2 d.c., 2 d.c. into next d.c. all round.

4th Round: Work without shaping.

5th Round: * ½ d.c. into 2 sps., wool over and draw through three loops on hook (dec. made) 4 d.c., rep. from * all round. Fasten off.

With a needle, run end of wool all round edge and draw up firmly. Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

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CHILD'S SWEATER WITH PANEL PATTERN

Color picture below right

THIS warm raglan sweater will suit girls as well as boys. It's so easy to knit a beginner can tackle it with confidence.

Materials: 12 (13) balls Patons Lambswool; 1 pr. ea. Nos. 9 and 12, 1 set of four No. 12 Milward Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 27 (30) in. underarm. (Jumper measures 2in. larger for easy fit.) Length, 20 (23) in.; sleeves, 13 (15½) in.

Tension: 12½ sts. to 2in.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 95 (105) sts. Work in k 1, p 1, rib for 1½in. Change to No. 9 needles.

** **1st Row:** K 39 (44), p 8, k 1, p 8, k 39 (44). **2nd Row:** P 39 (44), k 8, p 1, k 8, p 39 (44).

3rd Row: K 39 (44), p 7, k 3, p 7, k 39 (44). **4th Row:** P 39 (44), k 7, p 3, k 7, p 39 (44).

5th Row: K 39 (44), p 6, k 5, p 6, k 39 (44). **6th Row:** P 39 (44), k 6, p 5, k 6, p 39 (44).

7th Row: K 39 (44), p 5, k 7, p 5, k 39 (44). **8th Row:** P 39 (44), k 5, p 7, k 5, p 39 (44).

9th Row: K 39 (44), p 4, k 3, p 3, k 3, p 4, k 39 (44). **10th Row:** P 39 (44), k 4, p 3, k 3, p 3, k 4, p 39 (44).

11th Row: K 39 (44), p 3, k 3, p 5, k 3, p 3, k 3, p 39 (44). **12th Row:** P 39 (44), k 3, p 3, k 5, p 3, k 3, p 39 (44).

13th Row: As 11th. **14th Row:** As 12th.

15th Row: As 9th. **16th Row:** As 10th.

17th Row: As 7th. **18th Row:** As 8th.

19th Row: As 5th. **20th Row:** As 6th.

21st Row: As 3rd. **22nd Row:** As 4th. **.

Rep. from ** to ** 3 (4) times, then rows 1 to 12 (8) incl.

To Shape Raglan: Cont. in patt., cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end every row until 75 (85) sts., then in alt. rows until 49 (55) sts. Work 1 row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 2 tog., work 16 (19) sts., turn. Cont. on these 17 (20) sts. dec. 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 5 (6) sts. Dec. 1 st. at raglan edge only in alt. rows until 2 sts. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Leave centre 13 sts. on spare needle. Join yarn at neck edge and work rem. sts. to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to raglan shaping.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end every row until 75 (85) sts., then in alt. rows until 27 (29) sts. Leave sts. on spare needle.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 47 (51) sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 1½in.

Change to No. 9 needles, work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until there are 67 (75) sts. Cont. until side edge measures 13 (15½) in.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 5 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join sleeves to front and back. With right side facing, using set of No. 12 needles, knit up 94 (104) sts. evenly round neck. Work rounds of k 1, p 1, rib for 2in. Using No. 9 needle, cast off in rib.

MAKE UP

Using slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st., join side, sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half and sew lightly in position. Press seams.

this winter...
turn on a naturally
warm welcome with
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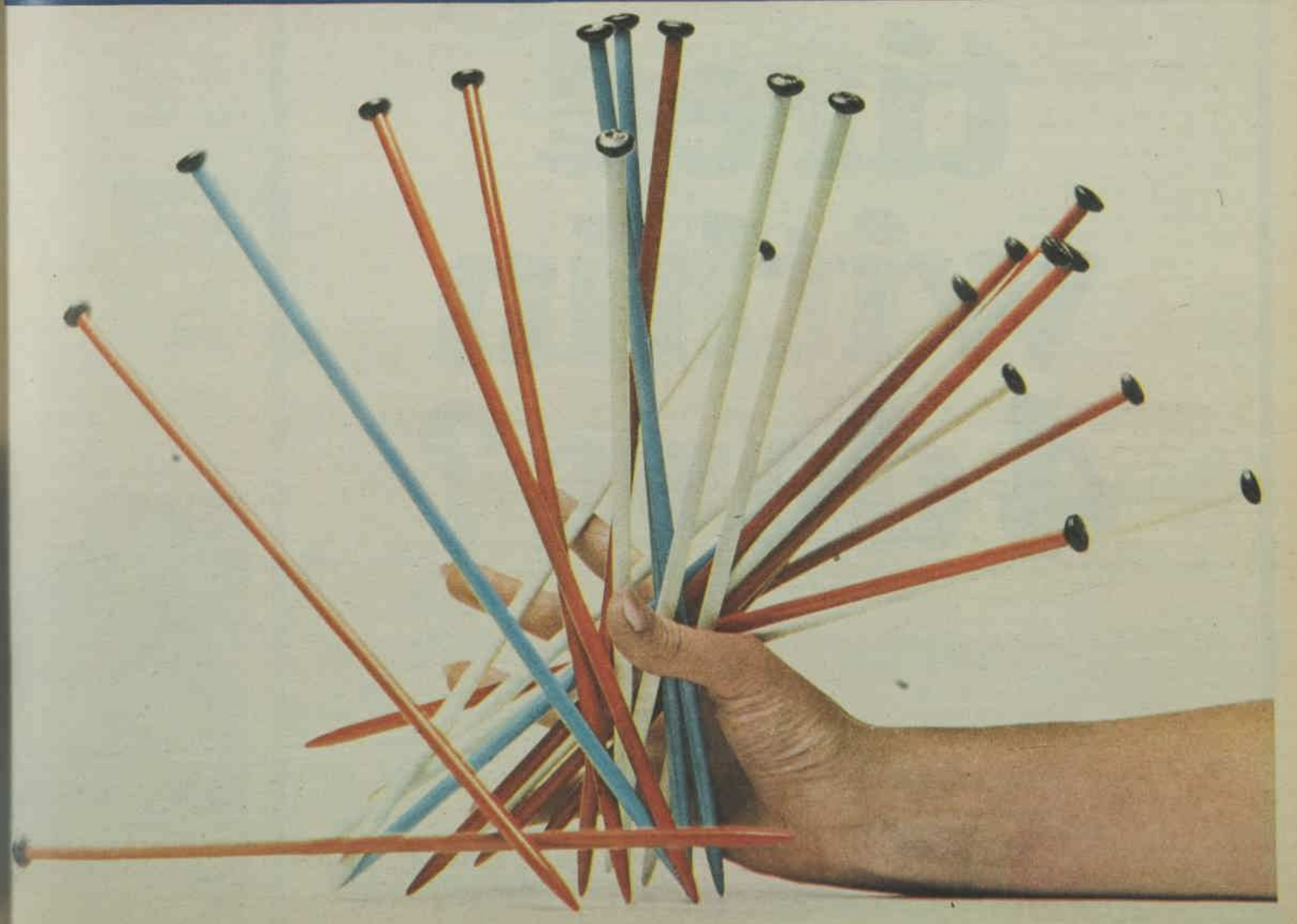
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● Another design overleaf.

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KNITTING IS JUST FOR LITTLE OLD LADIES?
PATONS SAYS FIDDLESTICKS!



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Warm for winter

SKIMMER DRESS

Materials: 9 (10) balls main color (fleck), 12 (12) balls 1st contrast (plain), 1 (1) ball 2nd contrast (plain) Patons Sugar-'n-Spice; 1 pr. No. 7 Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 6 Phantom crochet hook; buckle.

Measurements: To fit 34 (37) in. bust. Length, 34 (34½) in.; sleeve, 3½ (3½) in.

Tension: 5 patts. to 2in.; 7 d.c. to 2in.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c1, 1st contrast; c2, 2nd contrast; y.fwd., yarn forward; d.c., double crochet; inc., 2 d.c. in 1 d.c.

BODICE FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 88 (96).

1st Row: K 1, * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. Rep. 1st row for 10 (10½) in.

To Shape Raglan Armholes—1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end.

** **3rd Row:** Y.fwd., k 3 tog., * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 3 sts., y.fwd., k 3 tog.

4th Row: * Y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

5th Row: K 2 tog., * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

6th Row: K 1, * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. ** Rep. from ** to ** 6 (7) times. 56 (60) sts. ***

To Shape Neck—1st Row: Y.fwd., k 3 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 1, cast off 24 (28) sts., patt. to last 3 sts., y.fwd., k 3 tog. **2nd Row:** (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 7 times, k 1.

3rd Row: Y.fwd., k 3 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 2 tog. **4th Row:** K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 6 times.

5th Row: K 2 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 4 times, y.fwd., k 3 tog. **6th Row:** (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 5 times, k 1.

7th Row: Y-fwd., k 3 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 2 tog. **8th Row:** K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 4 times.

9th Row: K 2 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, y.fwd., k 3 tog. **10th Row:** (K 2 tog., y.fwd.) 3 times, k 1.

11th Row: K 2 tog., y.fwd., k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 3 tog. **12th Row:** (K 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k 1.

13th Row: Y.fwd., k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 3 tog. **14th Row:** (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice.

15th Row: Y.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 tog. **16th Row:** K 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog. **17th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog. **18th Row:** K 2, turn, k 2 tog., Fasten off.

Join yarn to remaining sts. and work other side thus:

1st Row: K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 7 times. **2nd Row:** K 2 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 5 times, y.fwd., k 3 tog.

3rd Row: (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 1. **4th Row:** Y.fwd., k 3 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 5 times. **6th Row:** K 2 tog., (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, y.fwd., k 3 tog.

7th Row: (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 1. **8th Row:** Y.fwd., k 3 tog. (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 2 tog.

9th Row: K 1, (y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times. **10th Row:** K 2 tog., y.fwd., k 2 tog., y.fwd., k 3 tog. **11th Row:** (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 1.

12th Row: Y.fwd., k 3 tog., y.fwd., k 2 tog. **13th Row:** (Y.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice.

14th Row: K 2 tog., y.fwd., k 2 tog. **15th Row:** Y.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1. **16th Row:** K 2 tog., **17th Row:** K 2, turn, k 2 tog. Fasten off.

BODICE BACK

Work as front to ***. Rep. from ** to ** 4 (4) times, then 3rd and 4th rows once. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 56 (60) sts. Work 3in. in patt. as front.

To Shape Raglan — 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end. Work from ** to ** as front raglan 11 (12) times, then 3rd and 4th rows once. Cast off.

SKIRT (Make 2 pieces)

Using c1 and crochet hook make 63 (68) ch. (this edge is sewn to bodice).

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn. 62 (67) d.c. **2nd Row:** 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row 8 times.

Next Row: 19 (21) d.c., inc. in next d.c., 1 d.c., inc. in next d.c., 18 (19) d.c., inc. in next d.c., 1 d.c., inc. in next d.c., 19 (21) d.c., 1 ch., turn. Work 9 rows d.c.

Next Row: 20 (22) d.c., inc. in next d.c., 1 d.c., inc. in next d.c., 20 (21) d.c., inc. in next d.c., 1 d.c., inc. in next d.c., 20 (22) d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Cont. inc. thus every 10th row until 6 inc. rows from beg.

Cont. without shaping until 16 (16) in. (or length desired) from beg. Fasten off.

BELT

Using c1, make 127 (134) ch.

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Break off c1, using c2 rep. 2nd row twice. Fasten off.

BELT TABS (4)

Using c1, make 8 ch.

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each ch. Fasten off.

Do not press. Using flat seam, sew skirt pieces to front and back. Using fine bk-st., sew sleeves to front and back, noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Work d.c. round neck and sleeves thus: 1 round c2, 1 round c1. Sew belt tabs in position. Sew buckle to belt and thread through.

Quit feeling tired within 4 days?

Taking new *Accomin 300* adult tonic concentrate once a day, most people notice results in about 4 days. You see, if you've been feeling a little tired, or worn out, or easily fatigued, it can be because your body lacks certain vitamins or isn't making full use of the food you eat. New *Accomin 300* — is the first full adult tonic specially formulated to help you beat this sort of tiredness *safely*, without drugs or stimulants. Unlike conventional tonics, *Accomin 300* does not stop at just vitamin and iron supplementation, but also gives you important *l-Lysine*.

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KNITTING IS FOR JENNY POLLARD, MOTHER OF ALEXIS AND CELIA. SHE KNITTED THESE HUSKY SWEATERS IN PATONS QUICK-KNITTING JET



MOTHER'S SWEATER FROM PATONS BOOK No. 842. CHILDREN'S SWEATERS FROM PATONS BOOK No. 856.

Patons Jet is a friend to all young mothers. A friend for all the reasons that Jenny discovered: because it is husky, comforting and handsome; and because it's amazingly quick-to-knit – important when you're knitting for a family. Here Jenny Pollard's daughters wear two delightful mini-sweaters – one cabled (for Celia), one collared (for Alexis). Jenny herself wears a great hug of sweater, ribbed close around the yoke and ridged with ribby bands. Jenny is one housewife who tends to her knitting. And whatever yarn she chooses comes from Patons.

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Patons Jet is a sturdy yarn, great for all informal and sporty garments, but downright handsome whatever shape it takes. All pure new wool and exceptionally quick-knitting, Jet is Patonised to resist shrinking.

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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

disuse and neglect; sinking ground, pillared supports mouldering away, or collapsing after rainfall . . .

Into her mind flashed a vision of herself being trapped underground. And dying slowly and horribly, for who would know . . . ?

With a violent shiver she broke free of the nightmare. She went through the trees, passed resolutely through the menacing fangs of the arch, and was at the door itself.

It was a broad and squat archway, a black echo of the fanged gate. Tentatively she reached out and pushed. To her astonishment the door yielded silently, moving inward. She took a step forward then stopped, rigid with fear.

Something was whimpering, sighing as if to itself, with now and then a gobbling or chuckling note . . . She stood listening wide-eyed, then angry at her own credulity, she relaxed. That voice was nothing but the voice of water, pent in this place and ceaselessly echoing and re-echoing off the walls. She had a vision of Porcher reinforcing his threat of the hidden monster by bringing William to this door and making him listen.

The thought infuriated her, dispersing her last traces of timidity. In scorn, she saw the Folly for what it was, a gigantic lunacy, the extravaganza of a wastrel who had never grown up.

Now she was dying to go in for just a short way and see what the place was like, the more so that now, even from the doorway, she could see that its passage stretched out dead-level as far as the eye could reach. Its extremity was blocked from side to side by — by what?

She strained her eyes through the uneven glimmer. A gate, one might call it, at hazard. She caught a hint of grillework, spires of iron tracery. And below it something solider and darker stretching from side to side.

As if impelled, she walked boldly in. Her fearfulness and beating heart were because of her trespass, she told herself, and nothing else. The ground under her feet might be flagstone, even marble. Over it lay a slimy film of mud, but the floor itself felt solid, and this was the important thing. The ceiling was formed of small domes, and at the apex of each dome was an eye over a foot in diameter; through these came dropping light that fell on the floor and stretched away in even file.

She walked a few steps further then recoiled, shocked and sickened by what she had failed to see from the doorway, and could see now. All along each side at intervals there were large, deep niches, and each niche held a piece of statuary. They were all of two figures and all revolting . . . serpents, apes, fauns, satyrs, women, each portraying horrible violence and obscenity.

Worst of all, they were real works of art. Some fine artist had trampled his talents in the mud to produce this terrible degradation.

She stood motionless, with averted eyes, realising her earlier mistake, her contemptuous dismissal of Starvelings and its menace. No evil? Here was evil incarnate. In this dank half-buried place, here was the evil of Starvelings. She would gladly leave it. But still ahead of her loomed that other thing, the intricacy that her experience could not define nor her eyes penetrate. If she ran away now, all her life she would wonder what it had been . . .

She started toward it, picking her way with extreme care. Staring straight ahead to shut out the loathsome encounters on each side, all the same she noted that a few of the niches stood empty, their late occupants tumbled on the ground before them; some in fragments. None of it could be accident; these statues were solid enough to last for ever; it must all have been done to the accompaniment of what drunken ecstasies of destruction she could only imagine.

Now Davina could see metal, silvery lichen-grey lead. Advancing a little nearer, she halted at a distance of some ten feet, blankly contemplating what confronted her.

ACROSS the passage, almost from side to side, curved a rim about two feet high, a circle of brown granite enclosing a fountain. It was not playing now, but water from somewhere was entering and leaving it; the source of the low chuckling and gulping audible from the doorway. One could continue walking around the fountain, a very narrow space between it and the wall being allowed for this, but — and here was the genesis of what she had seen and could not understand.

At the halfway point of the fountain's circle was an elaborate iron screen mounting upward toward a high central point. On it was perched some nightmare creature holding a girl in whose outflung arms and hands was a madness of fear.

She turned, sickened and revolted, and started back for the open door, with the blessed daylight coming through it. She wanted to run from these nightmare horrors, but in time she remembered the treacherous floor and held her flight to an even walk. Carefully, deliberately, she went, watching her every step . . .

Suddenly she glimpsed what was impossible — a vague shifting in the outlines of one of those alcoved silhouettes, a pinpoint flicker that was the movement of living eyes. Even before her palsied faculties had told her that this silhouette loomed much taller than the others, it had stepped out of its niche — Porcher, carrying Lord Stanyon on his back.

High above Porcher's head rose Stanyon's broad shoulders and long simian arms; in one hand he carried a shepherd's crook. As she stood transfixed the monster moved toward her.

Her first cornered instinct to make a dash for it, try to run past them, was cancelled in advance by the unnerving reach of the shepherd's crook. Through her mind passed a vision of herself caught by the neck, flung violently backwards like an escaping animal. Already the distance between them had lessened, Porcher crept forward under his burden; now on each side of him she could see the shrunken legs dangling . . .

"Well met, my lovely one," Lord Stanyon mocked her. "Well met in these romantic regions. Dedicated to love they are, did you know? Therefore, how appropriate in this temple to salute your poor admirers with a kiss. Both of 'em, both your adorers. 'Come, my rosebud.'"

She took a step backward. The sight roused them to uproarious humor: Porcher's laughter was soundless, Lord Stanyon's strident.

"Retreat, eh?" he crowed. "Now that, my dolly, you'll find no good idea. But retreat if it please you, we'll follow. Then the two-legged

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KNITTING IS FOR WILL TIMMERMAN, MODEL AND MANNEQUIN. SHE KNITTED THIS SWEATER, THIS JACKET, IN PATONS TOTEM





A model's life is an exhausting one. An endless flitter-flutter from appointment to appointment: a strut upon the cat-walk; a pose long held. What does a girl do for soothing relaxation? Will Timmerman knits. Fashiony gear, of the sort she wears here: a polo-necked sweater flashed with cables back and forth; a striking jacket rainbowed with on-the-slant stripes. Will is young, long, lovely and devoted to hand-knitting. And whatever yarn she chooses comes from Patons.

Patons

PURE NEW WOOL

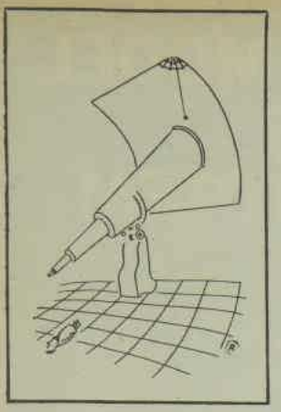
Totem is Patons classic yarn. Everyone's favourite, for its wide range of colours, its smooth good looks. Patons Totem is all pure new wool, moth-proofed, and Patonised to resist shrinking.

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TOTEM SWEATER AND JACKET FROM PATONS BOOK No. 850.

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centaur began moving forward again. "Your humble, faithful servants will follow. Lead on, my dolly, lead on!"

She whirled and fled. Her panic flight took her to the rim of the fountain, where, of course, she had to stop. The looming pursuer approached leisurely, inexorably; when only a few feet separated them she climbed into the fountain and stood almost knee-deep in the ice-cold water. The sight evoked from both old men a rapture of amusement.

"Like the old days, like the old days exactly!" Stanyon crowed. This renews my youth. Nearer, Dobbin."

The joint misshapenness came unhurriedly up to the fountain; trying to move out of reach, she tripped, recovered, tripped, almost fell, and after frantic scramblings brought up short with her back against the grille that cut the fountain in half.

"Now!" bayed Lord Stanyon, from a climax of mirth and triumph. "Now d'you see, you little fool? D'you see? Now," he panted. "Now, my pretty, I'll show you."

He lunged, making a wholehearted effort to reach her. The force of this lunge nearly overset Porcher. He executed a sort of lightning dance-step in an effort to keep his balance which he did after floundering violently — but the suddenness of the combined movements was fatal to his rider.

Lord Stanyon, too enthusiastically fencing with the crook, and overexcited by the hunt, relaxed his hold on Porcher's collar. Spilling backward with a yell of surprise and dismay, and almost carrying Porcher with him, he came down with a terrible crash and lay on his back in the mud.

A string of furious oaths broke from him, then said almost at once, to the moaning note of pain. "I'm hurt," he wheezed. "I'm hurt."

"Well, then." Porcher, with utter equanimity, looked down at him. "My back, I said you might break me back with it. I said let me push you in your chair."

"You—you did it—" Stanyon wailed, "—on purpose! I know!"

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

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"I didn't, then," Porcher rebutted tranquilly. The unimaginable scene with its unimaginable dialogue pursued its way; Davina had gathered up her skirts and was creeping toward the rim of the fountain, her fear-distended eyes nailed to her pursuers. She need not have troubled; they were now as oblivious of her as though she had never existed. With a final effort she was over the granite rim and past the recumbent and the standing man, slipping, half-falling, sobbing in her flight.

.

Get William out of that place, get him out instantly. This was the single thought in her mind as she sat in the trap, being driven to Starvelings by Todd, their stableman. As to what might come later, she could not think brokenly. Appeal to Mr. Truscott; find any relation of William's who might by family ties or for the sake of appearance, take steps for his protection; tell her father what had happened and await the result of his descent upon Lord Stanyon.

She had been lucky yesterday, getting home unseen with no need to explain her draggled skirts and dishevelment. And for this moment, she was clear on one point: go to the house under Todd's escort, and when Porcher opened the door, demand William and take him back at once.

As she approached the door she saw that it was ajar —a phenomenon, unknown in all the months of her coming here, then it was pulled open from within, to reveal the presence — also unprecendented — of Lady Stanyon. Before her stood William.

"Mum," blurted Lady Stanyon in a queer voice, hoarse and breathless. "I've told Wyyum you're bein' that kind to give him a holiday, he's to take this bread an' cheese and go off by hisself an' play. That's right, an't it, mum?"

Over the boy's head she was trying to convey some other message, with nodding and winking and a finger to her lips.

"Why yes," concurred Davina. This instant availability of William, in fact, was playing into her hand. "Todd," she said. "Will you please to drive Master William to the Rectory at once? William, you would like that, would you not?"

There was no doubt that William could forgo a morning's lesson without undue grief; both women, in silence, watched the two figures retreating. As soon as they disappeared Lady Stanyon, in whose aspect there was now distracted appeal, beckoned Davina over the theshold.

"Mum," she blurted, her breathing like that of a runner ready to drop. "I'm afeared, I'm that afeard — that summat has happened to his Lordship."

"Happened?" Davina echoed. "You mean—?"

"I'm afeard so," Lady Stanyon evaded the relentless word. "I can't understand it nohow, otherwise."

"Has Porcher told you that Lord Stanyon is dead?"

"That's just it." The poor woman's bewildered look entreated help. "This mornin', five o'clock or earlier even, I heard this clip-clop over at the stables, and I think, What mischief's afoot, so I gets up an' looks—" she had to catch her breath "—and mum, there's Porcher on our best horse with a great bag a-swingin' both sides his saddle —" She had to stop again. "—well, there an't any market hereabouts on this day, and anyways, Porcher he'd go there with bags empty, not full to burstin'. Heavy them bags were, you could tell. So that — that's why I think his Lordship's — I mean, that somethin's happened—"

"Have you — have you been to Lord Stanyon's room? To see if—?"

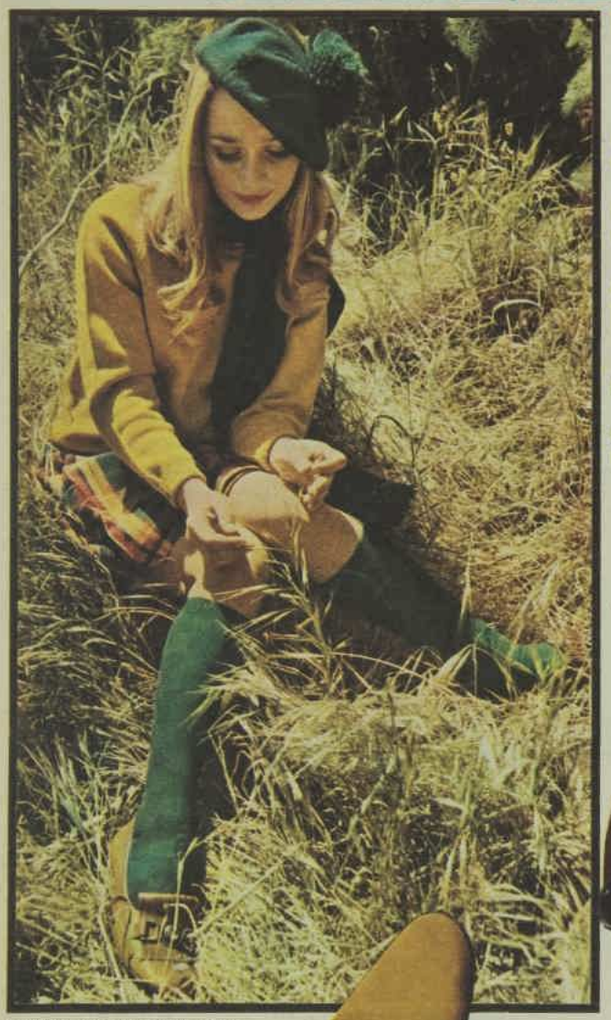
"Mum, I dursn't. His Lordship've give positive orders as I'm not to show my face abovestairs, and in especial not in his bedchamber."

"We had better both go and see," urged Davina, against a chill queasiness.

In silence they ascended to the

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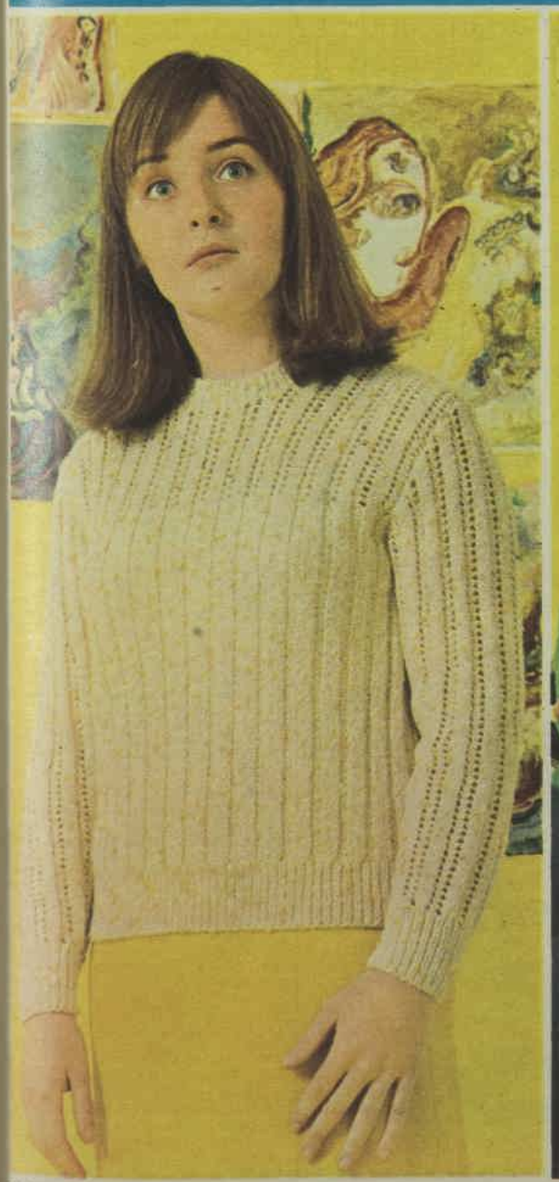
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KNITTING IS FOR SUE BENNETT, FIRST-YEAR ART STUDENT. SHE KNITTED THIS SWEATER IN PATONS PEBBLE; THIS JACKET IN PATONS SCOTCH MIST



PEBBLE SWEATER FROM PATONS BOOK No. 859.



SCOTCH MIST JACKET FROM PATONS BOOK No. 844.

Sue Bennett grew up in a family of knitters. She's been knitting and purling since she was a child. Here she wears a much-ribbed sweater in Patons pretty Pebble: creamy-coloured, flickered with golden-yellow specks. And a close-hugging jacket in Patons Scotch Mist: cabled up front; long and close-sleeved; its Vee-neck cosied with a tucked-in scarf. Sue's winter wardrobe owes much to hand-knitting. And whatever yarn she chooses comes from Patons.

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Patons Pebble is a moth-proofed, pure new wool knop yarn in basic colours flecked with contrasting shades.

Patons Scotch Mist is 72% wool blended with 28% mohair – a Shetland-type yarn with a soft and misty surface. Both yarns are Patonised to resist shrinking.

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THE BOYFRIEND



"I'm looking for something different — have you any square ones?"

first floor, then to the second. At intervals, Lady Stanyon stopped and laid hold of the banister, gasping for breath. They emerged into the ruinous corridor, and presently halted outside Lord Stanyon's retreat. The lofty double doors were shut; no sound of any kind was audible. Davina knocked, with firmness and impact, so that no one inside could fail to hear.

Still there was only silence. She pushed harder, and the right-hand leaf of the door swung entirely open. Both women peered in. The curtains of the four-poster were drawn part way back, yet within them nothing could be discerned but a motionless inequality beneath the bedclothes, and stretching out beyond the curtain one hand, one big yellow hand.

Davina straightened her shoulders unconsciously and walked into

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

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the room. Her companion, fearful and timid, followed her. Again without a word they stared at the occupant of the bed. His head was thrown far back on the squalid heap of pillows. His look was that of a person who had died in pain.

Help, Davina thought, help must be got; her father would instruct the sexton, see to everything necessary . . . Belatedly remembering her companion, she turned to Lady Stanyon, and received a shock. Lady Stanyon's color was still ghastly, she still looked a very sick woman, but she seemed to stand taller than before, and even appeared less flabby.

"Well, so there he be!" she exclaimed. Even her voice was different, a current of freedom pulsed through it, and a smile of furious hatred lit her face.

"Didn't I know it, soon's I seen that Porcher making off wi' his plunder this mornin'? Didn't I say it to yourself, mum? Didn't I tell you that very thing?"

"What — what —" Davina fumbled, at a loss.

"Why Porcher, he wouldn't durst leave here, onless that devil was dead! My Lord held summat over his head. Pretty bad it must've been, bad enough to keep him rotting here in this place till he was old and good for nowt — bad enough he could be strung up for it, I lay you! A pris'ner, mum, that's what Porcher were, a pris'ner of my Lord's. Just the same," her voice took on a new note of frightening stridency, "just the same as I were a pris'ner of Porcher—!"

"What do you mean?" Davina was shocked by the tone of the woman's voice. "How could Porcher keep you a prisoner? You could have got away, surely."

A GRIMNESS settled upon Lady Stanyon. "Aye," she said, "I could've. But Porcher, he knowed I'd never go without the boy."

"William — of course you couldn't take William. Lord Stanyon wouldn't have allowed it. Little as he cared for the child, William is his heir."

"That's just it, mum," Lady Stanyon returned. "Wiyyum wasn't his Lordship's child — he was Porcher's."

Davina reeled almost physically at this announcement. But not at what was said, as Lady Stanyon obviously expected. Her shock lay in her instant realisation of the cruel trickery that had been practised on this unfortunate creature.

"What was I to do?" Lady Stanyon was protesting defensively. "How could I protect myself, all alone with Porcher? So when the boy come—" her breath was shorter— "well there I was caught proper. You wouldn't know, mum, but Porcher in his younger days had reddish hair like Wiyyum. So Porcher said keep the boy out of his Lordship's sight or he'd know it wasn't his. An' he'd turn me out on the parish with him—an' who'd take us in, the child and me? So there I was, mum—a pris'ner, same as if I was bound."

"Lady Stanyon," challenged Davina. "William was not Porcher's child. William was Lord Stanyon's son."

An irony passed over Lady Stanyon's face. "Who's to know?" she retorted. "Not me. And least of all yourself, mum."

"I do know," Davina insisted. "Come, I'll show you."

Without a word they entered the gallery, where Davina led the way to the more ancient canvas. "Look," she indicated the Elizabethan boy in his velvet suit.

Lady Stanyon peered, not seeming to understand. Certainly the portrait was too dim and dark to be conclusive, but Davina had wanted to invoke her double witness. "And look here." She passed along to the later painting, the little Puritan William, unmistakable.

"Porcher blacked their faces over, less you should see them," she said. "He did it only to these two children. Because he knew that if — if by any chance you should notice them — you would know that William was Lord Stanyon's. A family resemblance so strong would prove it. Anyone would know."

Lady Stanyon turned blindly away from the picture. She took a clumsy step or two and stood motionless. Then a scream tore its way out of her, a long, sustained scream from some bottomless depth of outrage and betrayal.

In the next instant she had fallen heavily to the floor, mercifully released from her wasted life; from lies and trickery; released, mercifully and finally, from everything . . .

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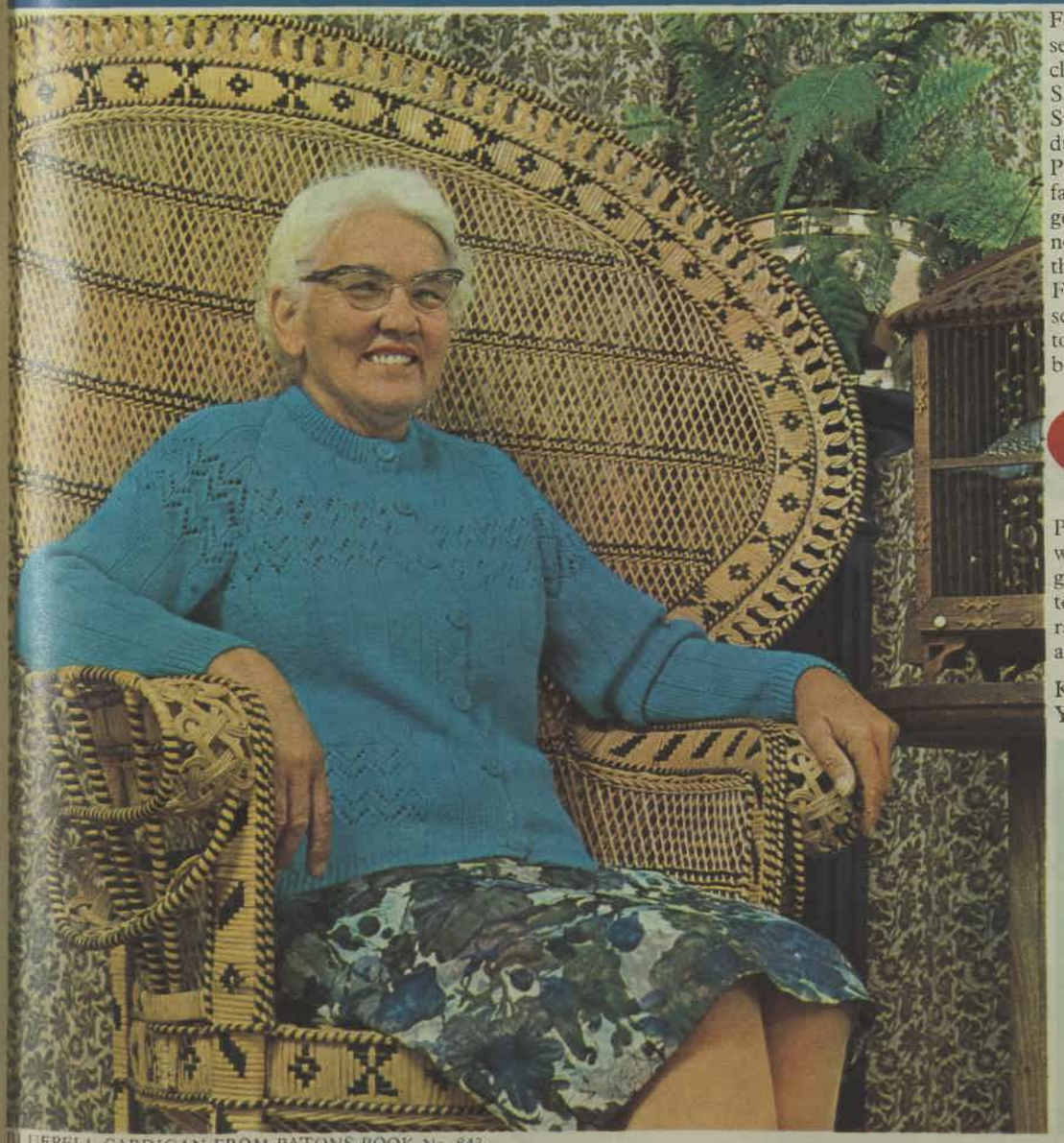
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KNITTING IS FOR LOUISE COPPLESTONE, A CHARMING LITTLE OLD LADY. PATONS BLUEBELL HAS BEEN HER FAVOURITE YARN FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS



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BLUEBELL CARDIGAN FROM PATONS BOOK No. 843

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"OK! But just this once!"

She was running, running. Perhaps from the house empty but for two dead people, perhaps from the frantic need to see any face recognisably human.

Hardly knowing she was home, she came stumbling over the lawn toward the french doors of her father's study, from which he suddenly emerged, carrying a letter in his hand. Mr. Milne's face was unfamiliar, broken by emotion.

"My—my love," he stammered. "Nevil is alive. Wounded — not grievously — and coming home. An error — a confusion in communications—"

She heard only the first two words; the rending and dazzle in her head, which she had no time even to define as joy, had flung her to the ground like Lady Stanyon. Except that of the two, it was only Lady Stanyon who would never get up again.

THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

On a summer day in 1922, Ledyard Hall was in the throes and tumult of experiment. In an effort to make ends meet, its owner, Major Stokedale, was throwing it open for public inspection. The money to be gained was all that mattered to him. The Major knew little and cared less of the history and treasures of his stately ancestral home.

Neither did his enthusiastic friends who had volunteered to act as guides to the invading tourists. With one exception. Rupert Gunnis, aged twenty-two and good-looking in a blunt-featured way, who had a passion for art and antiquities.

"Don't you even know where this bloke came from?" he demanded, halting in front of the portrait of a Regency dandy.

"Look," responded the Major. "I've already told you my grandfather was an eccentric, and his eccentricity took the form of going about and buying things at country auctions. Any old house they were clearing out for miles around, there he'd be, gathering in junk by the cartload — bad prints, damaged silver anything. I remember my grandmother having fits over the stuff he'd bring home."

"And you expect that this may've come—" Rupert indicated the cape-coated young man "—from one of his scavenging expeditions?"

"I don't know. I can only tell you that this lad's been hanging here ever since I can remember. A nasty character, now that I come to look at him."

"It's a good portrait. By the way, I fancy there's a family resemblance to our friend over there." Rupert indicated a high-nosed Georgian nobleman in robes. "But no signature, no identification. What are we to tell people?"

"Anything you like," said the Major . . .

The crowds flocked in their hundreds, on foot, on bicycles, in cars, in tourist buses. Now the harvest lay almost concealing the enormous refectory table in the great hall. The two hired gatekeepers unattractive types, had turned out to be very competent. One of them, in fact, kept dwelling on a particular episode, obviously proud of his part in it.

"There was this old bloke tried to get in again and again. Callin' himself a lord! 'Listen, me lord dook,' I says to him, 'buzz off if you know what's good for you. Tryin' it on like that,' I tells him, 'at your age! Now take yourself off, Grandad,' I tells him 'else you're in trouble.' The everlastin' brass of him, callin' himself Lord Stanning or whatever—!"

An old, dry strand of recollection vibrated faintly in Rupert; some echo of a tale once current among people of his grandparents' generation. He could only have heard it as a child. And with a memory that was to be phenomenal all his life, he remembered a name.

"Tell me," he asked his host. "There was an old boy who lived hereabouts at one time, a Lord Stanyon?"

"Long ago," assented the Major. "About twenty miles off. A sort of local oddity, last of his line — he's been dead for donkey's years, I expect."

"He's not dead. Not by what that fellow at the gate's been saying," Rupert demurred. "Where does he live?"

"I never knew exactly. Tremendous big house pulled down ages ago, the park all barbed wire and No Trespass. A wilderness, no good to anyone."

"And you don't know where he lives?" Rupert persisted.

"Put it to the head gardener," said the Major. "He's over eighty. He knows everything back to the Wars of the Roses, if you'll believe him."

With specific directions the place was not hard to find, and the gardener's outline had prepared the explorer for the sort of thing it was. Nevertheless, it surprised him a little. The small stone habitations of two storeys, four of them in a row, were kept up with such neatness and propriety — tidy gardens full of flowers, and the dwellings brilliantly whitewashed and standing on an oval of smooth green grass. The left-hand end one, the gardener had said, and in fact no sooner had the car pulled up and its driver descended than an old man popped out of the door.

"Welcome, sir!" he cried, advancing at a sprightly trot. "Sir, you are welcome!"

Rupert, a highly imaginative being, was not in the least put out by the cordiality of the greeting. Whether the old man took him for someone else, or was merely glad of any visitor, made no difference.

"Sir, I thank you," he returned, adopting the small apparition's old world speech and manner.

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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Have I the honor, sir, to address Lord Stanyon?"

"Sir, I am Lord Stanyon." The old man was obviously immensely pleased.

"Sir, I understand that you were so good as to pay us a visit at Ledyard Hall?"

"I did so indeed." A faint apprehension seemed to envelop Lord Stanyon, as if he expected reproof.

"We are sorry to have missed you, sir, very sorry. Might we talk together a few moments, Lord Stanyon?"

The old man seated himself at once on a bench before the cottage. He was a small wizened creature dressed in blue country corduroys, a blue shirt, and stout shoes. The clothing was faded but very clean and the shoes, also well worn, were nicely polished. Across Lord Stanyon's forehead, curiously unlined, was brushed a smooth lick of hair, and in the total effect was something still boyish. His age Rupert put at well over seventy.

"You came to Ledyard," he repeated. "And the man would not let you in."

"No," admitted Lord Stanyon. "He was — he was rude. Sir, it is bad to be rude."

"Bad indeed," Rupert acquiesced. "Sir, I am here to offer Major Stokedale's apologies — the Major owns Ledyard Hall. He wishes that you may visit him again."

"Sir, you are very kind." Lord Stanyon beamed.

Intrigued, Rupert asked, "May I ask how you reached Ledyard from here?"

"The bus," said Lord Stanyon. Then his face clouded. "I beg, that you will not tell Mrs. Jump."

"No, no," Rupert agreed; so it was a Mrs. Jump who looked after the old man, for it was plain that he must have someone. "And would you tell me, had you any special interest in coming?"

"The signs—" Lord Stanyon explained vaguely, "—the signs said, paintings. Paintings," he repeated. "At Ledyard Hall."

"I see," Rupert encouraged, without seeing. "You like paintings?"

"No," returned his companion. "But — but I must find it. I look and look wherever I can. If I keep looking, one day I shall find it."

"Find it?" Rupert ventured, completely at sea. "Find what?"

"My picture," said Lord Stanyon. "I am looking for my picture."

Of all the unlikely things that this journeyer toward second childhood might have said, this was the unlikeliest.

"This picture, was it of you? A portrait of yourself?" Rupert asked.

"No, sir. In the picture he has my rebes. He is wearing my robes."

"What sort of rebes?"

"Peer's robes," said the old man. "My peer's robes."

"And was this picture at Starvelings?"

"Yes. And a picture with the— the Queen—" Lord Stanyon broke off and seemed to grope. "—perhaps not the Queen. I forget, sir," he apologised. "I forget."

"Lord Stanyon," Rupert said decisively, getting up. "Let us go at once to the hall and see if your picture is not there. My car —" he gestured "—we can be there in less than an hour, and I will bring you back."

"Sir!" Lord Stanyon was in a child's rapture. "Sir, I thank you."

They were just moving toward the car when a woman emerged from the next-door cottage.

"Axin' your pardon, sir," she addressed Rupert, "but was you going off somewhere with his Lordship—?"

"My name is Rupert Gurnis and I am a guest of Major Stokedale's at Ledyard Hall," explained the abductor. "We will only drive over there to see some paintings, and return immediately."

"Mrs. Jump!" said Lord Stanyon. "I am going!"

"Yes, yes, m'Lord," she placated. "But it may come over chill, and your Lordship had best take your cap an' jacket. This gentleman here will have the kindness to wait, won't you, sir?"

"Indeed I will wait," Rupert confirmed.

The old man hurried into the house, while Mrs. Jump turned a different look upon the visitor.

"Sir, was you one o' the Chancery gentlemen?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he disclaimed.

"No? Well, sir, you see," she explained, "these here cottages, they all belong to his Lordship. We have ours rent-free for lookin' after him, and of course we feels responsible-like—"

"Of course."

"—and on'y yesterday, sir, he gave me such a scare! Slipped off, he did, and were gone for hours—"

"He was at Ledyard Hall," Rupert enlightened her. "He told me he went by bus."

"There now, just fancy! Our instructions is he shouldn't have much money, on'y a shilling now and again, but I've s'spected he saves 'em. So he got way over to Ledyard!" she marvelled. "And on'y the one bus from here every ninety minutes! And he'd not be up to a timetable. He'd just go to the stop. An' a rare old sit he'd have, I reckon."

"I expect you're right," said Rupert, with a vision of the old creature patiently, uncomplainingly waiting.

"You see, sir," Mrs. Jump vouchsafed, "he's a bit the worse in his intellecks, this past year or so. Sometimes he's cleverer than what you'd expect, like yesterday, but there's no tellin'. A bit wilful he may be at times, but such a gentleman. Lovely manners he's got, such beautiful manners always. They do say," she was now fully launched, "as how there was this wicked servant at Starvelings, Porter or that his name was, and he murdered the old Lord, done him to death in his bed an' fled away. An' the old Lord he'd married this publican's daughter, a low wicked woman she was, that used to beat the child half to death. At any rate, that's how the story goes. Well, then you'll take good care o' him, sir?"

"I most certainly shall. Don't worry, Mrs. Jump."

"Thank you, sir. An', sir—you will tell the Chancery gentlemen, if they asks, that his Lordship's well looked after? He's nice an' clean, my husband he helps him to

To page 110



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THE HEIR OF STARVELINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

bathe. An' he's a bit dwindly I know, but he's never ate well, he on'y picks—"

"Many people are like that," Rupert reassured her. "And I assure you I have nothing to do with Chancery, but anyone can see that Lord Stanyon is well looked after. He is a credit to you, Mrs. Jump."

.

The Long Gallery was a jumble of canvases, the eccentric grandfather's loot ill-hung and ill-arranged. Undeterred by the many knots of people in his way, Lord Stanyon began dodging in and out among them spryly. And after only a few moments he had found it; Rupert caught him up before the Georgian peer. The old man was breathing quickly, his whole face was alight; his eyes moving inch by inch over the glories of velvet and miniver.

"My robes — my picture." Then at once he seemed to ask pardon. "It is not really mine," he explained humbly. "Not mine any more, I know. I only wanted to look." He turned from the canvas. "Sir. By your leave I will go home."

They started retracing their steps, Rupert profoundly moved yet disappointed; he had had hopes of the visitant's recognising other paintings from his home, but literally he was blind to all but his engrossing vision. Only once Rupert ventured an attempt to detain him. "Lord Stanyon—" he indicated the disdainful Regency buck "—do you know who that was?"

"My father," said Lord Stanyon with barely a glance, and accelerated his pace. Rupert, following in his wake, had to be satisfied that two of the Starvelings portraits, at any rate, were now identified.

Back home again, the old man paused at the open car door. "Pray, sir, will you partake of some refreshment?"

"Thank you, Lord Stanyon," returned Rupert, "with pleasure." He got out and followed his host into the cottage.

The interior was what he had expected. It was all higgledy-piggledy but clean; Rupert had a vision of Mrs. Jump daily putting all in order, and Lord Stanyon daily making a harmless havoc of her efforts. On the round table were a plate of bread and butter, a nice home-made cake, and two kinds of jam; cups and everything else stood ready.

"The kettle," said Lord Stanyon, "I shall put on the kettle."

Visibly exhilarated by the presence of a guest he needed no encouragement to talk.

"I was at school a long time," he offered. I did not like school. I lived at the Rectory, too, yes, I lived there and they were very kind to me. You see I have had friends."

"I am sure you had friends," said Rupert.

"There was a Mr.—a Mr. Cott," went on the broken stitching of the old man's reminiscence. "I think it was Cott. He made them shut up my house, but I did not mind. I hated my house. And always he said he would help me, and I like him very much. I have not seen him for a long time. They say he married a lady of great riches, but her I never saw."

"Ah, yes, yes?" Rupert murmured. "And your other friends? Tell me of them, pray, if you will?"

"Mrs.—Mrs.—" Lord Stanyon hesitated, seeming to have constant difficulty with proper names. "Mrs. Nevil," he brought out at last, with evident dissatisfaction. "But her name was different, before. A pretty name. I wish I could remember. I loved Mrs. Nevil, I loved her very much. And she loved me," he added proudly.

"She was happy that she loved you, I expect," returned the guest. He drank some tea; the teapot had long since appeared, its owner dispensing quite handily.

Now Lord Stanyon sat gazing at him vacantly or with some expression hard to define.

"Sir," he piped suddenly. "Sir, will you do me a kindness? Will you wait for me a little?"

"I will wait as long as you wish, Lord Stanyon," said Rupert.

The old man sprang up with a pleased inarticulate sound, and hurried to the far right-hand corner of the room. Here he gave a little leap, and brought down from the ceiling the weighted ladder that did duty, in such places, as a staircase. This he tethered to the floor by a hook, then swarmed up nimbly, pushed at a trap-door, and vanished.

Rupert, alone, lapsed into a pleasing melancholy. The strangeness of human lives; the strangeness of this one and of its termination, this heir to the grand house so utterly vanished.

A succession of curious noises had begun overhead, a bumping and shuffling as though something heavy were being moved about; what could the old fellow be up to . . . ?

Now a slow dragging sound came nearer and nearer the trap-door. Through it, all at once, dropped a sort of red waterfall, followed by the body to which it was attached. Down the ladder, slowly and cautiously, crept a small apparition almost snuffled out beneath his voluminous trailing garment. As he advanced into the clearer light it could be seen that the red velvet was faded and rubbed bare in patches, and the fur ravaged by moth to a few yellow tufts.

Involuntarily, Rupert had got to his feet.

"I wanted someone to see me in them," said the old man. "No one ever saw me in them. No one ever saw me—no one," he repeated, "except—except—"

The rusty gates of his memory swung ajar; in his face was a sudden brightness, a light of recovering something lost.

"—Davina!" he cried joyfully. "Davina."

THE END

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Do you have an Australian husband?

Yes? Well, lucky you, says a girl from the Continent — who married one herself!

— A READER'S STORY

By Jacqueline Walton

SO often we read about those wonderful, romantic Continental husbands. Well, let me tell you how lucky you are to have an Australian husband.

They may not kiss your hand or compliment you with flowery phrases, but when he comes home and gives you one of those big "smackers," you know he is glad to see you even if he doesn't say so.

He might talk about "the wife" or "the missus," but in such a way you know you are appreciated.

He doesn't treat you like a slave who has to wait hand and foot on him, which is expected by a lot of Continentals as soon as the honeymoon is over.

How many Continentals have you seen helping their wives with the washing-up, or such chores? Not many, I bet, but the Aussie husband does not mind lending a helping hand with such things.

This doesn't mean he is a cissy. It just shows he has some consideration for his wife.

Where else than in Australia would you see a husband, with such obvious pride, wheel a pram? A Continental? Forget it. He wouldn't be seen dead doing such a thing.

In quite a few places in Europe you will find the lord and master walking ahead, and mum and the children a couple of paces behind.

At a party or dance, you might be sitting at one end of the room or hall while your husband is talking to the boys at the other end, but isn't that better than having him pinching ladies' bottoms and throwing that Continental charm at every other woman in the room?

Isn't it a great feeling when you are ill and you hear your husband say, "If you are feeling crook, love, why don't you go and lie down for a bit? I will give the kids something to eat, bath them, and get them to bed."

A Continental? In most cases he would be hopeless!

Then there are those wonderful trips to the beach. The dads will join the kids at fishing, at games like cricket or building sandcastles, or just lie and soak up the sun.

He doesn't go off parading on the beach by himself, flirting with bikini-clad girls. Oh, the Aussie will look at the good sorts passing by and make some comments, but it is all in fun.

When you want to buy some new clothes, you might get him to come shopping with you, but 90 out of 100 you wouldn't get into a ladies' wear shop.

He'll say, "You go and buy what you want, love. I'll wait outside."

A Continental? He would most likely barge in with you and TELL you what to buy.

The Aussie is not very affectionate, you say; but I'd rather see the good old firm handshake, or hear the friendly, "How are yer, mate," when meeting a male friend.

Could you imagine him clasping his arms around his friend, and kissing him on both cheeks? I could die laughing, just thinking about it.

Then there is his wonderful sense of humor. Where else would you hear a bloke tell you, with the straightest face possible, that "in North Queensland the cyclones are so bad that when the people know one is coming they tie bricks to the chooks' legs so they won't blow away" — and many more such great tales!

At night, when your husband is happily watching the telly instead of taking you to the opera or the theatre, count yourself lucky.

He might not be the dashing, romantic Continental type, but as a European, I am glad I married my Aussie husband.



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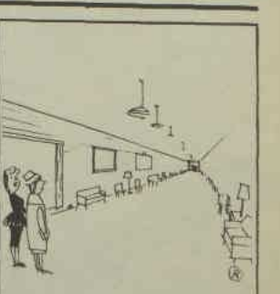
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● *Brighten those bleak winter days with this double-breasted military look coat trimmed with epaulets and fake pockets. It is available in pink/black, orange/black, and mustard/black wool for $32.50 from Myer, Melbourne; Aston's and Mark Foy's, Sydney.*

● *This simply stated shift has inverted front pleat, patch pocket. Available in grey/blaze, cream/blaze, camel/citrus, grey/green, cream/gold windowpane checked wool, $15.00, from George's and Waltons, Melbourne; Myer, Ballarat; Allan and Stark, Brisbane.*





● *Football fans will love the casual look of this shirtdress with its little-boy collar. It is available in tonings of pink, green, blue, or orange striped wool, $19.65, from George's, Waltons, and Shardeys (Moonee Ponds), Melbourne; Aston's, Sydney; David Jones', Adelaide; Boans, Perth; Weedman's, Brisbane.*

● *Lunch with your latest man in this high yoke skimmer (left) with welted seams and side pockets. Available in pink, blue, orange, camel, brown, or sungold venetian gabardine for $16.00 from Myer, Melbourne; Grace Bros., McDowells, and Mark Foy's, Sydney; Boans, Perth; and McWhirters, Brisbane.*

● *Sugar-and-spice skimmer with inverted pleat and half-belt at back will melt the heart of the strongest male. It is available in pink, blue, orange, camel, brown, sungold flannel, $15.50 from Myer, Melbourne; Grace Bros., Sydney; Boird's, Perth; Charles Moore, Adelaide; McWhirters, Brisbane.*



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(Advertisement)

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Unhappy is the bride



LETTERS

● *As a bride of nearly a month, I would like to tell you of one of the biggest snags I came across in making preparations for my wedding. Invitations were sent out six weeks before, giving everyone ample time to reply. However, within a week of the wedding day only two-thirds of the guests had replied. The caterer had to be told the exact number three days before the wedding, and this put me in the position of having to contact the guests and ask for their replies. Most were of the younger generation, and their bad manners quite surprised me. If you are invited to a wedding, please reply promptly and save the bride-to-be a lot of inconvenience and needless worry.*

—"NEW BRIDE," Norwood, S.A.

Worlds apart

AT the end of our last year at school my friends and I drifted apart, some returning to their hometowns, others moving away to find work, etc. I had always thought we would all stay close friends — at least until we were married. But it just goes to show that everyone has his own ideas and ways of getting ahead. Even my best friend has drifted into another group because our work does not have anything in common and our interests are now elsewhere. — *S. J. Metherell, Cowra, N.S.W.*

Parasites?

PARENTS see any young person who gets itchy feet as a compulsive drifter who will never do well. If you just don't happen to fit into the picture your mother has of you being an efficient secretary to some executive who has "made it from nothing," then you're lazy and a parasite who doesn't want to work. This also applies if you don't really know what you want to do or have just realised that your school dream of wowing the world was too high.—*Coralie Lilli, Bondi, N.S.W.*

Pace-setters

BECAUSE they talk quickly and play wild, way-out music, some people think that DJs are a bunch of neurotics. The young people with whom I associate prefer the fast patter, the jingles, and groovy sounds. We live in a world which is experiencing the Space Age, and are not the types to sit at home listening to the quiet sounds of chamber music and announcers who speak at the rate of about 20 words per minute. We want to listen to a DJ who plays our music, speaks our language, and moves at our pace. — *"Swinger," Bentleigh, Vic.*

New values

WITH all this trouble in the world today, young people are finding new ideals. Look at the hippies, searching for a better world where everybody loves everybody else, and all these celebrities going to study under an Indian mystic. I think this is something parents cannot understand, this new sense of values that has so little to do with money. — *D. Mitchell, Edmonton, Qld.*

Highway code

A WEEK or two ago my boyfriend asked me to make a summary of the road rules for him. When I asked him why, and if he couldn't do it himself, he craftily replied, "Well, I thought you would like to feel that you had helped me get my licence." Don't you think it's a well-developed 18-year-old mind that could devise such a tempting, flattering challenge? — *"Suzy," East Brighton, Vic.*

Square deal

WE call people square because they don't fit in with our ideas of how others should act in this modern, fast-paced world. Surely this is wrong. Just because a person has different likes to ours doesn't mean he is a square. A square is really a person who is one-sided in his views and who can't understand the opinions of others. So, wake up, teenagers, don't condemn anyone because he or she doesn't dig your kind of life. You have fun doing what you want to, so let others do what they want to. — *L. Clarke, Howrah, Tas.*

GO-MANGO



Pop namesakes

KEEPING up with the Joneses is difficult enough, but keeping up with those of the pop world would be even more so. In Australia we have Phil Jones, lead-singer of the Unknown Blues, who made the charts with "If I Had a Ticket." In England Tom Jones has made a hit of every song he has sung, and Paul Jones is high on the charts with his "Sons and Lovers." Davy Jones, most popular member of the Monkees, has shown he can reach the top by himself with his "Theme For a New Love" and "Dream Girl." If we could keep up with these Joneses, we would have it made. — *Ella Verhelst, Dapto, N.S.W.*

SKIN-DEEP

■ **Until I began going with a boy from Mauritius, I believed, or at least believed because I wanted to, that Australia was above such a thing as racial prejudice. Now I have seen for myself the attitude of many Australians toward someone of a different skin coloring. We cannot accuse other people of not mixing in and adopting our way of life if they are treated in this manner. Before we condemn the U.S. or Africa, we should take a good look around and do something about the situation in our own country.** —Elizabeth Gurney, Canterbury, Vic.

When in doubt

NOW in fifth-year high school, with hopes of continuing to university, I am doubtful of the value of doing so. Had I left school at 14 and become an apprentice tradesman, by the time I was 18 or 19 I would be an established tradesman, earning good money. Before completing my university course I could be 23 or 24 — giving the tradesman ten earning years' start. Even with my degree I would be earning little more than the tradesman — behind financially overall, with little chance to catch up, despite my study. — *"Dubious," Dorrington, Qld.*

No substitute

TEENAGERS who reject social contact with oldies are, at once, doing themselves some good and some harm. Certainly you don't want to make the mess of things they have, and be affected by their hypocrisy, mendacity, and frustrations. On the other hand, some of the wisdom I have acquired on swimming, sailing, and horses was from talking to oldies. Let's face it, enthusiasm and youth are sometimes not in the race against know-how. There is no substitute for all that living, and talking with oldies (the best ones) is a great way to learn. — *Tim O'Brien, Chatswood, N.S.W.*

For redress

DON'T girls realise that boys get sick of taking out the same dress three nights in a row — even though there may be a different girl wearing it? With all girls following the same fashions, when walking down the street one begins to think that half of them are wearing uniforms. Can there be any satisfaction, I wonder, in spending $20 on a dress you know will be duplicated on a third of the female population?—*Alistar, Emu Plains, N.S.W.*

BEING eligible for National Service training in the near future, and not wanting to risk separation from my studies for two years, I decided to undertake Citizens' Military Forces training as an alternative. I must admit that I have been pleasantly surprised. Not only does the CMF provide basic training, which I believe is beneficial, but it engenders a feeling of mateship, which has been so much a part of the Aussie tradition. We CMF soldiers still have a lot to learn when compared with the regulars, but I feel we are contributing something to the future security and welfare of our nation.—"CMF Soldier," Epping, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

MINIS GET BLUE RIBBON SEATS!

I SEE that the mini-clothes trend recently shocked Canberra's House of Representatives.

Mr. A. W. James, MHR, was whistled and catcalled by colleagues when he rose in the House wearing a short-sleeved safari jacket.

"Isn't he lovely," and "Have a go at Bert's shirt," were among comments tossed at him.

I understand Mr. James was told officially that his dress was not in keeping with the traditional dignity of the House.

I wonder how things would go if Parliament was filled with fashion-conscious female members?

I must say it wouldn't worry me in the least.

If a shapely pair of legs was Representative, I would be prepared to accept the fact that these things are Senate to try us.

In fact, a mini-skirted Prime Minister could be highly honored. She could rise to heights in keeping with her hemlength.

Why, she might even receive the Order of the Whistle.

And having mini-skirted politicians would simplify voting for people. All you would have to do would be to vote informal.

Even voting in sessions among the members would be more straightforward, too.

The "nays" would never win. For, of course, the thighs would always have it.

Generally, who is better suited to hop up in the House and say: "I would like to show you how I stand . . ."?

Perhaps, as in present political circles, all girls would not agree on the matter. Some pretty politicians might choose to wear culottes.

That is what we Canberra experts refer to as a split in a united front.

Of course, things could look different if Bonnie and Clyde decided to stand for office.

But if people voted all the way with Dunaway the Government might end up as the criminal couple did.

In a double dissolution.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4896547

GIVING BLOOD

By JOHN UPDIKE



THE Maples had been married now nine years, which is almost too long. "Dammit, dammit," Richard said to Joan, as they drove into Boston to give blood, "I drive this road five days a week and now I'm driving it again. It's like a nightmare. I'm exhausted. I'm emotionally, mentally, physically exhausted, and she isn't even an aunt of mine. She isn't even an aunt of yours."

"She's a sort of cousin," Joan said.

"Well, hell, every damn body in New England is some sort of cousin of yours; must I spend the rest of my life trying to save them all?"

"Hush," Joan said. "She might die. I'm ashamed of you. Really ashamed."

It cut. His voice for the moment took on an apologetic pallor. "Well, I'd be my usual damn saintly self if I'd had any sort of sleep last night. Five days a week I bump out of bed and stagger out the door past the milkman, and on the one day of the week when I don't even have to truck the blasphemous little brats to Sunday School you make an appointment to have me drained dry 30 miles away."

"Well, it wasn't me," Joan said, "who had to stay till two o'clock doing the twist with Marlene Brossman."

"We weren't doing the twist. We were gliding around very chastely to 'Hits of the 'Forties.' And don't think I was so oblivious I didn't see you flirting behind the piano with Harry Saxon."

"We weren't behind the piano, we were on the bench. And he was just talking to me because he felt sorry for me; you could have at least let somebody else dance once with Marlene, if only for show."

"Show, show," Richard said. "That's your mentality exactly."

"Why, the poor Matthews, or whatever they are, looked absolutely horrified."

"Matthiessons," he said. "And that's another

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This was an ordeal which Richard and his wife decided they should face together.

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THIS IS YOUR ENTRY FORM.

The Versatile Curl!

This is a contest about curls. Very soon, you'll be wearing them everywhere...to town, to dinner, even to the beach! Anne Gordon, Richard Hudnut's hair-care consultant, using the one basic Fashion Quick perm, designed the three curl-styles below...each one to be worn to a particular place. Contestants should study each curl-style, then decide which place the style was designed for from the list below. (There is only one correct answer in each case...print your choice under each style.)







THE BEACH
TENNIS
DINNER FOR TWO
A CHARITY BALL
THE MELBOURNE CUP
AN AFTERNOON WEDDING

Contestants should then complete, in 25 words or less, the following sentence—"I think curl-styles have come back into fashion because

.....

.....

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.....

50 RONSON HAIRDRYERS TO BE WON!

Newest Escort Deluxe or the Escort Au Go Go, in bright colourful shoulder bags if you prefer, plus a complete parcel of Richard Hudnut products worth $10 to every winning entry enclosing a pack top from Fashion Quick.



NAME

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ADDRESS.....

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.....POSTCODE

POST TO:
The Versatile Curl Contest,
Richard Hudnut Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY:

1. You may enter by filling in this entry form or on a plain sheet of paper. Contestants may send as many entries as they wish.
2. Entries are accepted only on the condition that the judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. No responsibility will be taken for entries delayed, lost or damaged in transit.
3. An answer considered to be correct by a panel of leading fashion experts has been placed in a sealed envelope and lodged with the Company's solicitors. The 50 entries nearest to this pre-determined answer will be judged the winners.
4. Entries should arrive no later than the last post on the 15th May, 1968.
5. Pack tops should not be sent in by residents of any State where this would contravene the laws of the State.
6. Employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Pty. Ltd. and their Advertising Agents are not eligible to enter.
7. Prize winners will be notified by telegram by 31st May, 1968. A list of prize winners may be obtained by writing to "The Versatile Curl Contest," P.O. Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.
8. Cash will not be awarded as substitution for any prize.



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thing. Why are idiots like that being invited these days? If there's anything I hate, it's women who keep putting one hand on their pearls and taking a deep breath. I thought she had something stuck in her throat."

"They're a perfectly pleasant, decent young couple. The thing you resent about their coming is that their being there shows us what we've become."

"If you're so attracted," he said, "to little fat men like Harry Saxon, why didn't you marry one?"

"My," Joan said calmly, and gazed out the window away from him, at the scudding gasoline stations. "You honestly are hateful. It's not just a pose."

"Pose, show, my Leige, who are you performing for? If it isn't Harry Saxon, it's Freddie Vetter — all these dwarfs. Every time I looked over at you last night it was like some pale Queen of the Dew surrounded by a ring of mushrooms."

"You're too absurd," she said. Her hand, distinctly thirtyish, dry and green-veined and rasped by detergents, stubbed out her cigarette in the dashboard ashtray. "You're not subtle. You think you can match me up with another man so you can swirl off with Marlene with a free conscience."

Her reading his strategy so correctly made his face burn; he felt again the tingle of Mrs. Brossman's hair as he pressed his cheek against hers and in this damp privacy inhaled the perfume behind her ear. "You're right," he said. "But I want to get you a man your own size; I'm very loyal that way."

"Let's not talk," she said.

His hope, of turning the truth into a joke, was rebuked. Any implication of permission was blocked. "It's that smugness," he explained, speaking levelly, as if about a phenomenon of which they were both disinterested students. "It's your smugness that is really intolerable. Your stupidity I don't mind. Your sexlessness I've learned to live with. But that wonderfully smug, New England—I suppose we needed it to get the country founded, but in the Age of Anxiety it really does gall."

He had been looking over at her, and unexpectedly she turned and looked at him, with a startled but uncannily crystalline expression, as if her face had been in an instant rendered in tinted porcelain, even to the eyelashes.

"I asked you not to talk," she said. "Now you've said things that I'll always remember."

Plunged fathoms deep into the wrong, his face suffocated with warmth, he concentrated on the highway and sullenly steered. Though they were moving at sixty in the sparse Saturday traffic, he had travelled this road so often its distances were all translated into time, so that they seemed to him to be moving as slowly as a minute hand from one digit to the next.

It would have been strategic and dignified of him to keep the silence; but he could not resist believing that just one more pinch of syllables would restore the fine balance which with each wordless mile slipped increasingly awry. He asked, "How did Bean seem to you?" Bean was their baby. They had left her last night, to go to the party, with a fever of 102.

Joan wrestled with her vow to say nothing, but guilt proved stronger than spite. She said, "Cooler. Her nose is a river."

"Sweetie," Richard blurted, "will they hurt me?" The curious fact was that he had never given blood before. Asthmatic and underweight, he had been 4-F, and at college and now at the office he had, less through his own determination than through the diffidence of the solicitors, evaded pledging blood. It was one of those tests of courage so trivial that no one had ever thought to make him face up to it.

Spring comes carefully to Boston. Speckled crusts of ice lingered around the parking

GIVING BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

meters, and the air, greyly stalemated between seasons, tinted the buildings along Longwood Avenue with a drab and homogeneous majesty. As they walked up the drive to the hospital entrance, Richard nervously wondered aloud if they would see the King of Arabia.

"He's in a separate wing," Joan said. "With four wives."

"Only four? What an ascetic." And he made bold to tap his wife's shoulder. It was not clear if, under the thickness of her winter coat, she felt it.

At the desk, they were directed down a long corridor floored with cigar-colored linoleum. Up and down, right and left it went, in the secretive, disjointed way peculiar to hospitals that have been built annex by annex. Richard seemed to himself Hansel orphaned with Gretel; birds ate the breadcrumbs behind them, and at last they timidly knocked on the witch's door, which said BLOOD DONATION CENTRE.

A young man in white opened the door a crack. Over his shoulder Richard glimpsed —horrors!—a pair of dismembered female legs stripped of their shoes and laid parallel on a bed. Glints of needles and bottles pricked his eyes. Without widening the crack, the young man passed out to them two long forms. In sitting side by side on the waiting bench, remembering their middle initials and childhood diseases, Mr. and Mrs. Maple were newly defined to themselves.

He fought down that urge to giggle and clown and lie that threatened him whenever he was asked — like a lawyer appointed by the court to plead a hopeless case — to present, as it were, his statistics to eternity. It seemed to mitigate his case slightly that a few of these statistics (present address, date of marriage) were shared by the hurt soul scratching beside him, with his own pen. He looked over her shoulder. "I never knew you had whooping cough."

"My mother says. I don't remember it."

A pan crashed to a distant floor. An elevator chuckled remotely. A woman, a middle-aged woman, top-heavy with rouge and fur, stepped out of the blood door and wobbled a moment on legs that looked familiar. They had been restored to their shoes. The heels of these shoes clicked firmly as, having raked the Maples with a defiant blue glance, she turned and disappeared around a bend in the corridor. The young man appeared in the doorway holding a pair of surgical tongs. His noticeably recent haircut made him seem an apprentice barber. He clicked his tongs and smiled. "Shall I do you together?"

"Sure." It put Richard on his mettle that this callow fellow, to whom apparently they were to entrust their liquid essence, was so clearly younger than they. But when Richard stood, his indignation melted and his legs felt diluted under him. And the extraction of the blood sample from his middle finger seemed the nastiest and most needlessly prolonged physical involvement with another human being he had ever experienced.

There is a touch that good dentists, mechanics, and barbers have, and this intern did not have it; he fumbled and in compensation was too rough. Again and again, an atrociously clumsy vampire, he tugged and twisted the purpling finger in vain. The tiny glass capillary tube remained transparent.

"He doesn't like to bleed, does he?" the intern asked Joan. As relaxed as a nurse, she sat in a chair next to a

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Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*



"ROCHELLE."—Charming dress is available in navy, gold, pink, or aqua white flecked rayon tweed frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $13.55; 36 and 38in. bust, $13.75.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $10.15; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.35.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 122. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



In a month's time you'll find you can walk or stand as much as you like and your legs won't mind

Just imagine being able to stand, even for hours on end, without having your legs turn heavy as lead. To sit, and never feel the tiredness, the aches and pains that are the danger signs of developing varicose veins.

Just take two Venoruton tablets, three times a day for the next four weeks — to get the positive benefits of Venoruton. In cases of early leg fatigue (very often associated with varicose veins) Venoruton ointment should also be used.

Venoruton soothes pain, reduces swelling, and improves circulation in your legs. Stops you worrying where varicose veins might lead to. For Venoruton checks more serious developments — brings relief to even long-time varicose sufferers. Ten years' Swiss research proved that.

Get your legs off your mind. Ask your chemist for Venoruton today. Venoruton — the simple tablet treatment for tired, aching legs, swollen ankles and varicose veins.



Venoruton

TABLETS & OINTMENT

FOR TIRED, ACHING LEGS AND VARICOSE VEINS.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● **These helpful household tips win a prize of $2 each for readers.**

USE golf tees in different colors to replace counters that are missing when children are playing games such as "Snakes and Ladders." Tees are easily obtained and are replaceable. — Mrs. J. Kenneally, 42 Valencia St., Glenroy, Vic. 3046.

★ ★ ★

When knitting either a round or V-neck, a large rubber band placed round the knitting will save inconvenience of stitches slipping off the needles. — Mrs. Edna Seen, 98 Oldaker Street, Devonport, Tas. 7310.

★ ★ ★

To store place-mats neatly and keep them in shape, clip them together with a large bulldog clip and hang them on a hook inside the cupboard. — G. Robinson, 137 Newnham Rd., Mt. Gravatt, Qld. 4122.

★ ★ ★

To clear blocked sink pipes, pour down the pipe half cup bicarbonate of soda, followed quickly by half a cup of vinegar; hold plug in place firmly for a few minutes. This should move any normal obstruction. — Mrs. E. Miller, 50 South St., Adamstown, N.S.W. 2289.

Iron pillowcases inside out. If a steam-iron is used, this will result in a professional finish, especially with embroidered pillowcases, with no puckering at the seams, no matter how slanted they are. — Mrs. R. N. Whiteman, No. 3 "Robina Court," 42 Judd St., Cronulla, N.S.W. 2230.

★ ★ ★

Remove both ends from clean, empty condensed milk cans and place over seedlings just planted out. Being small, the cans are not very noticeable but are big enough to protect the plants until they take root and begin to grow. — Mrs. Cyril Bates, 5 Shepherd Ave., Port Lincoln, S.A. 5606.

The Young Adventurers in Bondsland



BONDSLAND'S such a very special place! A happy land reserved for children. Filled with lots of fun and lots of fashion fantasies . . . where Bond's young Orlon fashions never grow old! It's where little girls say goodbye to fussing. It's such an easy, never-never care world! Bond's will be taking them there this season. All you have to do is count Bondsland's small blessings. One. . . two meet the red, white and blue! Three, four . . . love the pastels and more! Five, six watch them match and mix! Seven, eight keep them right up to date! Nine, ten, they're happy again!

Style 92921. Long sleeved cardigan, fancy design. White, pink, blue, lemon, red. 22"-26" **$5.25**

Style 92922. Short sleeve pullover to match. Fancy design. 22"-26" **$4.50**

Style 92927. Crew neck pullover. Contrast sleeves. Navy/red/white. Red/navy/white. Green/navy/white. Navy/green/white. 22"-26" **$5.25**



Style 92928. 'Fairisle' design pullover. White / navy / red. Red / navy / white. Navy/red/white. 22"-26" **$4.99**

Style 92923. 'Skinny rib' polo neck pullover. White, pink, blue, lemon, red, green. 22"-26" **$4.99**



BOND'S

B710

GIVING BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

table of scintillating equipment.

"I don't think his blood moves much," she said, "until after midnight."

This stab at a joke made Richard in his extremity of fright laugh loudly, and the laugh at last seemed to jar the panicked coagulant. Red seeped upward in the thirsty little tube, as in a sudden thermometer.

The intern grunted in relief. As he smeared the samples on the analysis box, he explained idly, "What we ought to have down here is a pan of warm water. You just came in out of the cold. If you put your hand in hot water for a minute, the blood just pops out."

"A pretty thought," Richard said.

But the intern had already written him off as a clowner and continued calmly to Joan, "All we'd need would be a baby hotplate for about six dollars, then we could make our own coffee, too. This way, when we get a donor who needs the coffee afterward, we have to send up for it while we keep his head between his knees. Do you think you'll be needing coffee?"

"No," Richard interrupted, jealous of their rapport.

The intern told Joan, "You're O."

"I know," she said.

"And he's A positive."

"Why, that's very good, Dick!" she called to him.

"Am I rare?" he asked.

The boy turned and explained, "O positive and A positive are the most common types." Something in the patient tilt of his close-cropped head as its lateral sheen mixed with the lazily bright mid-morning air of the room sharply reminded Richard of the days years ago when he had

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge.***

— Psalm 94; 22.

tended a battery of teletype machines in a room much this size.

By now, ten o'clock, the yards of copy that began pouring through the machines at five and that lay in great crimped heaps on the floor when he arrived at seven would have been sorted and pasted together and turned in, and there was nothing to do but keep with the staccato appearance of the later news and to think about simple things like coffee. It came back to him, how pleasant and secure those hours had been when, king of his own corner, he was young and newly responsible.

The intern asked, "Who wants to be first?"

"Let me," Joan said. "He's never done it before."

"Her full name is Joan of Arc," Richard explained, angered at this betrayal, so unimpeachably selfless and smug.

The intern, threatened in his element, fixed his puzzled eyes on the floor between them and said, "Take off your shoes and get on a bed." He added, "Please," and all three laughed, one after the other, the intern last.

The beds were at right-angles to one another along two walls. Joan lay down and from her husband's angle of vision was novelly foreshortened. He had never before seen her quite this way, the combed crown of her hair so poignant, her bared arm so silver and long, her stocking feet toed in so childishly and docilely. There were no pillows on the beds, and lying flat made him feel tipped head down; the illusion of floating encouraged his hope that this unreal adventure would soon dissolve in the manner of a dream.

"You OK?"

"Are you?" Her voice came softly from the tucked-under

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TWO HAND-KNITS FOR GIRLS IN WINTER...

● There's a smart three-piece suit (right) in boucle yarn for mother to wear to town, and a young sweater daughter can make for the May school holidays.

THREE-PIECE SUIT

Materials: 31 (33, 35) oz. Sirdar Double Boucle; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 9 needles; 1yd. of 1in.-wide elastic; 1 button; 3 hooks and eyes; 7in. zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; 36 (38, 40) in. hip; length of jacket, 22¾ (23, 23¼) in.; sleeve seam, 16¼in.; length of blouse, 22¼ (22¾, 23) in.; length of skirt, incl. waistband, 24in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1in. over st-st. on No. 8 needles.

Abbreviation: G-st., garter-stitch.

Note: Instructions for the larger sizes are in brackets; where one figure only is given, this applies to all sizes.

JACKET

BACK

With No. 9 needles, cast on 90 (95, 100) sts., using thumb method. Work 11 rows g-st., 4 rows st-st., 6 rows g-st., 4 rows st-st., 4 rows g-st., 4 rows st-st., 2 rows g-st. These 35 rows form patt. border.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Work straight until back measures 15¼in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end next and every foll. k row until 70 (71, 72) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armholes measure 7¼ (7½, 7¾) in. in depth.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 42 (43, 44) sts.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 9 needles, cast on 48 (51, 54) sts. Keeping 8 sts. at centre front edge in g-st. until cast off for neck, work as back until same length to beg. of armhole shaping, ending side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. next row. Work back to armhole edge. Dec. 1 st. at this edge on next and every foll. k row until 38 (39, 40) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole measures 4 (4¼, 4½) in. in depth, ending centre front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. next row, 3 sts. at beg. foll. alt. row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge every row until 14 sts. rem. Work 5 rows straight, ending armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. next row. Work 1 row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front, reversing shaping and border position.

SLEEVES (Alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 41 (43, 45) sts. Work as back, inc. 1 st. each end every 8th row to 67 (71, 75) sts. Cont. straight until 16½in. from beg. or required seam length, ending p row.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next and every foll. k row until 35 sts. rem., then every row until 29 sts. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. next 6 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With No. 9 needles, cast on 16 sts. Work straight in g-st. until band fits round neck edge. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to required measurements, press lightly on wrong side with hot iron over damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Join sleeve, side seams. Fold neckband in half lengthwise and slip-stitch cast-on and cast-off edges. Turn inside out. With right side of band to wrong side of neck edge, beg. and ending at centre front edges, sew band evenly into position. Fold band to right side and catch down neatly, covering seam. Make button-loop on right edge of band and sew button to left side. Sew hook under right-front border, with eye just under edge of left-front border.

BLOUSE

BACK

Work as back of jacket to end of armhole shaping. Cont. straight until armholes measure 5¼ (5½, 5¾) in. in depth, ending p row.

To Shape Neck: Work 26 sts., turn. Finish this side first. * Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 15 sts. rem., ending armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Work 1 row. Cast off rem. 7 sts. Slip centre 18 (19, 20) sts. to spare needle. Rejoin wool to rem. 26 sts., work to end of row. Work from * to end of shoulder, reading p for k.

BACK NECKBAND

With right side facing, and No. 9 needles, pick up and k 14 sts. down right back neck, 18 (19, 20) from spare needle, 14 up left back neck. 46 (47, 48) sts. Work 6 rows in g-st. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back to end of armhole shaping. Cont. straight until armholes measure 4 (4¼, 4½) in. in depth, ending p row.

To Shape Neck: Work 30 sts., turn. Finish this side first. ** Cast off 3 sts. at beg. next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 14 sts. rem., work 5 rows straight, ending armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. next row. Work 1 row. Cast off. Sl. centre 10 (11, 12) sts. to spare needle. Rejoin wool to rem. 30 sts., work to end of row. Work 1 row. Now work from ** to end of shoulder.

Front Neckband: Work as back neckband, but pick up and k 23 sts. down left-front neck, 10 (11, 12) from spare needle, 23 up right-front neck. 56 (57, 58) sts.

ARMBANDS (Both alike)

Join shoulder seams and neckband edges. Work as back neckband, but pick up and k 66 (70, 74) sts. evenly round armhole.

Press. Join side seams and ends of armbands.

SKIRT

(Back and front alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 95 (100, 105) sts. Work patt. border as for back of jacket. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in st-st. until skirt measures 16in., or 8in. less than required finished length, ending p row. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and 2 foll. 8th rows, then every 4th row until 75 (80, 85) sts.

Next Row: Dec. 6 sts. evenly across row. 69 (74, 79) sts. rem. Change to No. 9 needles and work 1in. k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off very loosely in rib.

TO COMPLETE

Press. Join side seams, leaving 7in. open at top of left seam. Cut elastic to fit waist plus small turning at each end. Neaten ends of elastic and sew on 2 hooks and eyes. Sew elastic to waist in casing stitch. Set in zip-fastener.





HOLIDAY SWEATER

Materials: 8 (9, 10) oz. yellow (y), 3 (4, 4) oz. white (w), 1oz. brown (b) Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest — actual 26 (28, 30) in. for easy fit; length, 17 (18, 19) in.; sleeve seam, 14½ (15½, 16½) in. (cuff down).

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

BACK

** Using No. 10 needles and y, cast on 80 (86, 92) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. until work measures 10½ (11, 11½) in. from beg., ending p row.

*** Join in b and beg. patt.

1st Row: * K 5 y, k 1 b, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 y.

2nd Row: P 2 y, * p 1 b, p 5 y, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 1 b, * k 3 y, k 3 b, rep. from * to last st., k 1 y.

4th Row: P 1 y, * p 3 b, p 3 y, rep. from * to last st., p 1 b.

5th Row: K 2 b, * k 1 y, k 5 b, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: * P 5 b, p 1 y, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2 b. Break y. Join in w.

7th Row: As 5th, using w in place of y.

8th Row: As 6th, using w in place of y.

9th Row: As 3rd, using w in place of y.

10th Row: As 4th, using w in place of y.

11th Row: * K 5 w, k 1 b, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 w.

12th Row: P 2 w, * p 1 b, p 5 w, rep. from * to end. Break b.

To Shape Armholes: Using w only, cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. *** Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row ** until 28 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to ** until 36 (40, 44) sts. rem., ending p row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 2 tog., k 10 (12, 14) sts., cast off 12 sts., k 9 (11, 13) sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 9 (11, 13) sts., p 2 tog. Work on this set of sts. only.

Dec. 1 st. at the end of every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to rem. sts. **1st Row:** P 2 tog., p to end, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and y, cast on 36 (40, 44) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2½in.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 2nd and every foll. 6th row until there are 62 (68, 74) sts. Cont. on these sts. until work measures 12½ (13½, 14½) in. from beg., ending p row.

Work as back from *** to ***, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts, using hot iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves, leaving right back raglan seam unsewn.

COLLAR

Using y wool and No. 10 needles, pick up and k 82 (86, 90) sts. thus: 28 across back, 10 from each sleeve top, 12 from centre front, and 11 (13, 15) sts. along each side of centre 12 sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3½ (3½, 4) in. from beg. Cast off ribwise, using larger needle.

Sew up raglan and collar seams at same time. Press all seams.

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wealth of her hair. From the straightness of the parting it seemed her mother had brushed it. He watched a long needle sink into the flat of her arm and a piece of moist cotton clumsily swab the spot. He had imagined their blood would be drained into cans or bottles, but the intern, whose breathing was now the only sound within the room, brought to Joan's side what looked like a miniature plastic knapsack, all coiled and tied.

His body cloaked his actions. When he stepped away, a plastic cord had been grafted, a transparent vine, to the flattened crook of Joan's extended arm, where the skin was translucent and the veins were faint blue tributaries shallowly buried. It was a tender, vulnerable place where in courting

GIVING BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

days she had liked being stroked. Now, without visible transition, the pale tendril planted here went dark red. Richard wanted to cry out.

The instant readiness of her blood to leave her body pierced him like a physical pang. Though he had not so much as blinked, its initial leap had been too quick for his eye. He had expected some visible sign of flow, but from the mere appearance of it the tiny looped hose might be pouring blood into her body or might be a curved line added, irelevant as a moustache, to a finished canvas. The fixed position of his head gave what he saw a certain flatness.

And now the intern turned to him, and there was the tiny-felt prick of the novocain needle, and then the coarse, half-felt intrusion of something resembling a medium-weight nail. Twice the boy mistakenly probed for the vein and the third time taped the successful graft fast with adhesive tape. All the while, Richard's mind moved aloofly among the constellations of the stained, cracked ceiling.

What was being done to him did not bear contemplating. When the intern moved away to hum and tinkle among his instruments, Joan craned her neck to show her husband her face and, upside down in his vision, grotesquely smiled.

It was not many minutes that they lay there at right-angles together, but the time passed as something beyond the walls, as something mixed with the faraway clatter of pans and the approach and retreat of footsteps and the opening and closing of unseen doors. Here, conscious of a pointed painless pulse in the inner hinge of his arm, but incurious as to what it looked like, he floated and imagined how his soul would float free when all his blood was underneath the bed.

His blood and Joan's merged on the floor, and together their spirits glided from crack to crack, from star to star on the ceiling. Once she cleared her throat, and the sound made an abrasion like the rasp of a pebble loosened by a cliff-climber's boot.

The door opened. Richard turned his head and saw an old man, bald and sallow, enter and settle in a chair. He was one of those old men who hold within an institution an ill-defined but consecrated place. The young doctor seemed to know him, and the two talked softly, as if not to disturb the mystical union of the couple sacrificially bedded together.

They talked of persons and events that meant nothing — of Iris, of Dr. Greenstein, of Ward D, again of Iris, who had given the old man an undeserved scolding, of the shameful lack of a hotplate to make coffee on, of the rumored black bodyguards who kept watch with scimitars by the bed of the glaucomatous king. Through Richard's tranced ignorance these topics passed as clouds of impression, iridescent, massy— Dr. Greenstein, with a pointed nose and almond eyes the color of ivy, Iris, eighty feet tall and hurling sterilised thunderbolts of wrath.

As in some theologies the proliferant deities are said to exist as ripples upon the featureless ground of deity, so these inconstant images lightly overlay his continuous awareness of Joan's blood, like his own, ebbing. Linked to a common loss, they were chastely conjoined; the thesis developed upon him that the hoses attached to them somewhere out of sight met. Testing this belief, he glanced down and saw that indeed the plastic vine taped to the flattened crook of his arm was the same dark red as hers. He stared at the ceiling to disperse a sensation of faintness.

ABRUPTLY the young intern left off his desultory conversation and moved to Joan's side. There was a chirp of clips. When he moved away, she was revealed holding her naked arm upright, pressing a piece of cotton against it with the other hand. Without pausing, the intern came to Richard's side, and the birdsong of clips repeated, nearer. "Look at that," he said to his elderly friend. "I started him two minutes later than her and he's finished at the same time."

"Was it a race?" Richard asked.

Clumsily firm, the boy fitted Richard's fingers to a pad and lifted his arm for him. "Hold it there for five minutes," he said.

"What'll happen if I don't?"

"You'll mess up your shirt." To the old man he said, "I had a woman in here the other day, she was all set to leave when all of a sudden, pow — all over the front of this beautiful linen dress. She was going to a concert."

"Then they try to sue the hospital for the cleaning bill," the old man muttered.

"Why was I slower than him?" Joan asked. Her upright arm wavered, as if vexed or weakened.

"The woman generally is," the boy told her. "Nine times out of ten, the man is faster. Their hearts are so much stronger."

"Is that really so?"

"Sure, it's so," Richard told her. "Don't argue with medical science."

"Woman up in Ward C," the old man said, "they saved her life for her out of an auto accident and now I hear she's suing because they didn't find her dental plate."

Under such patter, the five minutes eroded. Richard's upheld arm began to ache. It seemed that he and Joan were caught together in a classroom where they would never be recognised, or in a charade that would never be guessed, the correct answer being Two Silver Birches in a Meadow.

"You can sit up now if you want," the intern told them. "But don't let go of the veni-puncture."

They sat up on their beds, legs dangling heavily. Joan asked him, "Do you feel dizzy?"

"With my powerful heart? Don't be presumptuous."

"Do you think he'll need coffee?" the intern asked her. "I'll have to send up for it now."

The old man shifted forward in his chair, preparing to heave to his feet.

"I do not want any coffee" — Richard said it so loud he saw

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GIVING BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

himself transposed, another Iris, into the firmament of the old man's aggrieved gossip. Some dizzy fool down in the blood room, I get up to get him some coffee and he damn near bit my head off. To demonstrate simultaneously his essential good humor and his total presence of mind, Richard gestured toward the blood they had given — two square plastic packs solidly fat — and declared, "Back where I come from, in West Virginia, sometimes you pick a tick off a dog that looks like that." The men looked at him amazed. Had he not quite said what he meant to say? Or had they never seen anybody from West Virginia before?

Joan pointed at the blood, too. "Is that us? Those little doll pillows?"

"Maybe we should take one home to Bean," Richard suggested.

The intern did not seem convinced that this was a joke. "Your blood will be credited to Mrs. Henryson's account," he stated stiffly.

Joan asked him, "Do you know anything about her? When is she — when is her operation scheduled?"

"I think for tomorrow. The only thing on the tab this afternoon is an open heart at two; that'll take about sixteen pints."

"Oh . . ." Joan was shaken. "Sixteen . . . that's a full person, isn't it?"

"More," the intern answered, with the regal hand-wave that bestows largesse and dismisses compliments.

"Could we visit her?" Richard asked, for Joan's benefit. ("Really ashamed," she had said; it had cut.)

He was confident of the refusal.

"Well, you can ask at the desk, but usually before a major one like this it's just the nearest of kin. I guess you're safe now." He meant their punctures. Richard's arm bore a small raised bruise; the intern covered it with one of those ample, salmon, unhesitatingly adhesive bandages that only hospitals have. That was their specialty, Richard thought — packaging. They wrap the human mess for final delivery. Sixteen doll's pillows, uniformly dark and snug, marching into an open heart: the vision momentarily satisfied his hunger for cosmic order.

He rolled down his sleeve and slid off the bed. It startled him to realise, in the instant before his feet touched the floor, that three pairs of eyes were fixed upon him, fascinated and apprehensive and eager for scandal. He stood and towered above them. He hopped on one foot to slip into one loafer, and then on this foot to slip into the other loafer.

Then he did the little shuffle-tap, shuffle-tap step that was all that remained to him of dancing lessons he had taken at the age of seven, driving twelve miles each Saturday into Morgantown. He made a small bow toward his wife, smiled at the old man, and said to the intern, "All my life people have been expecting me to faint. I have no idea why. I never faint."

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Anyone for Kellogg's. You bet! Everyone for Kellogg's. The day just doesn't start right unless they all get that big bowl of golden sunshine. Kellogg's Corn Flakes, big and crisp and nourishing. Mum, the ball's in your court, start them off right with the real corn flakes... the real taste of home.



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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you give me any facts about my vase? It is 14in. high and has the word "Doulton" impressed on the base, also the initial "F" painted on the vase. — Mrs. L. MacDougall, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Your interesting vase was made during the early 1880s. It bears the monogram of Florence Lewis, a noted artist employed by the Doulton works from about 1875 to 1897.

I AM enclosing a picture (right) and details about a whistling mug which belongs to a friend of mine. The only markings on it are simply "Made in Germany," which is stamped on the base of the mug. The mug still whistles most piercingly. Around the top of the picture you can read the word "Love." The whole phrase is "Love the Giver." Can you tell me something about it? — Mrs. E. J. Butcher, Tumbi Umbi, via Wyong, N.S.W.

The whistling mug was made in Germany between 1895 and 1905. In the absence of a potter's mark it is difficult to attribute it to a particular potter.



● *Whistling mug*

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As I read THE STARS

BY ELSA MURRAY: WEEK STARTING APRIL 3

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Unfortunately a couple of nice influences are spoiled by a battery of hostile stars, 5th-7th. It's a medley of tension and drag, affecting your personal life. Don't gamble, get mixed up legally, or write important letters. There's deception possible, too, in love.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ There's danger of emotional brouhaha, and perhaps a break, 5th-6th. The love goddess is in an erratic and unpredictable temper. Besides which, at end of week, an aura of false glamor surrounds marriage matters, career, and status. Perhaps you are the victim of palace intrigue.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ The zodiac offers a mixed bag — but it's mostly depressing, delaying, and stressful, especially 5th-7th. Intending to make a short trip? Well, if so, start early, because there's a welter of muddle looming, and your usually bright judgment could get dimmed. Also, the marriage tie could chafe.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ It has been said that the dominant trait of the children of Cancer is the sense of protection, and they have been compared to the hermit crab. Well, they'll need this characteristic, 5th-7th, especially travelling by land or water. It's also a time for routine; sticking in the rut will pay off.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ The stars are in a cranky humor. They offer a few pleasant influences, then, as though envious, proceed to spoil them. April 5-7 is a mini-horror-stretch. Keep the purse zipped. You could have a spat with a friend. Your personal affairs could toboggan into haze and smaze at week's end.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ Personal affairs could get all awry, 5th-7th, as there are strong disarraying influences. Ambitions, career, and status may receive a jolt and some long-cherished wish meet its end. Those born at the end of the sign will be pressured most. What's more, mix-up is around the corner.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ If you have any important letters to pen, especially legal documents, contracts, etc., have them done before the 5th. There's a chain reaction of adverse aspects until at least 11th. April 5-7 is not a time to trust to luck. Some check to ambitions is indicated as well. Watch expenditure.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ Plan would be to get all your personal affairs in order and consolidated before the 8th at least. There's deception and muddle coming. As well, 5th-7th is mostly adverse. An emotional tie could be suddenly severed, and a spot of family upset is possible. Start nothing new, 5th.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Intelicitous focus on the love life—both wed and single. Worst patch 5th-7th. That Sagittarian forthrightness will need curbing—a word out of place could lead to a marital blow-up or the loss of a beau. Besides, there's increasing muddle—you could miss the target. Routine.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ The heavens are unco-operative until the 11th at least. All to do with matters matrimonial, partnership, or just plain togetherness come under depressive influences. Be careful of weekend travel; there's a bad patch 5th-7th. You could suffer, too, from the intrigues of a false friend.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ From the 4th the stars are hostile and escalate into a smog of misunderstanding. If you must launch a new scheme, get in early. Friendship and finance don't mix, and you might have to cope with depression. Perhaps some long-cherished hope evaporates. Care travelling at weekend.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ You'll need all that placidity of yours, 5th-7th. Both your personal and public life come under a cloud. It's bad for new moves—they could suddenly peter out. Money loss is possible—don't leave your purse lying around. Toward end of week there's a blanket of muddle. Postpone important decisions.

READER'S STORY

The strange and touching story of

BALDIE and RED

"This true story of two elderly fish shows almost unbelievably human qualities and initiative in their friendship toward each other. It is also a little peep at the goings on of some of the more frivolous tenants of the tank."

— By MONICA SIM

OLD BALDIE was a shubunkin, a species that appears to have no scales. He sported a pink skin, eyes like black currants, and was so transparent you could practically tell what he had for dinner.

In fact, he looked so naked there could be only one name for him—and he had it.

He had grown from half an inch to a good five inches in the years we had him, and although fish are usually a gregarious lot, he was a loner, keeping strictly to himself.

He shared the tank with a variety of fantails, comets, guppies, and those tiny blue fish that look like brilliant little pieces of lapis lazuli flashing through the water—the neon tetras.

While Baldie was mooching on his own down among the rocks and ferns, the guppy family on the surface were living it up, having fun.

We called them the Mamas and the Papas, because they increased so rapidly it was impossible to identify them.

Guppies are among the few fish that bring forth their young alive. No fooling around with eggs; Mum just gives birth to half a dozen small fry, who swim off and fend for themselves.

Chased poor old Baldie

There were usually several little ladies in a rather bloated, interesting condition at the same time, while the tiny Don Juans went in hot pursuit of the remaining members of the harem.

Besides enjoying la dolce vita, they had another kick—chasing poor old Baldie around in the depths and nipping his tail.

This sport would go on for hours, and although he was huge compared to their half-inch, and his power of suction so great that he could have swallowed most of the family in one go, he was a vegetarian and couldn't retaliate. He just suffered it.

When he was about eight years old, it suddenly became apparent he was no longer alone. A beautiful veiltail comet, the same size as Baldie, had started swimming around with him. This was Big Red.

Together they explored the rocks, foraged for food, swam gracefully in the slipstream of the filter, and did all kinds of fancy stunts—always together, like a couple of ballet dancers.

They were never apart. I don't know if there was any romance involved, because, except for the blatant courtship of the guppies, I know little of fish-breeding; and, as they were two different species, I doubt it.

And so life was good, and with Red chasing the marauding guppies back to the surface peace reigned in the tank.

But this was all very well. After three years of togetherness, Big Red was still fairly young, while Baldie was over the hill, as you might say.

No longer a pas de deux

He began sleeping in the sand at the bottom of the tank, with Red floating a few inches above him.

Gradually, the graceful swimming and fancy somersaults were no longer a pas de deux. Red performed, but her companion watched from the sidelines.

More and more Baldie stayed on the bottom in the sand. Red now kept him company by making a bed alongside her ailing old friend.

As the weeks went by and Baldie grew weaker, he found it difficult to rise more than an inch or two to get the food that floated down from the surface.

It was then the younger fish showed a compassion that was almost unbelievable. To stop the old chap from sinking back, she swam under him and, by careful manoeuvring, eased him back to his sandy bed. Each mealtime he was gently nudged and propped up.

And so it went on until finally he refused to eat or move. After a week of frantic flurries and fussing, Red gave up and just lay alongside, with her head across her sick friend's body, a comfort and protector.

She stayed like that for two days; and then poor old Baldie's lifeless body floated to the top at last.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 722.—SKIRT AND BLOUSE

Easy-to-make skirt is available cut out to make in Black Watch, McGregor, or Royal Canadian Air Force pure wool tartan. The blouse is available cut out to make in white poplin. Skirt: Sizes 34 and 36in. hip, $3.50; 38 and 40in. hip, $3.99; 42 and 44in. hip, $4.50. Postage and dispatch 25 cents extra. Blouse: 32 and 34in. bust, $2.25; 36 and 38in. bust, $2.45; 40in. bust, $2.65. Postage and dispatch 16 cents extra.

No. 723.—SET OF THREE TEATOWELS

Set of three teatowels is available traced ready to sew and embroider on pure Irish linen. Price per set of three is $2.60, plus 20 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 724.—MATERNITY SHIFT

Maternity shift is available cut out to make in blue, black, bottle-green, or grey corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $5.35; 36 and 38in. bust, $5.55. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.







* *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Caramel Waffles

Waffles.
Vanilla ice cream.
Cottee's Caramel Sauce

Method:

Heat waffles under grill or in toaster. Spoon on ice cream and pour thick rich Cottee's Caramel Sauce over. Serve immediately.



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● "The 12,000-odd miles that had always been between us melted into nothingness as my Aussie pen-pal and I embraced affectionately in the warmth of a London hotel . . . the kind of thing that usually only happens in dreams."

ROSALYN LIGHT, of Hampshire, tells how a chance correspondence, begun through The Australian Women's Weekly, resulted in a warm friendship.

"The 12,000

IT all started two years ago. I was trying to get hold of some Australian magazines (we can't buy them at our newsagents), but to my disappointment the search proved fruitless.

However, the next day I had an appointment at the hairdresser's, and, as I got comfortable under the dryer, the young girl put some magazines on my lap. There on the top of the pile was The Australian Women's Weekly. I just couldn't believe my eyes!

For the next hour I studied every page. It was wonderful. When it was time for me to go, I asked if I could borrow the book for a few days. I carried my treasure safely home.

Later on that evening I was reading through all the handy hints and recipes on cooking took my eye. It really was most useful and on the spur of the moment I wrote to the woman who had sent it in, telling her I thought her idea excellent. I also told her all about myself and family.

Exactly ten days later I received a letter from Mrs. W. Bock, telling me what a lovely surprise my letter had been, and "fancy the 'hint' travelling all those miles!"

She had three children the same ages and sex as my three eldest children—a strange coincidence.

We became firm pen-pals, exchanging photographs and views of our hometowns.

The months went by and then I had a most exciting letter from Nancy. She had won a trip to England for two. I was as thrilled as she was. Were we going to meet after all? It was a wonderful thought.

Further letters brought news that the trip was to be around Christmas 1967, and they were going to save hard so that all five could come.

Only four days

They sailed at the end of November. Nancy was to ring me as soon as they reached Southampton, and we would make arrangements to meet. They only had four days, and I had much to see.

As I live in a rather out-of-the-way place, I would have wasted precious time if they'd had to find their way to me. As much as I would have liked to entertain them.

The ship was due to dock at 7.30 a.m. on New Year's Eve. I had previously carried the harbor master a few times over the phone for information on the whereabouts of this ship.

He was most kind, interested, and helpful, and I was ready for Nancy's phone call when it came.

I knew that Nancy's family were booked in at a London hotel for the four days and, as far as I knew, were going straight there from the ship.

So my idea was to meet them in London that day. Talk about a million operation!

With great optimism on that bright, sunny, though cold, morning, my family and I got ready for a quick getaway to town.

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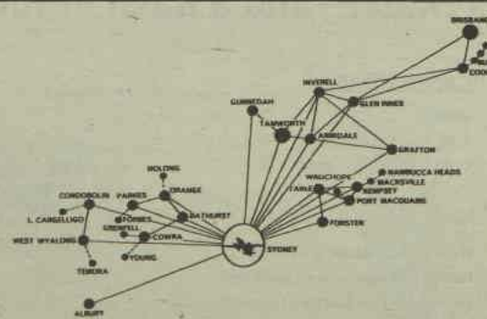
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miles melted away..."

when pen-pals met in London

All we wanted now was for the phone to ring. The call came at 10.30 a.m. My hand shook as I lifted the receiver, and a voice said, "Hullo, is that Rosalyn?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I know exactly who that is speaking. There's no mistaking your lilting Aussie accent."

We were thrilled and excited to be actually talking to each other. The coach was waiting to take the passengers to London, and we had only a few minutes in which to make arrangements.

We decided to meet at the hotel in about two and a half hours' time. It was a good two-hour drive from the coast to the city.

On such a lovely clear day we arrived at the hotel without any trouble. It must have been my lucky day, because, being winter, there could have been fog, snow, or ice on the roads.

The coach arrived just ten minutes after we did. The moment of meeting had arrived, too.

Nancy's husband walked through the doorway of the hotel lounge first, and recognised us straight away. Next minute all ten of us were exchanging greetings like long-lost friends.

There was so much to say to each other. No one was shy. It was absolutely wonderful. No one had eaten since breakfast, so we decided next to find a place to eat.

As we walked together up the London streets, the air was very cool indeed, but we soon found a warm, inviting restaurant where we had a lovely meal, and lots more chatting.

All around were overseas voices, many Australians having their first meal in England. I wondered what they would all think of our little island. It wasn't the best time of the year to see the real beauty of Britain, but London is fascinating at any time.

Window-shopping

We came out of the restaurant to find the sun fast disappearing, but we looked in the shop windows for a while.

Nancy and her daughters were amazed at the inexpensive clothes one could buy—but you should have heard the remarks when they saw the high price of the fruit!

Back in the warmth of their hotel room, we sat and talked some more, looked at photographs, and then exchanged the Christmas gifts we'd been saving.

I wondered if ever again we would be able to exchange our gifts personally, like this. I sincerely hoped so. Perhaps next time it would be in Australia.

It was now dark and time for us to go, much to my regret. Our dear friends walked with us to where our car was parked. The wind whipped around our bare ears and the little girls' legs.

Farewells were said, with a promise that we'd try hard to come to Southampton on the Thursday to see them all for a few minutes before the ship sailed.

We did manage to get to Southampton later in the week, and had to drive through blinding snow and sleet to get there, but it was worth it for that little extra time together.

Once again the parting had to come, and as we said goodbye Nancy and Wal gave us a most sincere invitation to come and stay with them when we can take that holiday in Australia.

Nancy's last words were, "See you in Australia." We shall do our utmost to see that she does.

DISCUSSION GROUP FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

Every few weeks these young married women hire babysitters and have a few hours off, over a good lunch, to discuss topics that interest them. "It not only gives me great pleasure but has made me more tolerant of other people's views," says the South Australian reader who started the idea. She writes about it here.

ABOUT 18 months ago, while on an interstate visit, I heard of a group of young married women who met over lunch to discuss a book they had read.

I felt I'd enjoy something like this, too, as at daytime social functions, with the children begging for attention, conversation usually centred on them or on other household problems. These gatherings had begun to bore me to death.

I talked the idea over with several friends, and we decided that instead of just a book we would enlarge the range of our discussions to include a book, a subject, a hobby, or an article we had read and been interested in. This would give us information and stimulate discussion.

Our plan has proved an enormous success, not only making us more articulate, but it has given us a reason to study (if you could call it that!).

We have all sorts of topics to think about and to discuss with our husbands instead of the usual subjects of children and gossip or, worse still — silence!

Our group meets every five or six weeks, the next date and hostess being decided at each luncheon.

There are now seven of us — just about the right number, as it allows the hostess to add a guest if she wants to, and leaves enough of us if one of the members can't attend.

No children are allowed. We each have a babysitter, and if this were not possible for any group I'd suggest they meet in the evening.

Anyone joining our club must take her turn at having a luncheon. Simple luncheons, with a bottle of wine, are the order of the day, and each member has a turn as hostess only about every ten months.

Time flies at our little gatherings, and we try to start the minute everyone has arrived.

Some of the topics we have discussed have been abortion, the Aboriginal question, the Senate, the space race, TV advertising, the bestseller lists, cosmetic surgery, Vietnam. We have also read some excellent books, through the group.

More housewives should do this kind of thing, I feel. It has not only given me great pleasure but has made me think, become more tolerant of other people's views, and, most important, given my husband a more interesting partner.



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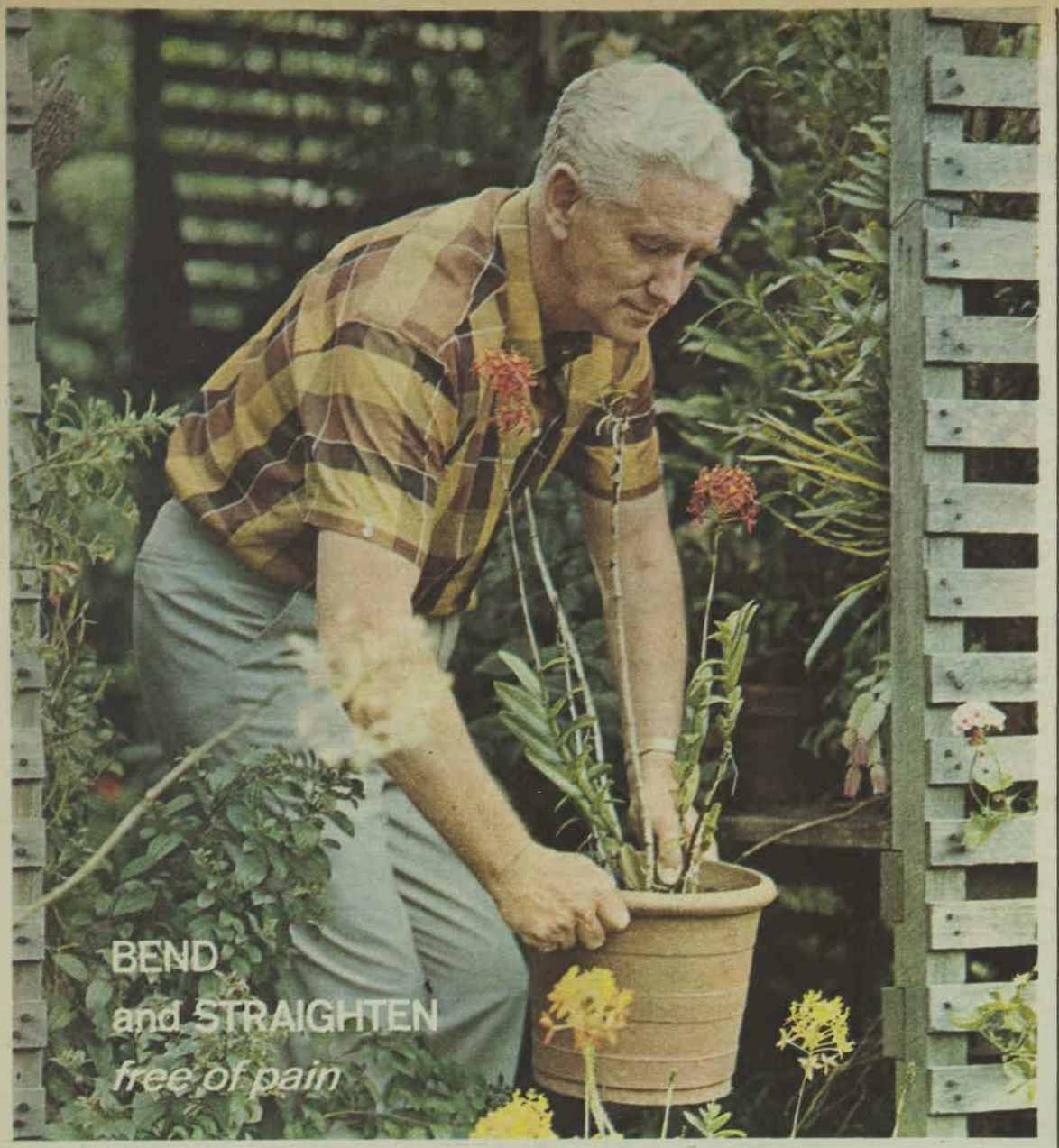

3.


2.


4.

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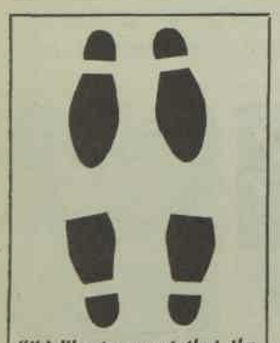
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"I'd like to report that the lift is out of order."

His coat and overcoat felt a shade queer, a bit slithery and light, but as he walked down the length of the corridor space seemed to adjust snugly around him. At his side, Joan kept an inquisitive and chastened silence. They pushed through the great glass doors. A famished sun was nibbling through the overcast.

Above and behind them, the King of Arabia lay in a drugged dream of dunes and Mrs. Henryson upon her sickbed received like the comatose mother of twins their identical gifts of blood. Richard hugged his wife's padded shoulders and as they walked along leaning on each other whispered, "Hey, I love you. Love, love, love you."

Romance is simply the strange, the untried. It was unusual for the Maples to be driving together at eleven in the morning. Almost always it was dark when they shared a car. The oval of her face was bright in the corner of his eye. She was watching him, alert to take the wheel if he suddenly lost consciousness. He felt tender toward her in the eggshell light and curious toward himself, wondering how far beneath his brain the black pit did lie.

He felt no different; but then the quality of consciousness perhaps did not bear introspection. Something certainly had been taken from him; he was less himself by a pint and it was not impossible that like a trapeze artist saved by a net he was sustained in the world of light and reflection by a single layer of interwoven cells. Yet the earth, with its signals and buildings and cars and bricks, continued like a pedal note.

Boston behind them, he asked, "Where should we eat?"

"Should we eat?"

"Please, yes. Let me take you to lunch. Just like a secretary."

"I do feel sort of illicit. As if I've stolen something."

"You, too? But what did we steal?"

"I don't know. The morning? Do you think Eve knows enough to feed them?" Eve was their sitter, a little sandy girl from down the street who would, in exactly a year, Richard calculated, be painfully lovely. They lasted three years on the average, sitters; you got them in the tenth grade and escorted them into their blooms and then, with graduation, like commuters who had reached their stop, they dropped out of sight, into nursing school or marriage.

And the train went on, and took on other passengers, and itself became older and longer. The Maples had four children: Judith, Richard, jun., poor oversized, angel-faced John, and Bean.

"She'll manage. What would you like? All that talk about coffee has made me frantic for some."

"At the Pancake House beyond 128 they give you coffee before you are even asked."

"Pancakes? Now? Aren't you gay? Do you think we'll throw up?"

"Do you feel like throwing up?"

"No, not really. I feel sort of insubstantial and gentle, but it's probably psychosomatic. I don't really understand this business of giving something away and still somehow having it. What is it — the spleen?"

"I don't know. Are the splenetic man and the sanguine man the same?"

"I've totally forgotten the humors. What are the others — phlegm and cholera?"

"Bile and black bile are in there somewhere."

"One thing about you, Joan. You're educated. New England women are educated."

"Sexless as we are."

"That's right; drain me dry and then put me on the rack." But there was no wrath in his words; indeed, he had reminded her of their earlier conversation so that in much this way his words might be revived, diluted, and erased. It seemed to work.

THE restaurant when they served only pancakes was empty and quiet this early. A bashfulness possessed them both; it had become a date between two people who have little as yet in common but who are, nevertheless, sufficiently intimate to accept the fact without chatter. Touched by the stain her blueberry pancakes left on her teeth, he held a match to her cigarette and said, "Gee, I loved you back in the blood room."

"I wonder why."

"You were so brave."

"So were you."

"But I'm supposed to be. I'm paid to be. It's the price of being a man."

"Shh."

"Hey. I didn't mean that about your being sexless."

The waitress refilled their coffee cups and gave them the bill.

"And I promise never, never to do the Twist, the cha-cha, or the schottische with Marlene Brossman."

"Don't be silly. I don't care."

This amounted to permission, but perversely irritated him. That smugness; why didn't she fight? Trying to regain their peace, scrambling uphill, he picked up their bill and with an effort of acting, the pretence being that they were out on a date and he was a raw dumb suitor, said handsomely, "I'll pay."

But on looking into his wallet he saw only a single worn dollar there. He didn't know why this should make him so angry, except the fact, somehow, that it was only one. "Dammit," he said. "Look at that." He waved it in her face. "I work like a slave all week for you and those insatiable brats and at the end of it what do I have? One damn, crummy, wrinkled dollar."

Her hands dropped to the handbag beside her on the seat, but her gaze stayed with him, her face having retreated, or advanced, into that porcelain shell of uncanny composure. "We'll both pay," Joan said.

GIVING BLOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

This story is from a collection of short stories entitled "The Music School," by John Updike, published by Andre Deutsch.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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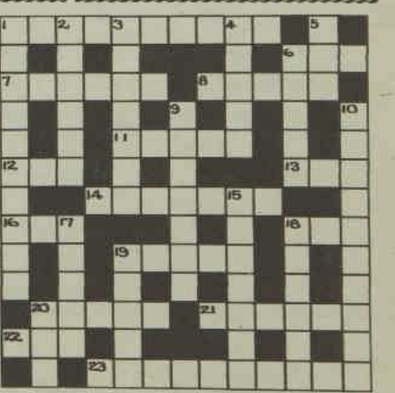
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE tells Jed that he will try to find out more about Baron Chance before exposing him. Meanwhile, the Baron offers Narda a lift home. READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Fresh fervor and a country (3, 7).
6. A cask is No. 5 up (3).
7. Animal to spoil number (6).
8. Sturdy kind of beer (5).
11. Solitary number after a fifty (5).
12. Dry a tune (3).
13. Manage to compete in race (3).
14. Saint a 1 across country because lines of verse (7).
16. Not well in one of the U.S.A. (3).
18. It goes on foot to travel on snow (3).
19. Exploits the legal documents (5).
20. Language of the fish love (5).
21. The country for a tin girl (6).
22. A hundred out-size lettuce (3).
23. Come around writer posed to make up for (10).

DOWN

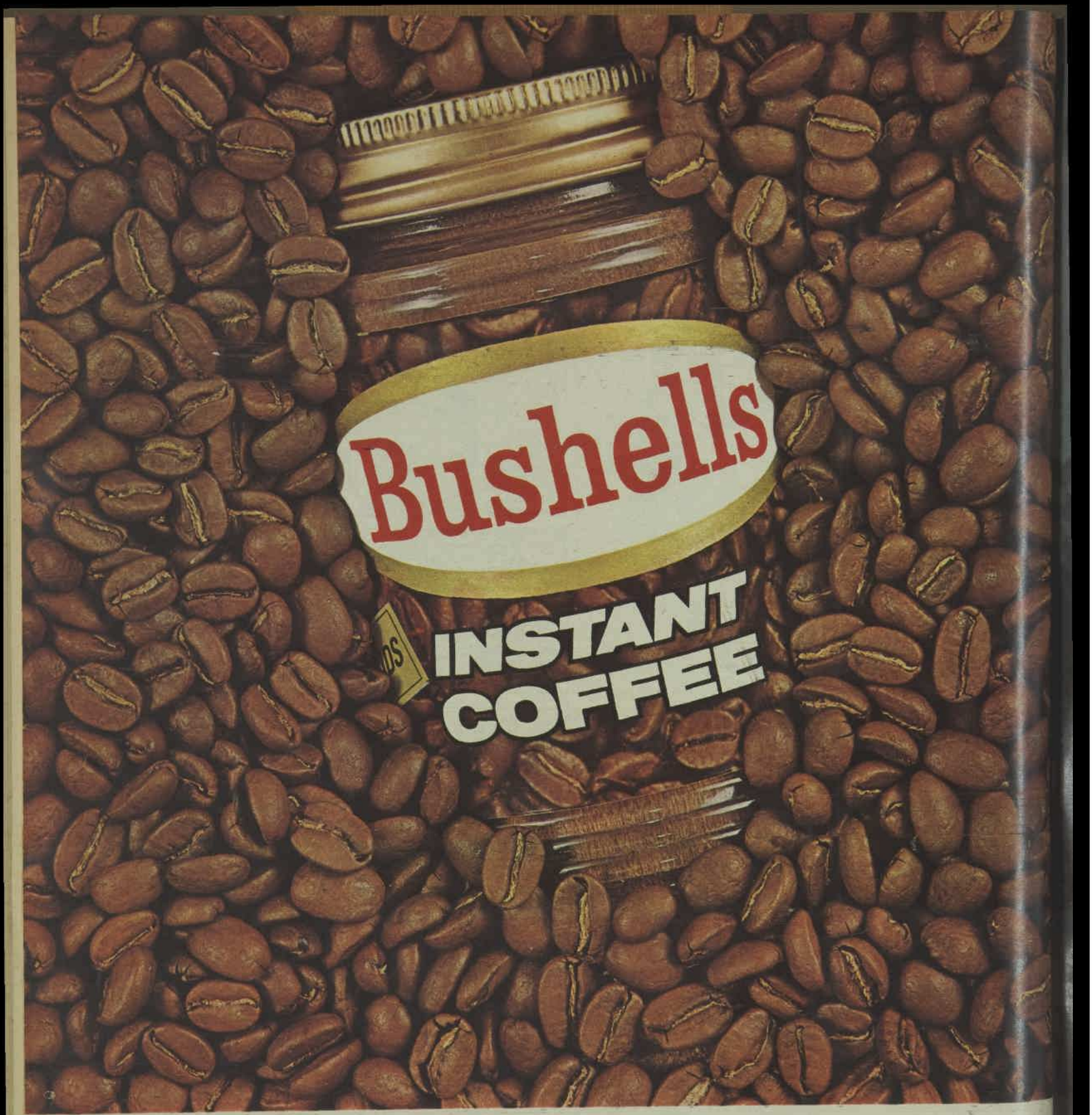
1. I'm up in no race for entry of name (10).
2. The jailer (6).
3. Graceful for example in the Mexican insect (7).
4. Louse egg concerning saltpetre (5).
5. Fruit found on a bolt (3).
6. Scrambled trout for teacher (5).
9. A dog indicator (7).
10. Coin I class having a hundred degrees (10).
15. Refrain from seaman discolor (7).
17. Slender lemur of Ceylon (5).
18. Offspring at a piece of music (6).
19. Motionless cur depart (5).
20. Timber ship's journal (3).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

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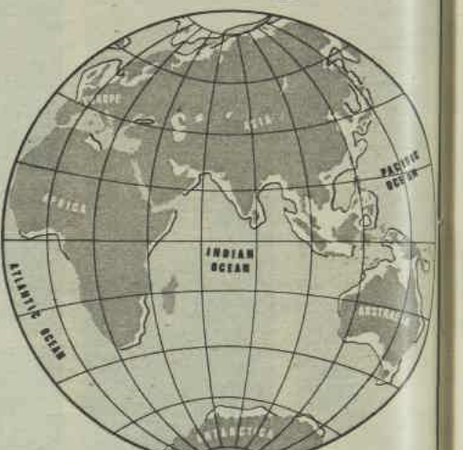


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F	London (12 days)—Britain (6 days)—Europe (21 days)—Hong Kong (2 days)	**48 DAYS FROM $1,477**	**15**
G	U.S.A. and Canada (10 days)—London (7 days)—Britain (12 days)—Europe (20 days)—Bangkok (2 days)	**56 DAYS FROM $1,498**	**16**
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C	Hong Kong—Japan (13 days)—Bangkok—Singapore	**26 DAYS FROM $1,184**	**20**
D	Japan (11 days)—Hong Kong	**18 DAYS FROM $943**	**20**
E	Japan (11 days)—Bangkok—Singapore	**24 DAYS FROM $1,105**	**20**
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In the U.S.A., Mexico, Canada . . . HONOLULU, sun-kissed gem on the carefree isles of Hawaii, where you'll be met with garlands of flowers and a friendly 'aloha' . . . SAN FRANCISCO on the golden coast of California . . . LOS ANGELES, glamour-city of the silver screen . . . LAS VEGAS, multi-million dollar resort and gambling centre . . . MEXICO CITY, the most colourful, exotic city in North America . . . KINGSTON, isle of calypsos, beaches, mountains, lagoons . . . VANCOUVER, with its great outdoors and big city fun . . . CALGARY, gateway to the Rocky Mountains . . . TORONTO, your gateway to visit Niagara Falls if travelling via Canada.

In Europe . . . LONDON, where tradition and history rival the new swinging image of the sixties . . . ROME, heart of the old Roman Empire, a sightseer's paradise of historic monuments and works of art . . . PARIS, for a round of gaiety in this city famed for wit, charm, elegance and good living . . . AMSTERDAM, city of canals and 500 bridges . . . BARCELONA, of lacework balconies, vivid window-boxes and incense-laden churches . . . MADRID, one of Europe's most elegant cities . . . COPENHAGEN, with its famous statue of the little Mermaid . . . FRANKFURT, birthplace of Goethe . . . NICE, brightest jewel on the French Riviera . . . GENEVA, ZURICH and Swiss lakeside cities . . . ISTANBUL, with its skyline of mosques and minarets . . . MUNICH, with its famous beer-halls . . . NAPLES, with its gorgeous coastlines . . . VIENNA, where there's music in the very air.

Homeward bound . . . JERUSALEM & HAIFA, where the pages of the Bible come alive . . . TEL-AVIV, vital metropolis of the young state of Israel . . . BEIRUT, chic sophisticated capital of the Lebanon, so rich in the peerless relics of ancient civilisations . . . MOSCOW, city of the Bolshoi Ballet, the Kremlin, Red Square . . . NAIROBI, gateway to fascinating Africa . . . JOHANNESBURG, with its unique mixture of Dutch and English history and gateway to the famed Kruger Park . . . TOKYO, a fascinating kaleidoscope of east and west, from where you'll ride by 125 mph bullet train to Hakone . . . NEW DELHI, India's great capital, from where you'll visit the magnificent Taj Mahal . . . BANGKOK, city of soaring spires, golden roofs and brilliant mosaics . . . SINGAPORE, where sky-scrapers tower above mosque and temple, and nightlife is the gayest east of Suez . . . HONG KONG, the beautiful isle of "fragrant waters" where every shop is a treasure-house at bargain prices, every street scene a winner for your colour camera.

Choose your route SYDNEY to LONDON

IT-G826
SUN.: SYDNEY-HONOLULU. Evening departure BOAC Flight 530 (Economy Class). Connections to Sydney on request. CROSS INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE—GAINING A DAY.
SUN., MON.: HONOLULU (2 nights, full day sightseeing tour).
TUE., WED., THUR.: HONOLULU-SAN FRANCISCO (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT., SUN.: SAN FRANCISCO-NEW YORK (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON.: NEW YORK-LONDON. Evening departure for overnight BOAC VC10 flight to London.

IT-G827
SUN.: SYDNEY-HONOLULU. Evening departure BOAC Flight 530 (Economy Class). Connections to Sydney on request. CROSS INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE—GAINING A DAY.
SUN., MON., TUES.: HONOLULU (3 nights, full day sightseeing tour).
WED., THUR., FRI.: HONOLULU-SAN FRANCISCO (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
SAT., SUN., MON., TUE.: SAN FRANCISCO-MEXICO CITY. (4 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
WED., THUR.: MEXICO CITY-KINGSTON (2 nights, full day sightseeing tour).
FRI., SAT., SUN.: KINGSTON-NEW YORK (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON.: NEW YORK-LONDON. Evening departure for overnight BOAC VC10 flight to London.

IT-G828
SUN.: SYDNEY-SAN FRANCISCO. Evening departure BOAC flight 530 (Economy Class). Connections to Sydney on request. CROSS INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE—GAINING A DAY
SUN., MON., TUE.: SAN FRANCISCO (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
WED., THUR., FRI.: SAN FRANCISCO-VANCOUVER. (3 nights, comprehensive tour).
SAT., SUN., MON.: VANCOUVER-CALGARY (3 nights, full-day sightseeing tour).
TUE., WED., THUR.: CALGARY-TORONTO (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT., SUN.: TORONTO-NEW YORK (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON.: NEW YORK-LONDON. Evening departure for overnight BOAC VC10 flight to London.

IT-G829
SUN.: SYDNEY-HONOLULU. Evening departure by BOAC Flight 530 (Economy Class). Connections to Sydney on request. CROSS INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE—GAINING A DAY.
SUN., MON., TUE.: HONOLULU (3 nights, full day sightseeing tour).
WED., THUR., FRI.: HONOLULU-LOS ANGELES (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
SAT., SUN., MON.: LOS ANGELES-LAS VEGAS (3 nights).
TUE., WED., THUR.: LAS VEGAS-BUFFALO-NIAGARA (3 nights hotel at Buffalo with full day tour of Niagara Falls).
FRI., SAT., SUN.: BUFFALO-NEW YORK (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON.: NEW YORK-LONDON. Evening departure for overnight BOAC VC10 flight to London.

. . . then combine with Tour Plan A, B, C or D between LONDON and ROME

Tour Plan A
TUE. THRU MON.: LONDON (7 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: LONDON-PARIS (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: PARIS-BARCELONA (4 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: BARCELONA-ZURICH (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT., SUN.: ZURICH-MILAN-VENICE (3 nights).
MON., TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: VENICE-ROME (4 nights, 3 sightseeing tours). Depart Friday with choice of four return routes to Australia.

Tour Plan B
TUE. THRU MON.: LONDON (7 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: LONDON-PARIS (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT.: PARIS-FRANKFURT (2 nights, sightseeing tour).
SUN., MON., TUE.: FRANKFURT-ZURICH (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
WED., THUR., FRI.: ZURICH-MUNICH (3 nights, sightseeing tour).
SAT., SUN., MON.: MUNICH-VIENNA (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: VIENNA-ROME (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours). Depart Friday with choice of four return routes to Australia.

Tour Plan C
TUE. THRU MON.: LONDON (7 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: LONDON-PARIS (4 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
SAT., SUN., MON.: PARIS-COPENHAGEN (3 nights, sightseeing tour).
TUE., WED.: COPENHAGEN-FRANKFURT (2 nights, sightseeing tour).
THUR., FRI., SAT.: FRANKFURT-GENEVA (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
SUN., MON.: GENEVA-ROME (2 nights, sightseeing tour).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: ROME-NAPLES-ROME, 3-day coach-rail tour including Pompeii, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri. Depart Friday with choice of four return routes to Australia.

Tour Plan D
TUE. THRU MON.: LONDON (7 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: LONDON-AMSTERDAM (3 nights, sightseeing tour).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: AMSTERDAM-PARIS (4 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: PARIS-MADRID (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: MADRID-NICE (4 nights, full day sightseeing tour).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: NICE-ROME (3 nights, 3 sightseeing tours).
Depart Friday with choice of four return routes to Australia.

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Return home by Tour Plan E, F, G or H between ROME and SYDNEY.

Tour Plan E

FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: ROME-NAIROBI (3 nights, sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR.: NAIROBI-JOHANNESBURG (3 nights, sightseeing tour).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: JOHANNESBURG-KRUGER NATIONAL PARK (3-day all inclusive tour, 1 night Johannesburg). Depart early Monday for return to Australia.
TUE.: SYDNEY (Perth passengers disembark at Perth).

Tour Plan F

FRI., SAT., SUN.: ROME-ISTANBUL (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON., TUE., WED.: ISTANBUL-BEIRUT (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
THUR., FRI., SAT., SUN.: BEIRUT-NEW DELHI (3 nights, all meals, 2 sightseeing tours, 2-day tour to Agra). Depart Sunday for SINGAPORE.
MON., TUE.: SINGAPORE (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
WED.: SINGAPORE-AUSTRALIA.
THUR.: PERTH-SYDNEY—onward connecting Tourist Class air travel to other capital cities.

Tour Plan G

FRI., SAT., SUN.: ROME-ATHENS (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
MON.: ATHENS-TEL AVIV (1 night).
TUE., WED., THUR.: TEL AVIV-GALILEE-TEL AVIV (inclusive 3-day motor coach tour, 1 night Tel Aviv).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: TEL AVIV-BANGKOK (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: BANGKOK-HONG KONG (4 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
SAT.: HONG KONG-SYDNEY arriving Sunday—onward connecting Tourist Class air travel to other capital cities.

Tour Plan H

FRI., SAT., SUN., MON.: ROME-BELGRADE (4 nights, 2 sightseeing tours).
TUE., WED., THUR., FRI.: BELGRADE-BUDAPEST (3 nights, 2 sightseeing tours). Depart Friday for MOSCOW.
SAT., SUN., MON., MOSCOW (3 nights, all meals, daily tours in chauffeur-driven car). Depart Monday for TOKYO.
TUE., WED., THUR.: TOKYO (3 nights, full-day sightseeing tour).
FRI., SAT., SUN., MON., TUE.: TOKYO-KYOTO (5-day all-inclusive coach tour of scenic Japan). Depart Tuesday for KYOTO-OSAKA-HONG KONG.
WED.: HONG KONG (1 night, sightseeing tour).
Depart late evening for Australia.
THUR.: SYDNEY—onward connecting Tourist Class travel to other capital cities.

Perth passengers: *On tours returning from Rome via Hong Kong, Perth passengers travel from Hong Kong on same day but via Singapore to Perth. On Tour Plan F, Perth passengers travel direct from Singapore to Perth.*

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

Good hotel accommodation makes such a big contribution to the enjoyment of travelling abroad that we have taken immense care in selecting the hotels used on these tours. Three grades of hotel are offered and you can choose the one that suits you best. At all hotels, you will be given rooms with private bath. In cities not listed below, hotels of similar grades will be used. On occasion it may be necessary to use hotels other than those listed but the hotels substituted will be of similar categories.

CITIES	BUDGET HOTELS	STANDARD HOTELS	SUPERIOR HOTELS
Honolulu	Coral Seas	Holiday Isle	Princess Kaiulani
San Francisco	Commodore	Commodore	Hilton
Los Angeles	Hayward	Mayflower	Century Plaza
Las Vegas	Flamingo	Thunderbird	Sahara
New York	Seymour	Century	Roosevelt
Kingston	Myrtle Bank	Sheraton Kingston	Sheraton Kingston
Mexico City	Metropole	Del Prado	Alameda
Vancouver	Georgia	Georgia	Bayshore Inn
Calgary	Calgary Inn	Calgary Inn	Calgary Inn
Toronto	Lord Simcoe	Lord Simcoe	Westbury
Barcelona	Habana	Continental	Arycasa
Zurich	Schweizerhof	Plaza	Carlton Elite
Munich	Amba	Der Koenigshof	Bayerischerhof
Vienna	Wandl	De France	Krantz Ambassador
Copenhagen	Grand Hotel	Richmond	Royal
Frankfurt	Savoy	Carlton	Frankfurterhof
Geneva	Bristol	Metropole	D'Angleterre
London	St. James	Mount Royal	Cavendish
Amsterdam	Polen	Krasnapolsky	Hilton
Paris	Richmond	Windsor Reynolds	Prince De Galles
Madrid	Asturias	Breton	Plaza
Nice	Scribe	Atlantic	Negresco
Rome	Nord Nuova Roma	De La Ville	Quirinale
Venice	Continental	Regina	Daniele
Istanbul	Divan	Divan	Istanbul Hilton
Tel Aviv	Shalom	Shalom	Samuel
Beirut	Lord's	Leberyte	Bristol
Bangkok	Thai	Amarin	President
Delhi	Ashoka	Ashoka	Ashoka
Nairobi	Ambassador	Ambassador	New Stanley
Johannesburg	Cranbrooke	Cranbrooke	Rand International
Singapore	Ambassador	Cathay	Singapura
Hong Kong	Imperial	Park	Hilton
Tokyo	Shiba Park	Tokyo Prince	Imperial (New Wing)

TOUR INFORMATION

The tour price naturally varies according to the itinerary combination by which you travel, a separate **tour reference** and price is shown for each itinerary combination and the **tour reference** of the itinerary selected is arrived at by adding to this **Sydney** to **London** route number selected, the letter of the plans selected for travel **London** to **Rome** and **Rome** to **Sydney**, e.g. **IT.G826AE** or **IT.G828BH**, etc. Any of the selected tour combinations may be operated in the reverse direction in which case the **tour reference** is suffixed by the letter **'R'** (some minor itinerary variations may be necessary due to air schedule variations). **Perth Passengers**—on tours returning from Rome via Hong Kong, Perth passengers travel from Hong Kong on the same day but via Singapore to Perth. On Tour Plan "F," Perth passengers travel direct from Singapore to Perth.

TOUR RATES INCLUDE:

1. Economy Class air travel in accordance with itinerary selected. 2. Hotel accommodation for number of nights stated in itinerary selected, in twin or double rooms with private bathroom facilities at hotels of category selected. Single supplements, by choice or otherwise, are as stated in tour price grid. 3. Breakfasts throughout (except U.S.A., Canada and Jamaica) plus additional and feature meals, surface transportation, sightseeing excursions, scheduled entertainment and features, transfers of passengers and authorised baggage. Full details of meals, surface travel, sightseeing, transfers, etc., are described in detail in the tour operator's literature which is available on request.

Tour rates in this folder are approximate only and may vary somewhat from final quotation due to schedule or fare changes, extra days, single rooms or single arrangements, higher rated air transportation and the like. Tour rates are based on fares and tariffs as of 1st December, 1967, and subject to change without notice. Airline companies have the right to charge according to the fares in force on the day of departure.

Other than the carriers featured in this folder any other IATA or Non-IATA carrier or TAA or ANSETT-ANA may be used for tour co-ordination. Tours in this brochure are valid from February, 1968, to February, 1970, unless superseded. Total tour durations may be extended by up to 25% as long as the 61-day maximum tour duration is not exceeded.

SINGLE ROOM SUPPLEMENTS: Budget Hotels: $3.50 per day. Standard Hotels: $4.25 per day. Superior Hotels: $5.75 per day. The extra cost of single room accommodation is calculated per person per day on the total duration of the tour selected.

N.B.: The per person prices given in the price grid are based on two persons sharing a room in all grades of hotels.

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ROUND THE WORLD PRICE CHART

Tour Reference	No. of Days	BASIC TOUR PRICES PER PERSON (Budget Hotels) from Sydney Melbourne Brisbane	from Perth	SUPPLEMENTS PER PERSON Standard Hotels	Superior Hotels
IT.G826AE	45	$1576	$1583	$93	$233
IT.G826AF	47	$1497	$1551	$107	$240
IT.G826AG	50	$1553	$1640	$118	$278
IT.G826AH	54	$1752	$1836	$111	$270
IT.G826BE	45	$1587	$1614	$92	$158
IT.G826BF	47	$1544	$1574	$106	$280
IT.G826BG	50	$1577	$1645	$117	$317
IT.G826BH	54	$1776	$1860	$109	$309
IT.G826CE	45	$1668	$1694	$89	$282
IT.G826CF	47	$1602	$1633	$103	$284
IT.G826CG	50	$1635	$1723	$113	$326
IT.G826CH	54	$1857	$1921	$106	$319
IT.G826DE	45	$1597	$1623	$84	$260
IT.G826DF	47	$1541	$1572	$98	$267
IT.G826DG	50	$1573	$1661	$108	$304
IT.G826DH	54	$1772	$1856	$102	$297
IT.G827AE	52	$1682	$1689	$108	$272
IT.G827AF	54	$1626	$1656	$122	$279
IT.G827AG	57	$1655	$1742	$133	$315
IT.G827AH	61	$1852	$1936	$126	$308
IT.G827BE	52	$1688	$1715	$107	$311
IT.G827BF	54	$1651	$1681	$121	$318
IT.G827BG	57	$1678	$1748	$131	$355
IT.G827BH	61	$1900	$1984	$124	$348
IT.G827CE	52	$1770	$1796	$104	$320
IT.G827CF	54	$1708	$1739	$118	$327
IT.G827CG	57	$1736	$1824	$128	$364
IT.G827CH	61	$1963	$2027	$121	$357
IT.G827DE	52	$1723	$1749	$99	$298
IT.G827DF	54	$1647	$1678	$103	$305
IT.G827DG	57	$1674	$1762	$123	$342
IT.G827DH	61	$1873	$1957	$116	$335

Tour Reference	No. of Days	BASIC TOUR PRICES PER PERSON (Budget Hotels) from Sydney Melbourne Brisbane	from Perth	SUPPLEMENTS PER PERSON Standard Hotels	Superior Hotels
IT.G828AE	52	$1673	$1680	$97	$241
IT.G828AF	54	$1618	$1648	$111	$248
IT.G828AG	57	$1646	$1733	$121	$284
IT.G828AH	61	$1845	$1929	$114	$277
IT.G828BE	52	$1679	$1706	$96	$280
IT.G828BF	54	$1642	$1672	$110	$287
IT.G828BG	57	$1667	$1737	$120	$323
IT.G828BH	61	$1868	$1952	$114	$316
IT.G828CE	52	$1761	$1787	$92	$289
IT.G828CF	54	$1690	$1721	$107	$294
IT.G828CG	57	$1728	$1816	$116	$333
IT.G828CH	61	$1937	$2001	$110	$326
IT.G828DE	52	$1690	$1716	$88	$267
IT.G828DF	54	$1638	$1669	$102	$274
IT.G828DG	57	$1666	$1754	$112	$311
IT.G828DH	61	$1865	$1949	$106	$304
IT.G829AE	52	$1647	$1654	$110	$281
IT.G829AF	54	$1592	$1622	$123	$288
IT.C829AG	57	$1599	$1686	$134	$325
IT.G829AH	61	$1824	$1908	$127	$318
IT.G829BE	52	$1656	$1683	$109	$320
IT.G829BF	54	$1599	$1629	$122	$327
IT.G829BG	57	$1648	$1718	$132	$364
IT.G829BH	61	$1847	$1931	$125	$357
IT.G829CE	52	$1729	$1755	$106	$329
IT.G829CF	54	$1673	$1704	$118	$336
IT.G829CG	57	$1706	$1794	$129	$373
IT.G829CH	61	$1918	$2002	$122	$365
IT.G829DE	52	$1668	$1694	$100	$307
IT.G829DF	54	$1597	$1628	$114	$314
IT.G829DG	57	$1635	$1723	$124	$339
IT.G829DH	61	$1843	$1927	$118	$344

Basic tour prices are based on Budget Hotels (2 in a room). Tour prices for Adelaide passengers would be the tour price ex Melbourne plus the appropriate domestic fare for travel Adelaide to Melbourne and return. Relative supplements for Standard Hotel or Superior Hotel accommodation throughout the tour selected are per person and additional to the respective tour price. Single supplements by choice or otherwise also apply when single rooms at hotels are required or one person travels alone and requires single room accommodation. Single supplements are an additional per person cost and calculated on the total duration of tour selected in accordance with the following rates:

BUDGET HOTELS $3.50 per day, STANDARD HOTELS $4.25 per day, SUPERIOR HOTELS $5.75 per day.

NORTH AMERICA



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Low-cost way to tour AMAZING AMERICA 30 days coast to coast $999

BOAC flies you from Sydney to San Francisco in the smooth comfort of a Rolls Royce 707, now fitted with those wonderful new Economy seats which give you maximum leg room.

At San Francisco you board a Greyhound Coach and start your tour of the States . . . through sunny California, to Arizona where you'll see the Grand Canyon, one of the great wonders of the world, on to fascinating New Mexico, the vast farmlands of Oklahoma, a full day trip to St. Louis on the old Mississippi, Indianapolis, the vital motor-racing centre, to Chicago. Here you'll tour the Loop District, Lake Michigan and Lake Shore Drive, and spend a day at leisure. Then through the rolling prairies to Wyoming, the frontier towns of the old Wild West to Salt Lake City in the Mormon State of Utah . . . on to Reno, "biggest little city in the world," and back to San Francisco.

Your final bonus is a stay at Honolulu in the paradise isles of Hawaii on your way home by BOAC to Sydney.

GREYHOUND COACH is highway travel at its most luxurious. The seats, deeply cushioned and reclining, adjust to any position you want. Reading lamps, air conditioning, full toilet facilities.

Marvellous value for money, the tour prices includes your BOAC Economy flights, Greyhound coach travel within the U.S.A., hotel accommodation and local sightseeing at stop-over points en route. The tour does not include meals, transfers, hotel tips and porterage, room service, liquor, laundry and such items not specifically mentioned.

A full itinerary, together with three other alternative tours, is given overleaf.

One of them takes you through the dazzling Canadian Rockies, others to San Antonio, central Texas, to see Hemis fair '68 (April-October, 1968) on a 93-acre site alongside the San Antonio River, only 200 yards from the famous Alamo.



WASHINGTON

Spacious capital of the nation, Washington has miles of tree-shaded avenues interspersed with pleasant parks. Points to visit include the White House, the Capitol, the Washington Monument, 'Embassy Row,' Georgetown with its lovely old houses, the colonial city of Alexandria, Carlyle House, Gadsby's Tavern, Old Friendship Fire House, Mount Vernon (gracious home of George and Martha Washington), Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials.



NEW YORK

It hardly needs an introduction. Here you'll go up the king of skyscrapers, the Empire State Building; shop in plush stores on Fifth Avenue; visit Broadway theatres and maybe see the famous Rockette dancers; take the boat trip round Manhattan to see the famous skyline and the Statue of Liberty. Areas of interest include Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, Greenwich Village (New York's Bohemia), Central Park with its white cliff-edge of skyscrapers, Harlem (largest negro city in the world). There are many museums and art galleries with treasures imported from Europe and fine collections of modern art. And a million more things besides.



LAS VEGAS

Brightly lit, year-round desert playground, Las Vegas is famous for its casinos. Nevada's liberal gaming laws have made 'The Strip' with its whirling roulette wheels and shining army of slot machines a mecca for gamblers—big-time and small-time. Luxurious hotels with star entertainers provide the appropriate atmosphere of gloss and glitter. Nearby is a star achievement of the workaday world—Hoover (Boulder) Dam.



GRAND CANYON

This gigantic chasm is 217 miles long, 4 to 14 miles wide and a mile deep. At its bottom the mighty river, the Colorado, rushes below the rim of the gorge. Over the rock temples and into the depths of the chasm spreads a sea of ever-changing colours. Slashing the wilderness plateau for over 200 miles, the chasm is fed by scores of side canyons which are only slightly less incredible than itself. By day a blaze of molten colour, this is one of the world's greatest natural wonders, a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.



BANFF

World-famous mountain resort in the heart of the spectacular Canadian Rockies. Particularly beautiful is the drive to 40-mile distant Lake Louise, whose surface mirrors the surrounding snow-capped peaks. You pass Vermilion Lakes, Hole-in-the-Wall, Pilot Mountain, Mount Eisenhower, stopping en route at Johnson Canyon.



SAN ANTONIO

Here you'll see the famous Alamo, Texan fort captured by the Mexicans early in the last century. The town, combination of winter resort and old Spanish town, is a picturesque place. Palm trees line the banks of the San Antonio River winding through the city-centre. Other places to see are La Villita (Little Village), assemblage of craftsmen, weavers, glass-blowers—and gathering-place for parties on a gaily lighted patio; San Fernando Cathedral; Spanish Governor's Palace; Buckhorn Saloon, and other relics of the old West; Chinese Sunken Gardens; the Zoo (largest in the US); also Brooks Air base and Aerospace Medical Center.

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TOUR A: 30 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $999

ITX-WTH-1
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney BOAC/Qantas. Cross International Date Line and arrive San Francisco in evening.
2ND DAY: Half-day tour of San Francisco city sights.
3RD DAY: At leisure for shopping and discovering this appealing city.
4TH DAY: San Francisco-Los Angeles via the old Spanish Mission Trail Highway.
5TH DAY: Full-day tour of Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Movieland Wax Museum.
6TH DAY: Day at leisure in Los Angeles.
7TH DAY: Los Angeles-Las Vegas. A leisurely trip to exciting Las Vegas.
8TH DAY: Las Vegas-Flagstaff via the Hoover (Boulder) Dam.
9TH DAY: A full-day side trip to the amazing Grand Canyon.
10TH DAY: Flagstaff-Albuquerque.
11TH DAY: Albuquerque-Oklahoma City.
12TH DAY: Oklahoma City-Dallas.
13TH DAY: Dallas-Memphis.
14TH DAY: Memphis-St. Louis. A full-day trip to St. Louis on the old Mississippi.
15TH DAY: St. Louis-Indianapolis. Vital motor-racing centre.
16TH DAY: Indianapolis-Chicago.
17TH DAY: In Chicago. A half-day tour visiting the Loop District, Lake Michigan, Lake Shore Drive.
18TH DAY: Chicago, at leisure.
19TH DAY: Chicago-Des Moines.
20TH DAY: Des Moines-Omaha, through the rolling prairies.
21ST DAY: Omaha-Cheyenne.
22ND DAY: Cheyenne-Salt Lake City. Through the frontier towns of the old Wild West.
23RD DAY: In Salt Lake City. Half-day tour of beautiful Salt Lake City.
24TH DAY: Salt Lake City-Reno, "biggest little city in the world."
25TH DAY: Reno-San Francisco.
26TH DAY: Day at leisure before departing by BOAC/Qantas for Honolulu.
27TH DAY: Half-day sightseeing of Honolulu, visiting Civic Centre, Iolani Palace, Waioli Tea Room and Robert Stevenson Grass Shack.
28TH DAY: At leisure until evening departure BOAC/Qantas.
29TH DAY: Crossing the International Date Line.
30TH DAY: Early morning arrival in Sydney.

SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $80.00
Departures by BOAC/Qantas every evening from June 1 to Aug. 9, 1968, and from Oct. 18, 1968, to March 31, 1969.

TOUR B: 45 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,170

ITX-WTH-2
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney BOAC/Qantas. Cross International Date Line.
2ND DAY: Half-day sightseeing tour of San Francisco.
3RD DAY: At leisure for personal sightseeing and shopping.
4TH DAY: San Francisco-Eureka. Following the West Coast.
5TH DAY: Eureka-Portland.
6TH DAY: Portland-Vancouver. Leaving the U.S.A. via Seattle.
7TH DAY: Half-day sightseeing of the magnificent parks, forests, lakes.
8TH DAY: Vancouver-Kamloops.
9TH DAY: Kamloops-Banff via Mt. Revelstoke National Park.
10TH DAY: Half-day tour around the famous Banff National Park.
11TH DAY: Banff-Medicine Hat, following the Bow River.
12TH DAY: Medicine Hat-Regina. Through the rolling prairies.
13TH DAY: Regina-Winnipeg.
14TH DAY: Winnipeg-Minneapolis, crossing the border back into U.S.A.
15TH DAY: Minneapolis-Chicago.
16TH DAY: Chicago. Half-day tour.
17TH DAY: Chicago-Detroit, travelling through South Bend.
18TH DAY: Detroit-Niagara Falls.
19TH DAY: Niagara Falls-New York, via Rochester, Syracuse and Albany.
20TH DAY TO 22ND DAY: In New York with a half-day sightseeing tour included.
23RD DAY: New York-Washington, via Baltimore and Philadelphia.
24TH DAY: Washington. Half-day tour.
25TH DAY: Washington-Winston-Salem, passing through Virginia.
26TH DAY: Winston-Salem-Atlanta, Georgia.
27TH DAY: Atlanta-Birmingham.
28TH DAY: Birmingham-New Orleans in the deep South.
29TH DAY: New Orleans. Half-day sightseeing tour.
30TH DAY: New Orleans-Houston, via Lafayette along the Gulf of Mexico.
31ST DAY: Houston-San Antonio. A short run.
32ND DAY: San Antonio-El Paso. Heading west, to Texas.
33RD DAY: El Paso-Phoenix. Cross New Mexico.
34TH DAY: Phoenix-Flagstaff.
35TH DAY: Full-day tour of the fantastic Grand Canyon.
36TH DAY: Flagstaff-Los Angeles, the movie capital of the world.
37TH DAY AND 38TH DAY: Los Angeles with a full-day tour of Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and Movieland Wax Museum.
39TH DAY: Los Angeles-San Francisco, via the old Spanish Mission Trail.
40TH DAY: At leisure in San Francisco.
41ST DAY: At leisure until evening departure by BOAC/Qantas for Honolulu.
42ND DAY: Half-day sightseeing tour of Honolulu.
43RD DAY: At leisure until departure in evening by BOAC/Qantas.
44TH DAY: International Date Line.
45TH DAY: Arrive Sydney early morning.

SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $140.00
Departures by BOAC/Qantas every evening from June 1 to Aug. 9, 1968, and from Oct. 18, 1968, to March 31, 1969.

TOUR C: 44 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,111

ITX-WTH-3
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney BOAC/Qantas. Cross International Date Line.
2ND DAY: Half-day tour of San Francisco city sights.
3RD DAY: At leisure for shopping and personal sightseeing.
4TH DAY: San Francisco-Spanish Mission Trail-Los Angeles.
5TH DAY: Full-day tour of Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and Movieland Wax Museum.
6TH DAY: At leisure in the fascinating movieland city.
7TH DAY: Los Angeles-Las Vegas, gambling capital of U.S.A.
8TH DAY: Las Vegas-Flagstaff, via the Hoover (Boulder) Dam.
9TH DAY: A full-day side trip to the amazing Grand Canyon.
10TH DAY: Flagstaff-Phoenix. South to capital of Arizona.
11TH DAY: Phoenix-El Paso, into New Mexico and Texas.
12TH DAY: El Paso-San Antonio.
13TH DAY: San Antonio-Monterrey, Mexico.
14TH DAY: Monterrey-San Luis Potosi.
15TH DAY: San Luis Potosi-Mexico City.
16TH DAY AND 17TH DAY: Morning or afternoon city tour of the old and new cities.
18TH DAY: Mexico City-Taxco. Afternoon at leisure in Taxco.
19TH DAY: Taxco-Mexico City. Morning at leisure in Taxco.
20TH DAY: Mexico City-Monterrey.
21ST DAY: Monterrey-San Antonio.
22ND DAY: In San Antonio and chance to visit the fabulous "HemisFair," the largest ever World's Fair.
23RD DAY: San Antonio-Houston. The Gulf of Mexico.
24TH DAY: Houston-New Orleans. Travelling into the deep South.
25TH DAY: New Orleans-Tallahassee. Travelling into sunny Florida.
26TH DAY: Tallahassee-Tampa. A leisurely run to Tampa.
27TH DAY: Tampa-Miami. World-famous resort.
28TH DAY: Miami. A half-day tour of this fabulous resort.
29TH DAY: Miami-Jacksonville.
30TH DAY: Jacksonville-Atlanta. Scene of the Civil War.
31ST DAY: Atlanta-Birmingham. "Pittsburgh of the South."
32ND DAY: Birmingham-Memphis. River town, cotton and hardware capital.
33RD DAY: Memphis-St. Louis. On the old Mississippi River.
34TH DAY: St. Louis-Kansas City, where everything is up-to-date.
35TH DAY: Kansas City-Omaha. Named after early Indian settlers.
36TH DAY: Omaha-Cheyenne.
37TH DAY: Cheyenne-Salt Lake City. Through the old Wild West.
38TH DAY: Salt Lake City-Reno, "biggest little city in the world."
39TH DAY: Reno-San Francisco.
40TH DAY: At leisure in San Francisco before departure in evening for Honolulu by BOAC/Qantas.
41ST DAY: Half-day sightseeing tour of Honolulu.
42ND DAY: At leisure before departure at midnight by BOAC/Qantas.
43RD DAY: Crossing International Date Line.
44TH DAY: Arrive Sydney.

SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $130.00
Departures by BOAC/Qantas every evening from June 1 to Aug. 9, 1968, and from Oct. 18, 1968, to March 31, 1969.

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TOUR D: 45 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,190

ITX-WTH-4
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney BOAC/Qantas. Cross International Date Line.
2ND DAY: Half-day sights, "Deluxe City Tour of San Francisco."
3RD DAY: At leisure for personal shopping and sightseeing.
4TH DAY: San Francisco-Old Spanish Trail-Los Angeles.
5TH DAY: Full-day tour to Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and Movieland Wax Museum.
6TH DAY: Full day free for individual sightseeing.
7TH DAY: Los Angeles-Las Vegas, gambling capital of U.S.A.
8TH DAY: Las Vegas-Flagstaff, via Hoover (Boulder) Dam.
9TH DAY: A full-day side trip to the amazing Grand Canyon.
10TH DAY: Flagstaff-Albuquerque, to New Mexico.
11TH DAY: Albuquerque-Denver, via the Colorado Desert.
12TH DAY: Denver-Hays, military post of old frontier.
13TH DAY: Hays-Kansas City, where everything is up-to-date.
14TH DAY: Kansas City-St. Louis.
15TH DAY: St. Louis-Chicago. Cross the prairies to Chicago.
16TH DAY: Chicago. Half-day tour.
17TH DAY: Chicago-Detroit. Travelling through South Bend.
18TH DAY: Detroit. Half-day sightseeing tour.
19TH DAY: Detroit-Niagara Falls via shore of Lake Erie.
20TH DAY: Morning tour of Niagara Falls. Afternoon run to Toronto.
21ST DAY: Toronto-Montreal. Venue for the great Expo 67.
22ND DAY: At leisure to view the city and visit Expo 67 site.
23RD DAY: Montreal-New York via New England States.
24TH DAY TO 26TH DAY: Half-day tour of New York included in your three-day stay in New York. Sightseeing and shopping.
27TH DAY: New York-Washington, via Baltimore and Philadelphia.
28TH DAY: Washington. Half-day tour visiting Capitol Hill, Smithsonian Institute, Washington Monument, White House.
29TH DAY: Washington-Roanoke. Through Virginia.
30TH DAY: Roanoke-Knoxville, Tennessee.
31ST DAY: Knoxville-Birmingham, Alabama.
32ND DAY: Birmingham-New Orleans. The deep South.
33RD DAY: New Orleans. Half-day city sightseeing tour.
34TH DAY: New Orleans-Houston, via Lafayette along the Gulf of Mexico.
35TH DAY: Houston-San Antonio. A short run.
36TH DAY: San Antonio-El Paso.
37TH DAY: El Paso-Phoenix.
38TH DAY: Phoenix-Los Angeles.
39TH DAY: In Los Angeles. At leisure.
40TH DAY: Los Angeles-San Francisco. Complete the circular "Grand Tour."
41ST DAY: At leisure in San Francisco until departure in evening for Honolulu by BOAC/Qantas.
42ND DAY: Half-day sightseeing tour of Honolulu visiting Civic Centre, Iolani Palace, Waioli Tea Rooms and Robert Stevenson Grass Shack.
43RD DAY: Honolulu. At leisure until evening departure by BOAC/Qantas.
44TH DAY: Crossing International Date Line.
45TH DAY: Arrive Sydney.

SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $132.00
Departures by BOAC/Qantas every evening from June 1 to Aug. 9, 1968, and from Oct. 18, 1968, to March 31, 1969.





























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BRITAIN & CONTINENT



Your choice to Britain and the Continent . . .

Go via Singapore and India (Tours A, B, C, D) or via Honolulu, San Francisco and New York (Tours E, F, G) and then . . .

Swinging London—traditional London
Centre for kinky clothes, the "Chelsea Set," or Carnaby Street; for avante-garde painting, music and the theatre. If you haven't seen London in the "sixties"—you must.
Yet traditional touches remain . . . the pageantry and historic landmarks. Wander round the Tower of London, brush shoulders with the Beefeaters, see Trafalgar Square, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. See the Changing of the Guard, Trooping the Colour, a glimpse of Royalty. Go down to Kew (lilac time or any time), see Windsor and its Royal Castle—Hampton Court, too.

Britain . . . country of contrasts
The scene changes from county to county . . . so does the accent. Driving south there's the gentle beauty of Hampshire . . . towards the west the rich lushness of Devon, the rugged quaintness of Cornwall with its tiny fishing villages —and old smugglers' haunts. Northwards through delightful Stratford-on-Avon, beautiful Warwick, Chester, to the tranquil Lake District . . . and to Scotland. Rugged, heather-clad moors rising steeply over still, deep lochs. Edinburgh—the fairy-tale city with its castle perched on sheer rock overlooking the main street.
History and tradition everywhere—lovingly preserved for you to enjoy.

Europe . . . steeped in history . . . unforgettable treasures
Where to start . . . with a whole wonderful Continent of historic cities, fabulous scenery and an ever-changing mosaic of peoples and cultures.
Here is the world's greatest treasure house, its finest heritage of painting, sculpture and architecture, of music, drama and literature. Your tour will take you from town to town, city to city, and scarcely a corner is not associated with some great event, some great name in history, art, science, letters.

See the treasures in Florence, listen to the music of Mozart in Salzburg, stand in Rome where Mark Antony once stood delivering his speech to the Romans, gaze from Heidelberg Castle across the Rhine. Lose yourself in the past in Athens . . . climb the Leaning Tower at Pisa . . . cross the Bridge of Sighs in Venice. Waltz to the strains of the Blue Danube in Vienna . . . laze on the French Riviera . . . have the time of your life in Paris. Revel in the breathtaking scenery of the Swiss snow-capped peaks . . . the glory of the Italian Lakes. And so much more.

You'll store up memories to last a lifetime.
Return home via beautiful Bangkok and Singapore . . . or through Hong Kong—some tours give you time for precious last-minute shopping in this bargain treasure house.

Note: Maximum validity of air tickets governing these tours is 60 days. All itineraries may be reversed so as to travel to Europe via the Orient and India, and return via North America.

TOUR A: 48 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,50

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,506	ADELAIDE	$1,506
MELBOURNE	$1,506	PERTH	$1,443
CANBERRA	$1,506	HOBART	$1,535
BRISBANE	$1,506	DARWIN	$1,426

ITX/TC/BA6 ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney by BOAC.
2ND DAY: En route via Singapore, India, the Middle East Europe to LONDON.
3RD DAY TO 6TH DAY: In London with sightseeing in around the city.
7TH DAY: Leave London at 9.00 a.m. via Oxford and Wo stock, birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill, to Stratford
8TH DAY: Via Warwick, with its historic castle; Kenilw Castle, now in ruins, built by a Norman baron in the century; Shrewsbury, with its picturesque timber houses Chester, noted for its Roman walls and curious arcades.
9TH DAY: Through the Lake District.
10TH DAY: Via Carlisle and Gretna Green. Ayr, birthplace Robert Burns; to Glasgow, commercial capital of Scotla
11TH DAY: Via Loch Lomond, Arrochar on Ben Arthur feet); the Rest and Be Thankful Pass between two mounta Inveraray, with its Castle; Oban, principal coastal resor the Western Highlands; to Dalmally.
12TH DAY: Via Fort William, overlooked by Ben Nevis, highest mountain in Britain (4,406 feet); Inveraray, Augustus, Loch Ness where, perhaps, you will get a glim of the Loch Ness Monster; to Inverness.
13TH DAY: Via Culloden Moor where, at the Battle of Cu den, the rebellion of Bonnie Prince Charlie was ruthle crushed in 1746; the coastal resort of Nairn; Tomintoul, hi est village in the Highlands; Balmoral Castle, Highland ho of Her Majesty the Queen; Braemar to Perth, ancient c royal and municipal burgh and one-time capital of Scotla
14TH DAY: Via Crieff, through the narrow Pass of Le dominated by Ben Ledi (2,875 feet); the Trossachs; the re of Aberfoyle; Stirling, dominated by its famous Castle, historic town of Dunfermline to Edinburgh.
15TH DAY: Capital of Scotland. A morning sightseeing t of the city. Afternoon at leisure. The Edinburgh Festi takes place between August 18 and September 7.
16TH DAY: Via Melrose Abbey; Kelso, Scott's "most beauti village in Scotland," the ancient market towns of Wooler Morpeth; to Newcastle.
17TH DAY: Via Durham, picturesque Thirsk and Easingw to York, seat of the Archbishop of York. The Minster is t largest mediaeval Cathedral in England.
18TH DAY: Morning sightseeing in York. Afternoon contin via Selby, with its 11th century Abbey; Markham Moor, w its quaint inn; to Lincoln, dominated by its Gothic cathed and whose Roman gateway is the oldest city gateway England.
19TH DAY: Via Peterborough; Huntingdon; the famous Univ sity of Cambridge; Hatfield where, at Hatfield House, Qu Elizabeth I received the news of her succession; to Lond
20TH DAY TO 24TH DAY: In London—On one day there be a whole day excursion to Windsor, Eton, Stoke Poges a Hampton Court. The other days are at leisure.
25TH DAY: Leave London (Victoria Station) by train, cross Channel by steamer to Calais or Boulogne; thence by co to Brussels, the gay and elegant capital of Belgium.
26TH DAY: Via Liege to Aachen for lunch; then to Bonn a along the banks of the River Rhine to Bad Kreuznach.

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TOUR A continued

27TH DAY: Continue along the Rhine Valley, via the University town of Heidelberg and through the Black Forest to Feldberg, or to Titisee.
28TH DAY: Morning at leisure. After lunch, continue through the beautiful Swiss Rhineland, via the Rhine Falls of Schaffhausen to Zurich and Lucerne.
29TH DAY: Day at leisure in the delightful lakeside city in the heart of the Swiss Alps.
30TH DAY: Continue over the Arlberg Pass through magnificent mountains, then along the Inn Valley to Innsbruck.
31ST DAY: Continue over the Brenner Pass and through the impressive Dolomites to Venice.
32ND DAY: Morning tour on foot. Afternoon at leisure. Venice is built on more than 100 islands lying in a lagoon 2½ miles from the sea. The Basilica of St. Mark, St. Mark's Square with its pigeons and 322 feet high Campanile, the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto Bridge are but a few of the city's world-famous attractions.
33RD DAY: Continue via Bologna to Florence.
34TH DAY: Morning sightseeing tour. Afternoon at leisure. This famous Renaissance City has some of the most magnificent art and architectural treasures in the world.
35TH DAY: Continue via Assisi, home of St. Francis, to Rome.
36TH DAY: Half-day sightseeing tour. The Eternal City, the Urbs of the Roman Emperors, the City of the Popes, the capital of modern Italy, Rome is unique in all the world. The Roman Forum, the Basilica of St. Peter, the Vatican City, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Trevi Fountain, the Catacombs, the Baths of Caracalla, Nero's Golden House are but a fraction of Rome's treasure house of fabulous sights and scenes.
37TH DAY: In Rome at leisure.
38TH DAY: Continue via Riva del Sole to Pisa, with its famous Leaning Tower.
39TH DAY: Continue along the Ligurian Riviera to Genoa.
40TH DAY: Continue along the coast road through Spotorno, Alassio, San Remo and Monte Carlo to Nice, the largest resort in the French Riviera.
41ST DAY: At leisure to relax beside the blue Mediterranean, stroll along the Promenade des Anglais.
42ND DAY: Continue via Aix-en-Provence and Avignon (remember the song—"Sur le pont d'Avignon, l'on y danse, l'on y danse . . .") to Valence.
43RD DAY: Continue via Lyons and Macon to Nevers.
44TH DAY: Continue via the beautiful Forest of Fontainebleau to Paris.
45TH DAY: At leisure to shop in the Rue de Rivoli, see the Arc de Triomphe, visit the Louvre, go up the Eiffel Tower, potter along the Left Bank or just to sit at an open-air cafe on the Champs Elysees and watch the world go by.
46TH DAY: Leave Paris by air for Frankfurt, Zurich or Rome thence by connecting BOAC flight via the Middle East and India.
47TH DAY: Arrive Hong Kong and continue to Sydney.
48TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.

TOUR B: 56 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,745

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,745	ADELAIDE	$1,745
MELBOURNE	$1,745	PERTH	$1,682
CANBERRA	$1,745	HOBART	$1,774
BRISBANE	$1,745	DARWIN	$1,665

ITX/TC/BA7 ITINERARY

1ST DAY TO 19TH DAY: The itinerary for this period is the same as that for Tour A (BA6).
20TH DAY TO 22ND DAY: In London. One whole day excursion to Windsor, Eton, Stoke Poges and Hampton Court. The other days are at leisure.
23RD DAY: Leave London (Victoria Station) in the morning by Golden Arrow Pullman Car; cross the English Channel by steamer to Calais, thence by coach to Brussels.
24TH DAY: Via Liege to Aachen for lunch; then to Bonn along the vine-clad banks of the River Rhine to Bad Kreuznach.
25TH DAY: In the afternoon, continue along the Rhine Valley to the ancient university town of Heidelberg, with its magnificent panoramic view of the Rhine.
26TH DAY: Continue along the winding course of the Neckar Valley via Ulm and Landsberg to Oberammergau in the Bavarian Alps, one of the most picturesque villages in Germany and scene of the famous Passion Play.
27TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Oberammergau. After lunch, continue via Garmisch-Partenkirchen, one of Europe's finest winter sports centres, to Innsbruck, capital of the Austrian Tyrol.
28TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Innsbruck, famous for its unique situation. To the north, the sheer sides of the mighty Alps rise like a shimmering blue and white wall from the edge of the city; to the south, the mountains of the Tuxer range form a series of drop curtains ranging from 7,000 to 10,000 feet in height. The famous ancient mansion known as "The Golden Roof" is covered with a mass of heavily gilded copper tiles which glint in the sunlight and give the appearance of pure gold. Continue along the Inn Valley to Salzburg.
29TH DAY: At leisure. The history of Salzburg dates back to 500 B.C. Today, its main landmark is the great 11th century fortress, built 500 feet above the city on the end of the Moenchsberg. Mozart was born in Salzburg, and the city is renowned for its Music Festival.
30TH DAY: Continue through the Salzkammergut region, then, following a route close to the River Danube, through the Vienna Woods and to Vienna.
31ST DAY: Morning at leisure. Afternoon sightseeing drive. The zenith of Vienna's prosperity was in the 1870's when the city was the capital of the Austro-Hungarian empire and seat of the Hapsburg emperors, and many of its splendid palaces and buildings are a legacy of that sparkling era.
32ND DAY: Continue south and cross the wooded Semmering Pass to Bruck and Leoben, then through the impressive mountains of Carinthia to Klagenfurt, famous for its fine architecture.
33RD DAY: Continue along the shores of the Worther-See, cross into Italy and drive via Udine to Venice.
34TH DAY: Morning tour on foot. Afternoon at leisure. One of the most unusual cities in the world, Venice is built on water, in fact, on more than 100 islands lying in a lagoon 2½ miles from the sea. The Basilica of Saint Mark, St. Mark's Square with its pigeons and 322-ft.-high Campanile, the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Rialto Bridge are but a few of the city's many fascinating attractions.

TOUR B continued

35TH DAY: Continue via Bologna to Florence.
36TH DAY: Morning sightseeing tour. Afternoon at leisure. This famous Renaissance City has some of the most magnificent art and architectural treasures in the world. Highlights include the Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Uffizi and Pitti Art Galleries, and the Ponte Vecchio with its famous little shops, the Bargelio Palace, the Church of Santa Croce, the Palace of Medici-Riccardi.
37TH DAY: Continue via Assisi. the home of St. Francis, to Rome.
38TH DAY: Morning sightseeing tour. Afternoon at leisure. The Eternal City, the Urbs of the Roman Emperors, the City of the Popes, capital of modern Italy, Rome is unique in all the world. The Roman Forum, the Basilica of St. Peter, the Vatican City, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Trevi Fountain, the Catacombs, the Baths of Caracalla, Nero's Golden House, are but a fraction of Rome's treasure-house of fabulous sights and scenes.
39TH DAY: Continue south via Naples to Sorrento, an enchanting resort beside the blue Mediterranean.
40TH DAY: Whole-day excursion by steamer to the Isle of Capri; see the famous Blue Grotto.
41ST DAY: Visit en route the town of Pompeii, which was engulfed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D.79 and remained buried beneath volcanic ash for centuries. Continue via Naples to Rome.
42ND DAY: At leisure.
43RD DAY: Continue along the coast road through Riva del Sole to Pisa, with its world-famous Leaning Tower.
44TH DAY: Continue along the wonderful Riviera Coast road through Rapallo and Norvi to Genoa.
45TH DAY: Continue along the coast road through Spotorno, Alassio, San Remo and Monte Carlo to Nice, the largest resort on the French Riviera.
46TH DAY: Day at leisure to relax beside the blue Mediterranean, stroll along the Promenade des Anglais, buy perfume, perhaps try your luck at one of the Casinos.
47TH DAY: Drive along the Route des Alpes, through wonderful scenery, to Grenoble, one of France's most popular Alpine resorts and, with its bishopric and university, the cultural centre of the French Alps.
48TH DAY: Continue through Aix-les-Bains, Geneva and Berne to Interlaken, one of Switzerland's loveliest resorts situated as its name implies, between two lakes—Thun and Brienz.
49TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Interlaken. Then continue to Lucerne.
50TH DAY: Day at leisure in this delightful lakeside city situated in the heart of the Swiss Alps.
51ST DAY: Continue via Lakeside Neuchatel to Dijon, one of France's most famous provincial cities.
52ND DAY: Continue through the peaceful Forest of Fontainebleau to Paris.
53RD DAY: Whole day at leisure, with lunch provided, to shop in the Rue de Rivoli, see the Arc de Triomphe, visit the Louvre, go up the Eiffel Tower, potter along the Left Bank or just sit at an open-air cafe on the Champs Elysees and watch the world go by.
54TH DAY: Leave Paris by air for Frankfurt, Zurich or Rome thence by connecting BOAC flight via the Middle East and India.
55TH DAY: Arrive Hong Kong and continue to Sydney.
56TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.

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TOUR C: 50 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,449

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,449	ADELAIDE	$1,449
MELBOURNE	$1,449	PERTH	$1,386
CANBERRA	$1,449	HOBART	$1,478
BRISBANE	$1,449	DARWIN	$1,369

ITX/TC/BA8
ITINERARY

1ST DAY TO 19TH DAY: The itinerary for this period is the same as that for Tour A.
20TH DAY TO 24TH DAY: In London. One whole-day excursion to Windsor, Eton, Stoke Poges and Hampton Court. The other days are at leisure.
25TH DAY: Leave London in the morning by train and steamer via Dover and Calais to Paris.
26TH DAY AND 27TH DAY: A morning sightseeing tour around Paris including visits to Invalides and Sacre Coeur. An afternoon tour around Paris including visits to the Louvre and the Cathedral of Notre Dame.
28TH DAY: Morning train to Brussels.
29TH DAY: Morning sightseeing drive round this gay, beautiful and elegant city, capital of Belgium. In the afternoon, drive to the site of the Battle of Waterloo.
30TH DAY: Morning train to Cologne.
31ST DAY: Morning drive in and around Cologne including the Cathedral and medieval churches, Wallraf-Richartz Museum, Dionysos' Mosaic, and cross the Rhine to Koln-Deutz and fair grounds. Afternoon at leisure.
32ND DAY: Morning train from Cologne to Frankfurt.
33RD DAY: In Frankfurt. Morning excursion including Grosses Haus Theatre, Goethe Haus or Emperor's Hall, Town Hall, St. Paul's Church, Roemer, Cathedral Palmgarden, University, and fair grounds. Afternoon at leisure.
34TH DAY: Leave Frankfurt by the "Lorelei Express" early in the afternoon via Basle to Lucerne, arriving in the early evening.
35TH DAY AND 36TH DAY: In Lucerne. On one afternoon there will be an excursion by lake steamer and mountain railway to Pilatus Kulm. The rest of the period is at leisure.
37TH DAY: Leave Lucerne in the morning by train for a scenic journey via Zurich and the Austrian Tyrol to Innsbruck.
38TH DAY: In Innsbruck. Morning at leisure. An afternoon excursion will visit the Old Town, Goldenes Dachl, Rennweg, Castle of Ambras, and Berg Isel.
39TH DAY: Continue from Innsbruck by motor coach through the Austrian Alps to Cortina D'Ampezzo in the beautiful Dolomites.
40TH DAY: Leave Cortina in the early afternoon by motor coach for Venice, arriving in the early evening.
41ST DAY: In Venice. In the morning, a sightseeing tour on foot will visit the Church of St. Mark, the Doge's Palace, the Dungeons and the Bridge of Sighs. An afternoon excursion by gondola will take you along the Grand Canal to Rialto Bridge, Church of Frari, Church of Santa Maria della Salute, and will include a visit to a glass or lace factory.
42ND DAY: Venice to Florence by motor coach. On the way stops will be made at Padua to visit Scrovegnis' Chapel to see the beautiful frescoes by Giotto. The route continues via Ferrara and Bologna where short drives will show you many centres of interest.
43RD DAY: In Florence—morning and afternoon excursions by motor coach. This comprehensive drive will show you many fascinating aspects of this colourful city. During the morning you will see Medici Chapels, Giotto's Baptistry with its beautiful mosaics and bronze doors, and the Palazzo Pitti and its famous gallery. The afternoon drive will include a visit to the Uffizi Gallery with its priceless collection of pictures and statues, then on to the beautiful village of Fiesoli overlooking Florence. On the return journey visit the Santa Crose Church where Michelangelo, Galileo, Machiavelli and many other famous Italians are buried.

TOUR C continued

44TH DAY: Florence to Rome by motor coach via Assisi to visit the Church of St. Francis and then to Perugia.
45TH DAY TO 47TH DAY: In Rome. See this fascinating city on two morning and two afternoon excursions. Among the many places you will visit are the Borghese Gallery, the Pantheon, Basilica of St. Peter in the Vatican, the Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel, the Roman Forum, Basilica of St. Paul outside the Wall, the Colosseum, Appian Way, the Catacombs and Trevi Fountain.
48TH DAY: Leave Rome by BOAC flight via the Middle East and India.
49TH DAY: Arrive Hong Kong and continue to Sydney.
50TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.



TOUR D: 48 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,513

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,513	ADELAIDE	$1,513
MELBOURNE	$1,513	PERTH	$1,450
CANBERRA	$1,513	HOBART	$1,542
BRISBANE	$1,513	DARWIN	$1,433

ITX/TC/BA9
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Leave Sydney by BOAC via Singapore and India.
2ND DAY: Arrive Beirut in the morning. Afternoon excursion to Dog River, and historic Byblos, reputed to be the oldest continuously inhabited town in the world, from as long ago as 6,000 B.C. Close to the mouth of Dog River is the Grotto of Jeita, a wonderland of stalactites and stalagmites.
3RD DAY: Whole-day excursion to Damascus, capital of Syria and one of the oldest cities in the world.
4TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Beirut. Depart in the early afternoon by air for Athens.
5TH DAY: In Athens—morning at leisure. Afternoon excursion including the University, the National Library, The Academy; ascend via the funicular to Mount Lycabettus for a panoramic view of Athens, then to the Royal Palace, Stadium, Temple of Zeus, Hadrian's Arch, The Acropolis and monuments.
6TH DAY: Whole-day excursion by motor coach to Old Corinth, Mycenae, Nauplia and Epidaurus.
7TH DAY: Athens to Rome in the morning by air.
8TH DAY AND 9TH DAY: In Rome. See this fascinating city in two morning and two afternoon excursions. Among the many places you will visit are the Borghese Gallery, the Pantheon, Basilica of St. Peter in the Vatican, the Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel, the Roman Forum, Basilica of St. Paul outside the Wall, the Colosseum, Appian Way, the Catacombs and Trevi Fountain.
10TH DAY: Rome to Nice by air.
11TH DAY AND 12TH DAY: In Nice. See the lovely French Riviera on two afternoon excursions.
13TH DAY: Leave Nice by early afternoon flight for Geneva.
14TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Geneva. Afternoon in and around the city; seeing the United Nations Building, etc.
15TH DAY: Whole-day drive along the north shore of Lake Geneva to Lausanne and on to Montreux on the eastern shore of the lake. Return to Geneva is via Castle of Vufflens and Signal de Bougy.
16TH DAY: Leave Geneva shortly after midday by air for Frankfurt.
17TH DAY: In Frankfurt. A morning excursion to the Grosses Haus Theatre, Goethe Haus or Emperors Hall, the Town Hall, St. Paul's Church, the Cathedral and the Fairgrounds. In the evening a night club tour, including the famed Bruckenkeller, Appelwei Stuben and the Imperial.
18th DAY: Frankfurt to Copenhagen by air in the afternoon.
19TH DAY AND 20TH DAY: In Copenhagen with sightseeing as follows:

1. On one day to the smiling town of Odense and the home of Hans Christian Andersen.
2. On another day to Sweden, visiting Malmo, the picturesque country of Scania, the university city of Lund and many other centres of intriguing interest.
3. One evening—Copenhagen by night—a festive occasion visiting Nyhavn, the world famous Tivoli Gardens, Lorry—a popular Danish restaurant, and the "Valencia" night club with a floor show.

21ST DAY: Leave Copenhagen in the afternoon by air for Paris.
22ND DAY AND 23RD DAY: In Paris with sightseeing as follows:

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TOUR D continued

1. On one morning and afternoon in and around the city, including Invalides, Sacre Coeur, the Louvre, Champs Elysees, and the Arc de Triomphe.
2. On another day to Versailles and Malmaison.

24TH DAY: Paris to London by afternoon air service.
25TH DAY TO 30TH DAY: In London with sightseeing.
31ST DAY: Leave London at 9.00 a.m. via Oxford, and Woodstock, birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill, to Stratford.
32ND DAY: Via Warwick, with its historic castle, one of the most beautiful in England; Kenilworth Castle; Shrewsbury, with its picturesque timbered houses; to Chester.
33RD DAY: Through the Lake District, seeing Lake Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere and Thirlmere to Keswick, on the Derwentwater, at the foot of Skiddaw (3,054 feet).
34TH DAY: Via Carlisle, Gretna Green, the place for runaway marriages; Dumfries, where Robert Burns lived from 1791-96; Ayr, birthplace of Robert Burns; to Glasgow.
35TH DAY: Via Loch Lomond, Arrochar on Ben Arthur (2,891 feet); the Rest and Be Thankful Pass between two mountains; Inveraray, with its Castle; Oban, principal coastal resort of the Western Highlands; to Dalmally.
36TH DAY: Via Fort William, overlooked by Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Britain (4,406 feet); Inveraray; Loch Ness, where perhaps, you will get a glimpse of the Loch Ness Monster; to Inverness.
37TH DAY: Via Culloden Moor where, at the Battle of Culloden, the rebellion of Bonnie Prince Charlie was ruthlessly crushed in 1746; the coastal resort of Nairn; Tomintoul, highest village in the Highlands; Balmoral Castle, Highland home of Her Majesty the Queen; Braemar; to Perth, ancient city, royal and municipal burgh and one-time capital of Scotland.
38TH DAY: Via Crieff to Callander, romantically situated on the River Teith; through the narrow Pass of Leny, dominated by Ben Ledi (2,875 feet); the Trossachs; the resort of Aberfoyle; Stirling, dominated by its famous Castle; the historic town of Dunfermline; to Edinburgh.
39TH DAY: Capital of Scotland. A morning sightseeing tour of the city. Afternoon at leisure. The Edinburgh Festival takes place between August 18 and September 7.
40TH DAY: Via Melrose Abbey; Kelso, Scott's "most beautiful village in Scotland," the ancient market towns of Wooler and Morpeth; to Newcastle.
41ST DAY: Via Durham, picturesque Thirsk and Easingwold; to York, seat of the Archbishop of York. The Minster is the largest mediaeval Cathedral in England.
42ND DAY: Morning sightseeing in York. Afternoon continue via Selby, with its 11th century Abbey; Markham Moor, with its quaint inn; to Lincoln, dominated by its Gothic Cathedral and whose Roman gateway is the oldest city gateway in England.
43RD DAY: Via Peterborough; Huntingdon; the famous University of Cambridge; Hatfield where, at Hatfield House, Queen Elizabeth I received the news of her succession; to London.
44TH DAY AND 45TH DAY: In London.
46TH DAY: Leave London by BOAC via the Middle East and India.
47TH DAY: Arrive Hong Kong and continue by connecting air service to Sydney.
48TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.

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TOUR E: 41 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,359

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,359	ADELAIDE	$1,375
MELBOURNE	$1,359	PERTH	$1,389
CANBERRA	$1,359	HOBART	$1,390
BRISBANE	$1,359	DARWIN	$1,391

ITX/TC/BA10
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Depart Sydney by BOAC. (Cross International Date Line.)
2ND DAY: Arrive Honolulu in the morning and continue via San Francisco and New York.
3RD DAY: Arrive London in the late evening and transfer to hotel.
4TH DAY TO 9TH DAY: In London. See its many facets on two morning and two afternoon excursions in and around the city including visits to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Kensington Palace, the Wallace Collection, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, National Gallery, Guildhall, etc. There will also be a half-day excursion to the beautiful Thames Valley; and a whole day tour to historic Windsor Castle, Stoke Poges, the setting of Gray's Elegy, and Eton with its celebrated public school.
10TH DAY: Leave London in the morning by motor coach and continue via Staines, Ascot, scene of famous horse races, Reading, Marlborough, Chippenham, the famous spa of Bath to Bristol.
11TH DAY: Continue via Cheddar Gorge, the Cathedral City of Wells and Glastonbury, with its ruined Abbey, to Tintagel.
12TH DAY: Via Camelford, Wadebridge, Newquay, Redruth, St. Ives and the Cornish Coast to Land's End.
13TH DAY: Via Penzance, Helston, Truro, St. Austell, Liskeard, Plymouth, Torquay, Teignmouth to Exeter.
14TH DAY: Today there will be a circular sightseeing drive via Dunster, Minehead, Lynton, Barnstaple and Crediton, returning to Exeter.
15TH DAY: Continue via Exmouth, Lyme Regis, Dorchester, Weymouth and Bournemouth to Lyndhurst.
16TH DAY: Via the New Forest, Romsey, Winchester, Guildford and Esher to London, arriving early in the evening.
17TH DAY: In London at leisure.
18TH DAY: Leave London (Victoria) in the morning by rail and steamer to Calais or Boulogne, thence by motor coach to Brussels.
19TH DAY: Continue through the wooded countryside of Luxembourg to Nancy.
20TH DAY: Through Alsace-Lorraine and the Vosges Mountains to Lakeside Zurich.
21ST DAY: Continue through Vaduz (Leichtenstein) and over the Arlberg Pass to Innsbruck in the Tyrol.
22ND DAY: Along the Inn Valley to the gay Tyrolean resort of Kitzbuhel.
23RD DAY: Over the magnificent Grossglockner Pass to Cortina D'Ampezzo in the Dolomites.
24TH DAY: Through the Dolomites to the splendour of Venice.
25TH DAY: In Venice at leisure. An optional sightseeing excursion on foot is available at a supplementary charge payable locally.
26TH DAY: To Milan to see the splendid Cathedral and on to Stresa on beautiful Lake Maggiore.
27TH DAY: In Stresa at leisure, a lovely sunny spot surrounded by mountains, where you can swim, go boating, walk or laze in the sun.

TOUR E continued

28TH DAY: A delightful scenic drive over the Simplon Pass to Lausanne on Lake Geneva.
29TH DAY: Through Geneva and the vineyards of Burgundy to Chalon-Sur-Saone.
30TH DAY: Continue through Auxerre and the Forest of Fontainebleau to Paris.
31ST DAY: Homeward by coach to Boulogne or Calais, and then by steamer and rail to London (Victoria).
32ND DAY AND 33RD DAY: In London—at leisure.
34TH DAY: Leave London in the morning by air for Rome.
35TH DAY AND 36TH DAY: In Rome. See this fascinating city on two morning and two afternoon excursions. Among the many places you will visit are the Borghese Gallery, the Pantheon, Basilica of St. Peter in the Vatican City, the Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel, the Roman Forum, Basilica of St. Paul outside the Wall, the Colosseum, Appian Way, the Catacombs and Trevi Fountain.
37TH DAY: Leave Rome early in the afternoon by air.
38TH DAY: En route via India and Bangkok to Hong Kong, arriving during the afternoon.
39TH DAY: In Hong Kong. Morning excursions by motor coach to the City of Victoria on Hong Kong Island including the famous Peak, for a panoramic view of the city and harbour. In the afternoon another excursion by motor coach will visit Kowloon and the Mainland "New Territories."
40TH DAY: Morning and afternoon at leisure in Hong Kong. In the evening transfer to the airport and leave by air for Australia.
41ST DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.

ALL TOUR PRICES INCLUDE:

(1) Travel tickets from Australia and back to Australia by the Economy jet services of BOAC, Qantas, Air India and associate airlines, and by the services of connecting airlines; surface transport by first-class rail and steamer and by motor coach as indicated in the itineraries, with reserved seats on trains and motor coaches; (2) hotel accommodation in good, comfortable hotels in medium grade rooms with private bath on the basis of sharing a twin-bedded room. Exceptionally, on the motor coach tours in Great Britain rooms without private bath are provided. Rooms with bath are extremely limited, but may be reserved at the appropriate extra charge, payable direct to the hotels, and subject to availability; (3) Breakfasts (plain in continental Europe), lunches and dinners daily. Exceptionally, in London and Hong Kong lunches and dinners are not provided; in Paris and Rome, lunches are not provided. Exceptionally on Tours C, D and G, lunches and dinners are not provided in continental Europe and no meals are provided in USA and Canada; (4) Transfers between city air terminals, stations and hotels; (5) Sightseeing as indicated in the itineraries; (6) Tips to hotel servants to the extent of the accommodation provided and State and Municipal taxes where applicable; (7) The services of a Tour Manager on the motor coach tours of Britain and continental Europe. Single-room supplement; quoted on request.

TOUR F: 48 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,477

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,477	ADELAIDE	$1,493
MELBOURNE	$1,477	PERTH	$1,707
CANBERRA	$1,477	HOBART	$1,508
BRISBANE	$1,477	DARWIN	$1,509

ITX/TC/BA11
ITINERARY

1ST DAY TO 16TH DAY: The itinerary for this period is the same as that for Tour E (BA10).
17TH DAY TO 19TH DAY: In London—at leisure.
20TH DAY: Leave London (Victoria) in the morning by rail and steamer for Calais or Boulogne; then by motor coach to Brussels, Belgium's gay capital.
21ST DAY: Via Liege and along the river Rhine to Bad Kreuznach.
22ND DAY: To the University town of Heidelberg and through the Black Forest to Feldberg.
23RD DAY: After lunch continue via the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen to Zurich and Lucerne.
24TH DAY: In Lucerne. Whole day at leisure.
25TH DAY: Over the Arlberg Pass and along the Inn Valley to Innsbruck.
26TH DAY: Over the Brenner Pass and through the impressive Dolomites to Venice.
27TH DAY: In Venice. A morning excursion on foot and the afternoon at leisure.
28TH DAY: Via Bologna to Florence, world famous for its collections of sculpture and art.
29TH DAY: In Florence. Morning sightseeing excursion and afternoon at leisure.
30TH DAY: Continue to Rome.
31ST DAY AND 32ND DAY: In Rome. Half day sightseeing excursion to see the wonders of this fabulous city. Remainder of time at leisure.
33RD DAY: Via Riva del Sole to Pisa, famous for its leaning tower.
34TH DAY: Along the Ligurian Riviera to Genoa.
35TH DAY: Along the coast road to Alassio, San Remo, Monte Carlo and Nice, the largest holiday resort on the French Riviera.
36TH DAY: In Nice. Whole day at leisure.
37TH DAY: Via Aix-en-Provence and Avignon to Valence.
38TH DAY: Via Lyons and Macon to Nevers.
39TH DAY: Via Fontainebleau to Paris.
40TH DAY: In Paris. Whole day at leisure.
41ST DAY: By coach to Calais or Boulogne, thence by steamer and rail to London (Victoria).
42ND DAY TO 43RD DAY: In London at leisure.
44TH DAY: Leave London by BOAC.
45TH DAY: En route via India and Bangkok to Hong Kong, arriving during the afternoon.
46TH DAY: In Hong Kong. Morning excursion by motor coach to the City of Victoria on Hong Kong Island including the famous Peak for a panoramic view of the city and harbour.
47TH DAY: In the evening transfer to the airport and leave for Australia.
48TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.

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TOUR @ [illegible] DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,498

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,498	ADELAIDE	$1,513
MELBOURNE	$1,498	PERTH	$1,524
CANBERRA	$1,498	HOBART	$1,529
BRISBANE	$1,498	DARWIN	$1,530

ITX/TC/BA12
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Leave Sydney by BOAC. (Cross the International Date Line.)
2ND DAY: En route via Honolulu to San Francisco.
3RD DAY: In San Francisco. Morning excursion around San Francisco including Twin Peaks, Seal Rocks and Cliff House, St. Francis Woods. Afternoon at leisure.
4TH DAY: In San Francisco at leisure.
5TH DAY: On to Chicago by Jet Airliner.
6TH DAY: In Chicago. A two-hour morning excursion around Chicago. Beaches, yacht harbours, exclusive residential areas; Lake Michigan and the Chicago River, and The Loop. Glamorous North Michigan Avenue; Lake Shore Drive, one of the most beautiful in this city.
7TH DAY: On to Montreal by air.
8TH DAY: In Montreal. Morning sightseeing excursion visiting the shopping and theatrical districts, the old French district and Westmount Lookout. Afternoon at leisure.
9TH DAY: Leave for New York by air in the morning, arriving a little over an hour later.
10TH DAY: In New York. Half-day sightseeing excursion to see Times Square, The Bowery, Lower East Side, Chinatown, Rockefeller Centre, United Nations Building, Empire State Building and Statue of Liberty.
11TH DAY: In New York—at leisure.
12TH DAY: Leave New York International Airport by BOAC for London, arriving late in the evening.
13TH DAY TO 18TH DAY: In London. Excursions, including visits to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Kensington Palace, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, National Gallery, Guildhall. Also the beautiful Thames Valley, Windsor Castle, Stoke Poges, the setting of Gray's Elegy, and Eton with its celebrated public school.
19TH DAY: Leave London in the morning by motor coach via Henley on Thames and Oxford, to Stratford-Upon-Avon.
20TH DAY: Continue via Warwick, Leamington, Kenilworth Castle and Shrewsbury to Chester, with its Roman Walls.
21ST DAY: Via Lancaster and through the Lake District to Keswick.
22ND DAY: Via Carlisle, Dumfries, Ayr, in the Robert Burns Country, to Glasgow.
23RD DAY: Continue via Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Arrochar, Inveraray, Lochgilphead, Pass of Melfort and Oban to Dalmally.
24TH DAY: Via Bridge of Orchy, Kinlochleven, Fort William, Invergarry, Fort Augustus, Loch Ness to Inverness.
25TH DAY: Via Culloden Moor, Nairn, Grantown-on-Spey, Braemar. Spittal of Glenshee, Blairgowrie to Perth.
26TH DAY: Via Crieff, Lochearnhead, Callander, Trossachs, Aberfoyle, Stirling Castle and Forth Bridge to Edinburgh.
27TH DAY: In Edinburgh. Sightseeing excursion visiting the Castle, Holyrood Palace, historic "Royal Mile." The Edinburgh Festival will take place August 18th to September 7th.
28TH DAY: Via Galashiels, Abbotsford, Melrose, Kelso, Wooler and Morpeth to Newcastle Upon Tyne.
29TH DAY: Via Durham, Darlington, Thirsk and Castle Howard (admission fee included) to York, with its mediaeval history.

TOUR @ [illegible] DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,498 (continued)

30TH DAY: Morning sightseeing in York. Afternoon via Selby, Bawtry, Barnby Moor and Markham Moor to the Cathedral City of Lincoln.
31ST DAY: Via Peterborough, Huntingdon, Cambridge with its colleges, Baldock, Hatfield and Barnet to London.
32ND DAY: Morning in London at leisure. Leave London in the late afternoon by air for Paris.
33RD DAY AND 34TH DAY: In Paris with sightseeing as follows:
1. In and around the city, including Invalides, Sacré Coeur, the Louvre, Champs Elysees, and the Arc de Triomphe.
2. To Versailles and Malmaison.

35TH DAY: Leave Paris in the morning by air for Copenhagen, arriving early in the afternoon.
36TH DAY TO 38TH DAY: In Copenhagen with sightseeing as follows:
1. The smiling town of Odense and the home of Hans Christian Andersen.
2. To Sweden, visiting Malmo, the picturesque country of Scania, the University City of Lund.
3. Copenhagen by night—a festive occasion visiting Nyhavn, the world famous Tivoli Gardens, Lorry—a popular Danish restaurant, and the "Valencia" Nightclub with floor shows.

39TH DAY: Copenhagen to Berlin by air via Hamburg.
40TH DAY: Morning at leisure in Berlin. Afternoon tour through West Berlin including Schoneberg Town Hall, Botanic Garden, University, Radio Tower, Olympic Stadium, Charlottenburg Castle, Hansa Quarter, Philharmonic Hall, Brandenburg Gate, the Reichstag and Congress Hall.
41ST DAY: In Berlin—at leisure.
42ND DAY: Leave Berlin in the morning by air via Frankfurt for Zurich, thence by train to Lucerne.
43RD DAY: Morning at leisure in Lucerne. Afternoon excursion to Altdorf, the country of William Tell, and Axenstrasse.
44TH DAY: Morning at leisure. Leave by train in the afternoon through beautiful mountain country to Interlaken.
45TH DAY AND 46TH DAY: In Interlaken with sightseeing excursion to the Blue Lake and Kandersteg, and to Grindelwald and the Trummelbach Falls.
47TH DAY: Leave Interlaken in the morning by train through the glorious Bernese Oberland to Montreux.
48TH DAY: Whole day excursion via Chillon, Villeneuve and along the Lake of Geneva, to Geneva. Return to Montreux along the north bank of the lake and through Lausanne.
49th DAY: Leave Montreux in the morning by train via Lausanne and Berne for Geneva thence by air to Rome.
50TH DAY AND 51ST DAY: In Rome. Among the many places you will visit are the Borghese Gallery, the Pantheon, Basilica of St. Peter in the Vatican City, the Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel, the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, Appian Way, the Catacombs and Trevi Fountain.
52ND DAY: Leave Rome in the afternoon by BOAC for the journey home.
53RD DAY: En route via India, arriving in Bangkok in the morning. Afternoon in Bangkok, at leisure.
54TH DAY: In Bangkok. Morning excursions by launch up the Chao Phya River and its canals passing through the floating markets and boat houses, and visiting Wat Arun.
55TH DAY: Leave Bangkok in the morning by air via Singapore.
56TH DAY: Arrive Sydney in the morning.










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FAR EAST



Everything is planned for you—every mile of the way! You're an expected and honoured guest, every step of the way and every moment of the day! Arranged for you in advance . . . all air travel booked, all hotel accommodation, all tours planned and arranged, tour representatives and guides told when to expect you. You've nothing to do but pack your bags and go . . . and your trip will be sheer pleasure.
Private automobiles, luxurious motor coaches, sleek up-to-date trains carry you from place to exciting place. Japanese hotels are especially designed to give you true western-style comfort with an exciting Oriental flavour. English-speaking guides accompany all tours to show you extra points of interest. And you visit the very heart of the Orient . . . with its temples, sampans, turbulent rivers and exquisite gardens. You discover the stately Tea Ceremony, the glittering night life of Singapore, the pleasures of Oriental gourmet food.
From the moment you step aboard your luxurious BOAC jet —you'll delight in the most exciting, fascinating and comfortable holiday of your life!

TREMENDOUS VALUE! NO EXTRAS! FARES INCLUDE:
Economy-Class air travel for the applicable routing. (Please note that the validity of each tour is restricted; passengers cannot extend the tours beyond the valid period.) Carriage of 44 lbs. of baggage.
Fully inclusive tours of Japan, Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore, including transfers, sightseeing, transportation by taxi, jitney limousine and/or coach, mono-class rail in Japan.
Hotel accommodation based on twin rooms with bath and all table d'hote meals.

TOUR A: 23 or 24 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,148

"CHERRY BLOSSOM" TOUR, ITX/KTB/727 departs April 16, 1968
"AUTUMN" TOUR, ITX/KTB/728 departs September 17, 1968
"NEW YEAR" Tour, ITX/KTB/729 departs December 31, 1968

	"CHERRY BLOSSOM"	"AUTUMN"	"NEW YEAR"
SYDNEY	$1,148	$1,160	$1,160
MELBOURNE	$1,192	$1,205	$1,205
ADELAIDE	$1,192	$1,205	$1,205
PERTH	$1,168	$1,181	$1,181

All-inclusive cost

ALL TOURS: SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $66
MAXIMUM VALIDITY 29 DAYS

TOUR A continued

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: TUESDAY—Morning departure for Perth by Ansett-A.N.A. from Adelaide and Melbourne, or BOAC from Sydney—to Singapore.
2ND DAY: WEDNESDAY—In Singapore. Half day sightseeing.
3RD DAY: THURSDAY—At leisure in Singapore.
4TH DAY: FRIDAY—To Bangkok by air.
5TH DAY: SATURDAY—In Bangkok. A morning tour of the fascinating Floating Markets and an afternoon city tour.
6TH DAY: SUNDAY—Depart Bangkok by BOAC for Tokyo where you will stay at the Tokyo Prince Hotel.
7TH DAY: MONDAY—In Tokyo. Tour of the Imperial Palace Plaza, Asakusa Amusement Centre, Kodokan Judo Hall, etc.
8TH DAY: TUESDAY—In Tokyo at leisure. All meals and accommodation at the hotel.
9TH DAY: WEDNESDAY—Full day excursion to Nikko to see the Toshogu Shrine, Lake Chuzenji and Kegon Waterfall.
10TH DAY: THURSDAY—In Tokyo. Free day. All meals at the hotel.
11TH DAY: FRIDAY—To Hakone. By coach to Kamakura to see the Great Image of Buddha, then to Odawarra, up into the mountains to Lake Hakone, followed by a lake cruise.
12TH DAY: SATURDAY—In Hakone at leisure.
13TH DAY: SUNDAY—To Nagoya. Drive to Odawarra to board the J.N.R. "Bullet" Express Train. Arrive in Nagoya for an afternoon city tour. Stay at the Nagoya Miyako Hotel.
14TH DAY: MONDAY—To Kyoto. By express train to the Ise Jingu National Park, then drive to Toba to see the famous Mikimoto Pearl Island. Express train to Kyoto.
15TH DAY: TUESDAY—Full day excursion to Nara. You see Todaiji Temple with its awe-inspiring image of Buddha, the Kasuga Shrine, with its 3,000 stone lanterns, and the Deer Park. Sukiyaki dinner, attended by charming Geisha girls.
16TH DAY: WEDNESDAY—In Kyoto. A morning tour.
17TH DAY: THURSDAY—To Osaka. Off on another exciting day's travel through picturesque Japanese scenery to Osaka. Arrive in time for lunch at the Shin Kanko Hotel. Afternoon tour of Osaka. Accommodation at the Osaka Royal Hotel.
18TH DAY: FRIDAY—Morning at leisure. After lunch, join your flight to Hong Kong.
19TH DAY: SATURDAY—In Hong Kong. A free day to shop for duty-free goods and souvenirs. Stay at the Miramar Hotel.
20TH DAY: SUNDAY—In Hong Kong. Tour the island, through the city, and over the Peak. Lunch in a floating restaurant.
21ST DAY: MONDAY—In Hong Kong. Tour of Kowloon and the New Territories, to see the border of China.

"CHERRY BLOSSOM" ONLY

22ND DAY: TUESDAY—Free day until departure by Qantas for Sydney.
23RD DAY: WEDNESDAY—Arrive Sydney. Adelaide and Melbourne passengers will continue by Ansett-A.N.A. during the morning.

OTHER TOURS

22ND DAY: TUESDAY—Free day at leisure in Hong Kong.
23RD DAY: WEDNESDAY—Free day until departure by BOAC for Sydney.
24TH DAY: THURSDAY—Arrive Sydney. Adelaide and Melbourne passengers will continue by Ansett-A.N.A. during the morning.

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TOUR B: 20 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,022

"TOKAIDO" TOUR

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,022	ADELAIDE	$1,107
MELBOURNE	$1,067	PERTH	$1,006
BRISBANE	$1,022	DARWIN	$933

All-inclusive cost

ITX/KTB/22 SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $52
ITINERARY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 25 DAYS

1ST DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne passengers travel to Sydney by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. Depart Sydney by BOAC flight to Hong Kong.
2ND DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Morning free, afternoon BOAC flight to Tokyo. Stay at the Tokyo Prince Hotel.
3RD DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—In Tokyo. Free morning. Afternoon tour visiting Imperial Palace Plaza, Asakusa Amusement Centre, Kannon Temple, Nakamise Souvenir Arcade, traditional landscape gardens, and Kodokan Judo Hall.
4TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—Excursion to Nikko, lunching at Kanaya Hotel, then enjoying a 4-hour guided sightseeing coach tour, visiting beautiful Lake Chuzenji, Kegon Waterfall, and Toshogu Shrine. Return to Tokyo for the night.
5TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—At leisure in Tokyo.
6TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—This begins your 5-day coach tour to Kyoto, heading south to Kamakura, to see the Great Image of Buddha. At Odawara, you swing inland to the Hakone Mountains for a night at Fujiya Hotel.
7TH DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—Hakone to Hamamatsu. Driving through the beauty of Fuji Hakone National Park to tranquil Lake Hakone, you may see majestic Mount Fujiyama. You drive through cultivated country to Hamamatsu, pausing to visit Tokaido Museum. In the evening you enjoy Japanese-style accommodation at a Ryokan (inn).
8TH DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Hamamatsu to Kashikijima. Visit the Inari Shrine, and after lunch drive into the wild beauty of Mikawa Bay National Park. By ferry to Mikimoto Pearl Island to view women pearl divers. Overnight at hotel overlooking picturesque Ago Bay.
9TH DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Kashikojima to Kyoto. Visit Ise-Shima National Park, Ise Jingu Shinto Shrine, then to Matsusaka for "Sukiyaki Lunch." Then via Suzuka Pass, seeing ancient Japanese houses and tea plantations.
10TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—At Kyoto. Morning sightseeing.
11TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY— A day's excursion to Nara, ancient capital of Japan, seeing Horyuji Temple, Kasuga Shrine, Deer Park, Todaiji Temple, etc. Return to Kyoto for a 4-hour Night Life Tour.
12TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—Kyoto to Kobe.
13TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—Kobe to Takamatsu. The wondrous Inland Sea Trip. An ever-changing panorama of sea-channels winding between myriad islands.
14TH DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—Takamatsu to Osaka via ancient Kurahshiki and the castle town of Okayama.
15TH DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Osaka to Hong Kong.
16TH DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—In Hong Kong. Morning tour of the island, with lunch at Aberdeen floating restaurant.
17TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—In Hong Kong—free day.
18TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY — Kowloon and New Territories Tour to the border of China and the walled village of Kam Tin. Lunch at Castle Peak Hotel.
19TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—A free day. Evening flight to Sydney and Darwin.
20TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—Arrive Darwin and Sydney. Passengers to Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Sydney.













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TOUR C: 26 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,184

"TOKAIDO" TOUR

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,184	ADELAIDE	$1,228
MELBOURNE	$1,217	PERTH	$1,125
BRISBANE	$1,231	DARWIN	$1,052

All-inclusive cost

ITX/KTB/23 SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $83
ITINERARY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 31 DAYS

From 1st to 18th day, your Itinerary is as the 20-day Tour B
19TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—Free morning in Hong Kong. After lunch you board your flight to Bangkok where you'll stay at the Amarin Hotel.
20TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—In Bangkok. Morning tour of the city amongst the sights and sounds of this Oriental metropolis. Free afternoon for shopping or relaxing.
21ST DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—In Bangkok. Morning launch tour of the Floating Markets, seeing how business is carried on from sampans instead of shops!
22ND DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Bangkok to Singapore, where you'll stay at the Cathay Hotel.
23RD DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—In Singapore. Morning sightseeing tour including Collyer Quay, Tiger Balm Gardens, and Jade House. Afternoon at your own disposal.
24TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—Full day tour to Johore Bahru, driving through tropical scenery across Singapore Island to visit this Malaysian town on the mainland.
25TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—All day at your own disposal, until you are taken to board the evening flight home.
26TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—Arrive Darwin, Perth or Sydney. Adelaide and Melbourne passengers travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Perth. Brisbane and Canberra passengers depart Sydney by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A.

TOUR E: 24 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,105

"SAMISEN" TOUR

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,105	ADELAIDE	$1,149
MELBOURNE	$1,138	PERTH	$1,046
BRISBANE	$1,152	DARWIN	$973

All-inclusive cost

ITX/KTB/21 SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $76
ITINERARY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 30 DAYS

From 1st to 16th day your itinerary is as the 18-Day Tour "D".
17TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—Hong Kong to Bangkok where you'll stay at the Amarin Hotel.
18TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—In Bangkok. Morning tour of the city.
19TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—In Bangkok. Morning launch tour of the Floating Markets.
20TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—Bangkok to Singapore where you'll stay at the Cathay Hotel.
21ST DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—In Singapore. Morning sightseeing tour.
22ND DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Full day tour to Johore Bahru, driving through tropical scenery across Singapore Island to visit this Malaysian town.
23RD DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Singapore to Australia.
24TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—Arrive Sydney, Perth or Darwin. Brisbane and Canberra passengers travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Sydney. Adelaide and Melbourne passengers travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Perth.

TOUR D: 18 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $943

"SAMISEN" TOUR

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$943	ADELAIDE	$1,029
MELBOURNE	$988	PERTH	$926
BRISBANE	$943	DARWIN	$853

All-inclusive cost

ITX/KTB/20 SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $52
ITINERARY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 22 DAYS

1ST DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne passengers travel to Sydney by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. Depart Sydney or Darwin by BOAC flight for Hong Kong. On arrival, you are met and taken to your hotel.
2ND DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Morning free, afternoon BOAC flight to Tokyo. Stay at the Tokyo Prince Hotel.
3RD DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—In Tokyo. Free morning. Afternoon tour visiting Imperial Palace Plaza, Asakusa Amusement Centre, Kannon Temple, Nakamise Souvenir Shopping Arcade, traditional gardens, and Kodokan Judo Hall.
4TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—In Tokyo. Free day.
5TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—Excursion to Nikko, lunching at Kanaya Hotel and then visiting beautiful Lake Chuzenji, Kegon Waterfall and Toshogu Shrine.
6TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—Tokyo to Hakone. To Kamakura, to see the Great Image of Buddha, then along the Pacific Coast to Fuji Hakone National Park, for a view of Mount Fujiyama and Lake Hakone. Then across Lake Hakone to Kojiri, and the Hakone Hotel for the night.
7TH DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—Hakone to Nagoya. After a free morning, an interesting afternoon's journey through Japanese rural scenes, to Nagoya.
8TH DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—Nagoya to Kyoto. Visit the Ise-Shima National Park, the Ise Jingu Shrines, drive up Mount Asama, then to Toba. Ferry to Mikimoto Pearl Island. After more sightseeing, you board the train for Kyoto.
9TH DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—In Kyoto. Morning sightseeing tour to see Heian Shrine, Sanjusangendo Temple, Kiyomizu Temple and Maruyama Park. Ffee afternoon.
10TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—In Kyoto. An unforgettable day's excursion to Nara, ancient capital of Japan, seeing Horyuji Temple, Kasuga Shrine, Deer Park, Todaiji Temple, etc. Return to Kyoto for a 4-hour Night Life Tour.
11TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—Kyoto to Osaka. After a free morning, you're driven to the station for the 45-minute trip to Osaka.
12TH DAY: SUNDAY, TUESDAY—A full day free.
13TH DAY: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY—To Hong Kong. Fly via Taipei to Hong Kong, stay at the Miramar Hotel.
14TH DAY: TUESDAY, THURSDAY—In Hong Kong. A sightseeing tour of the island, then by car ferry across the harbour, through the commercial centre, up the Peak, then to Repulse Bay. Tiger Balm Gardens, and Aberdeen, for lunch at a floating restaurant. Return to hotel, rest of day free.
15TH DAY: WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY—In Hong Kong. All day to shop for souvenirs and wonderful duty-free bargains.
16TH DAY: THURSDAY, SATURDAY—Kowloon and New Territories Tour. Drive through the countryside right up to the border of China. Return via the ancient village of Kam Tin, after lunch at the Castle Peak Hotel.
17TH DAY: FRIDAY, SUNDAY—Hong Kong to Sydney. After a day at your own disposal, you're taken to join the evening flight to Sydney and Darwin.
18TH DAY: SATURDAY, MONDAY—Arrive Sydney and Darwin. Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne passengers travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Sydney.

TOUR F: 15 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $736

"SAMPAN" TOUR

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$736	ADELAIDE	$822
MELBOURNE	$781	PERTH	$703
BRISBANE	$736	DARWIN	$652

All-inclusive cost

ITX/KTB/24 SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT $43
ITINERARY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 18 DAYS

1ST DAY—TUE., THUR.: Canberra and Brisbane passengers travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. to Sydney. Melbourne and Adelaide passengers depart by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. to Perth. Depart Sydney, Darwin or Perth by BOAC or Qantas. In Singapore you will stay at the Cathay Hotel.
2ND DAY—WED., FRI.: Morning sightseeing tour. Collyer Quay, intriguing Change Alley, the spectacular Tiger Balm Gardens, and the Jade House.
3RD DAY—THUR., SAT.: Full-day tour to Johore Bahru. Drive right across Singapore Island through tropic scenery and native villages, across the Johore Straits Causeway. See the Sultan's Palace, rubber plantations, etc. Lunch included.
4TH DAY—FRI., SUN.: Singapore to Bangkok by air. You are met on arrival and taken to the Amarin Hotel.
5TH DAY—SAT., MON.: Morning tour of Bangkok. Through the vivid scenes of this Oriental metropolis, visiting the Royal Palace Grounds, the Phra Keo with its Emerald Buddha, Pantheon of Kings, The Tower of the Nine Planets.
6TH DAY—SUN., TUE.: Early morning cruise of the Floating Markets, the Chao Phya River and the "Klongs" (canals). See how shopping is done by sampan, plus the Temple of the Dawn, the fabulous Royal Barges, etc.
7TH DAY—MON., WED.: Bangkok to Hong Kong. After a free morning, you're taken to the airport for the flight to Hong Kong, where you'll stay at the Miramar Hotel.
8TH DAY—TUE., THUR.: In Hong Kong. A full day at leisure.
9TH DAY—WED., FRI.: Hong Kong Island Tour. A morning tour of the island and city, going up the Peak for spectacular views, lunch at a floating restaurant.
10TH DAY—THUR., SAT.: In Hong Kong. A free day.
11TH DAY—FRI., SUN.: Kowloon and the New Territories Tour. Drive through the Chinese resettlement area and Chinese countryside right up to the border of Red China.
12TH DAY—SAT., MON.: In Hong Kong . . . shop for duty-free bargains and souvenirs, see the colourful life of Hong Kong.
13TH DAY—SUN., TUE.: Day tour to Macau. By Hydrofoil across Hong Kong Harbour and the sea-channels along the coastline to the Portuguese colony of Macau.
14TH DAY—MON., WED.: Hong Kong to Sydney and Darwin. Free for last-minute shopping and sightseeing until you're taken to the airport to board your BOAC flight for Sydney and Darwin.
15TH DAY—TUE., THUR.: Arrive Darwin and Sydney. Passengers to Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra and Melbourne travel by Ansett-A.N.A. or T.A.A. from Sydney.

PERTH PASSENGERS

Prices and detailed itineraries for passengers travelling from Perth are available on application.

SUPPLEMENTS FOR SINGLE PERSONS TRAVELLING ALONE

Tour A	$66	Tour B	$72
Tour C	$83	Tour D	$72
Tour E	$114	Tour F	$70

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GRAND ORIENT



Magnificent Grand Orient Tours taking you to the six most exciting centres in the Far East

Japan . . . Hong Kong . . . Singapore . . . Taiwan . . . Thailand . . . and Indonesia. Fascinating names — even more fascinating to visit. The beauty and charm of Japan with its enchanting gardens and parks, pagodas, shrines and temples. Tokyo — largest city in the world — with 7,700 night clubs! Hong Kong — the free and flourishing meeting place of East and West. Scenic beauty . . . sensational shopping . . . fabulous food. Bangkok, called the "Venice of the East" with its Chao Phya River and the Klongs (canals) . . . its shimmering temples. Singapore . . . busy, bustling . . . cosmopolitan. City of sights, sounds and smells . . . harbour of ships, junks, and tiny sampans. Taiwan —a beautiful and important centre of Chinese culture and thought. Indonesia—our nearest neighbour. Land of unforgettable charm and beauty with many up-to-date luxury hotels—and the island of Bali as the closest place to paradise . . . smiling faces . . . exotic temples . . . famous dancing that has delighted the world . . . wonderful wood and stone carvings.

You'll stay in first-class hotels, have English-speaking guides and tour escorts. And tour price is inclusive of virtually ALL essential expenditure. Just choose your tour—and happy holiday!

The tour price includes:

(a) Air transport economy class.
(b) First and deluxe class hotel accommodation in twin bedrooms with bath. Supplement for single room as indicated on each tour.
(c) ALL MEALS (table d'hote) whilst overseas unless otherwise stated.
(d) Transfer of passengers and authorised baggage whilst overseas.
(e) Admission fees to museums, gardens, shrines, temples.
(f) English-speaking guides and tour escorts throughout.
(h) Hotel taxes and tips to attendants, porters, stewards.

Where necessary, Brisbane, Melbourne and Adelaide passengers connect by domestic airline, to your BOAC flight from Sydney.

TOUR A: 24 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,080

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$1,080	ADELAIDE	$1,120
MELBOURNE	$1,120	PERTH	$1,025
BRISBANE	$1,095	DARWIN	$980

ITX/AE/162
ITINERARY

SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $90

Melbourne passengers proceed to Sydney by domestic airline. Sydney/Darwin passengers depart by BOAC BA 723. Arrive Singapore 7.25 p.m. Perth passengers depart by Air India flight AI 115B.

1ST DAY—SAT.: TO SINGAPORE. You will be met and transferred to the world-famous Raffles Hotel.
2ND DAY—SUN.: SINGAPORE. A sightseeing tour.
3RD DAY—MON.: SINGAPORE-BANGKOK. Staying at the New Manhattan Hotel.
4TH DAY—TUE.: BANGKOK. A three-hour sightseeing tour.

TOUR A continued

5TH DAY—WED.: BANGKOK. Early morning trip by launch up the Chao Phya River and the Klongs (canals).
6TH DAY—THUR.: BANGKOK-TOKYO. Staying at the Tokyo Prince Hotel or similar.
7TH DAY—FRI.: TOKYO. Morning free. Afternoon sightseeing.
8TH DAY—SAT.: TOKYO. All day free with all meals at the hotel.
9TH DAY—SUN.: TOKYO-NIKKO-TOKYO. Full-day excursion to Nikko.
10TH DAY—MON.: TOKYO. A full day at leisure.
11TH DAY—TUE.: TOKYO-KAMAKURA-HAKONE. Depart by coach. At Kamakura you will visit the Great Daibutsu, a colossal image of Buddha. In Hakone, a sukiyaki dinner party.
12TH DAY—WED.: HAKONE-ATAMI-BULLET TRAIN-NAGOYA. Depart for Atami where you will enjoy tempura luncheon at a Japanese-style restaurant. Ride world's fastest express train —The Bullet Train. Stay at the International Hotel Nagoya.
13TH DAY—THUR.: NAGOYA-HYDROFOIL CRUISE-TOBA. Tour includes Noritake China factory and Nagoya Castle. Hydrofoil to Toba, home of Mikimoto Pearls.
14TH DAY—FRI.: PEARL ISLAND-GRAND SHRINE-KYOTO. Cruise of Toba Bay by ferry to Mikimoto Pearl Island to see pearl cultivation and a visit to the Grand Shrine of Ise. Arrive Kyoto.
15TH DAY—SAT.: KYOTO-SIGHTSEEING-ART WORKSHOPS. Heian Shrine, Golden Pavilion and Ryoanji Temple. Lunch at Peking-style restaurant, dinner is a gourmet Japanese meal.
16TH DAY—SUN.: KYOTO-NARA-OSAKA. Drive via the tea plantation of Uji to Nara, old capital of Japan. Visits will be made to Kasuga Shrine, the Deer Park, and the Todaiji Temple. Stay at the Osaka Royal Hotel, or similar.
17TH DAY—MON.: OSAKA-TAIPEI. Depart at 10.40 a.m. by Thai International flight TG 601.
TAIPEI. You will stay at the Ambassador Hotel, or similar.
18TH DAY—TUE.: TAIPEI. After breakfast commence sightseeing tour.
19TH DAY—WED.: TAIPEI-HONG KONG. Departure at 12.55 p.m. by Cathay Pacific flight CX 573.
HONG KONG. You will stay at the deluxe President Hotel.
20TH DAY—THUR.: HONG KONG. All day at leisure.
21ST DAY—FRI.: HONG KONG. Tour of Hong Kong Island. Lunch aboard a floating restaurant.
22ND DAY—SAT.: HONG KONG. All day at leisure.
23RD DAY—SUN.: HONG KONG-AUSTRALIA. A free day for last-minute shopping. Departure at 8.30 p.m. by Air New Zealand flight TE 222.
24TH DAY—MON.: BRISBANE. Arrive at 6.50 a.m. **SYDNEY.** Arrive at 9.10 a.m. Melbourne and Adelaide passengers return by domestic airlines.

DARWIN PASSENGERS ONLY

22ND DAY—SAT.: HONG KONG-SINGAPORE. Morning free, with breakfast at the hotel. Departure at 12.50 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 635. **SINGAPORE.** Arrive at 4.25 p.m. to connect with BOAC flight BA 720.
23RD DAY—SUN.: DARWIN. Arrive at 12.55 a.m.

PERTH PASSENGERS ONLY.

23RD DAY—SUN.: HONG KONG-SINGAPORE. Departure at 3.35 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 611. **SINGAPORE.** Arrive at 5.50 p.m. to connect with BOAC flight BA 722.
24TH DAY—MON.: PERTH. Arrive at 1.00 a.m.

MONTHLY DEPARTURES.

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TOUR B: 17 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $725

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$725	ADELAIDE	$815
MELBOURNE	$765	PERTH	$675
BRISBANE	$710	DARWIN	$610

Absolutely all-inclusive cost

ITX/AE/163 ITINERARY SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $65

1ST DAY—MON.: SINGAPORE. Arrive at 8.00 p.m., where you will be met and transferred to Raffles Hotel, or similar.
2ND DAY—TUE.: SINGAPORE. A tour of Singapore.
3RD DAY—WED.: SINGAPORE-JOHORE EXCURSION. Tour Johore, visit Sultan's Palace, Mosque, Kranji War Memorial.
4TH DAY—THUR.: SINGAPORE-KUALA LUMPUR. All day free. Departure at 6.00 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 128, staying at the Merlin Hotel, or similar.
5TH DAY—FRI.: KUALA LUMPUR. Sightseeing tour and a cruise around Lake Gardens.
6TH DAY—SAT.: KUALA LUMPUR. All day free.
7TH DAY—SUN.: KUALA LUMPUR-BANGKOK. Departure at 9.50 a.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 512, staying at the New Manhattan Hotel, or similar.
8TH DAY—MON.: BANGKOK. All day at leisure.
9TH DAY—TUE.: BANGKOK. 3-hour sightseeing tour. The Grand Palace and the temple of the Emerald Buddha.
10TH DAY—WED.: BANGKOK. By launch up the Chao Phya River and the Klongs (canals), visiting the Temple of Dawn.
11TH DAY—THUR.: BANGKOK-HONG KONG. Departure at 1.00 p.m. by BOAC flight BA 916, staying at the deluxe President Hotel, or similar.
12TH DAY—FRI.: HONG KONG. All day free.
13TH DAY—SAT.: HONG KONG. Cross by ferry for a tour of Hong Kong Island. Lunch aboard a floating restaurant.
14TH DAY—SUN.: HONG KONG. At leisure.
15TH DAY—MON.: HONG KONG. Tour of Kowloon and the New Territories up to the border with China.
16TH DAY—TUES.: HONG KONG-AUSTRALIA. The whole day free. Departure at 8.00 p.m. by Qantas flight QF 764.
17TH DAY—WED.: BRISBANE. Arrive 6.10 a.m. **SYDNEY.** Arrive 8.05 a.m. Melbourne passengers return by domestic airlines.
DARWIN PASSENGERS ONLY
15TH DAY—MON.: HONG KONG-DARWIN. Depart at 7.15 p.m. by PAA flight PA 812.
16TH DAY—TUE.: DARWIN. Arrive at 2.40 a.m.
ADELAIDE PASSENGERS ONLY
1ST DAY—SUN.: Proceed to Perth by domestic airlines.
PERTH. Depart at 3.20 p.m. by Qantas flight QF 743.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 7.50 p.m., where you will be met and transferred to Raffles Hotel, or similar, for accommodation.
16TH DAY—TUE.: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. Depart at 8.00 p.m. by Qantas flight QF 764.
17TH DAY—WED.: SYDNEY. Arrive at 8.05 a.m. to connect with domestic airlines to Adelaide.
PERTH PASSENGERS ONLY.
1ST DAY—SUN.: PERTH. Depart 3.20 p.m. Qantas flight QF 743.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 7.50 p.m., where you will be met and transferred to Raffles Hotel, or similar, for accommodation.
16TH DAY—TUE.: HONG KONG-SINGAPORE. Depart at 12.50 p.m. by Malaysian Singapore Airlines flight ML 633, arriving at Singapore at 3.05 p.m. to connect with BOAC flight BA 712, departing at 7.00 p.m.
17TH DAY—WED.: PERTH. Arrive at 12.30 a.m.
MONTHLY DEPARTURES

TOUR C: 21 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $889

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$889	ADELAIDE	$984
MELBOURNE	$938	PERTH	$863
BRISBANE	$905	DARWIN	$763

ITX/AE/164 ITINERARY SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $70

1ST DAY—FRI.: TO HONG KONG Staying at the luxurious President Hotel, or similar.
2ND DAY—SAT.: HONG KONG. All day free to relax.
3RD DAY—SUN.: HONG KONG. Drive through Kowloon and into the "Back Yard" of Hong Kong, the New Territories.
4TH DAY—MON.: HONG KONG. All day at leisure.
5TH DAY—TUE.: HONG KONG-TOKYO. Departure at 5.00 p.m. by BOAC flight BA 912, staying at the magnificent Hotel New Otani, Tokyo, or similar.
6TH DAY—WED.: TOKYO. Morning free. Afternoon sightseeing.
7TH DAY—THUR. AND 8TH DAY—FRI.: TOKYO. Free days.
9TH DAY—SAT.: TOKYO-NIKKO-TOKYO. Depart on a full-day excursion to Nikko, the Toshogu Shrine, Sacred Bridge.
10TH DAY—SUN.: TOKYO. All day at leisure.
11TH DAY—MON.: TOKYO-KAMAKURA-HAKONE. At Kamakura see the Great Daibutsu, a colossal image of Buddha. Cruise on Lake Hakone. Enjoy a sukiyaki dinner party with accommodation at the beautiful Hotel Kowakien.
12TH DAY—TUE.: HAKONE-ATAMI-BULLET TRAIN-NAGOYA. Depart for Atami. Enjoy tempura luncheon at a Japanese-style restaurant. Ride in the new 125 m.p.h. Bullet Train along the Tokaido route to Nagoya for dinner and accommodation at the International Hotel Nagoya, or similar.
13TH DAY—WED.: MIKIMOTO PEARL ISLAND-GRAND SHRINE-KYOTO. Drive via the seaport of Yokkaichi to Toba, home of Mikimoto Pearls. Visit the Grand Shrine of Ise. Accommodation at the International Hotel Kyoto, or similar.
14TH DAY—THUR.: KYOTO-SIGHTSEEING-ART WORKSHOPS. Heian Shrine, Golden Pavilion, Rioanji Temple. Lunch is at a Peking-style restaurant, dinner is a gourmet Japanese meal.
15TH DAY—FRI.: KYOTO-NARA-DEER PARK-OSAKA. Via tea plantations to Nara, old capital of Japan. Visit Kasuga Shrine, the Deer Park, Todaiji Temple. Return to Kyoto for lunch. Accommodation at the Osaka Royal Hotel, or similar.
16TH DAY—SAT.: OSAKA. All day free to relax.
17TH DAY—SUN.: OSAKA-HONG KONG. Departure at 10.40 a.m. by Cathay Pacific flight CX 057.
HONG KONG: Staying at the President Hotel, or similar.
18TH DAY—MON.: HONG KONG. Tour of Hong Kong Island with a Funicular Tram ride to Victoria Peak.
19TH DAY—TUE.: HONG KONG. All day at leisure.
20TH DAY—WED.: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. Departure at 9.00 p.m. by BOAC flight BA 801.
21ST DAY—THUR.: SYDNEY. Arrive at 8.20 a.m. Melbourne and Adelaide passengers return by domestic airlines.
BRISBANE PASSENGERS ONLY.
20TH DAY—WED.: HONG KONG-BRISBANE. Departure at 8.30 p.m. by Air New Zealand flight TE 222.
21ST DAY—THUR.: BRISBANE. Arrive at 6.50 a.m.
DARWIN PASSENGERS ONLY.
20TH DAY—WED.: HONG KONG. All day at leisure.
21ST DAY—THUR.: HONG KONG-DARWIN. Departure at 7.45 p.m. by PAA 812.
22ND DAY—FRI.: DARWIN. Arrive at 2.40 a.m.
PERTH PASSENGERS ONLY.
1ST DAY—SAT.: PERTH. Depart 2.30 p.m. by Air India, AI 115B.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 7.05 p.m., where you will be met and transferred to your hotel.
2ND DAY—SUN.: SINGAPORE-HONG KONG. Departure at 11.15 a.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 634.
HONG KONG. Arrive at 5.50 p.m. You will be met and transferred to the luxurious President Hotel, or similar.
20TH DAY—WED.: HONG KONG-SINGAPORE. Departure at 2.45 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 613.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 5.00 p.m. to connect with Qantas flight QF 732 departing at 8.00 p.m.
21ST DAY—THUR.: PERTH. Arrive at 1.25 a.m.

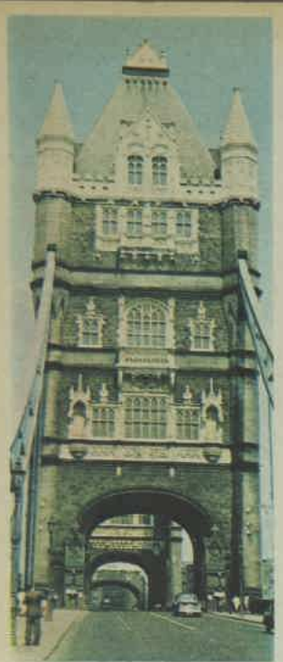
TOUR D: 14 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $670

from/to		from/to	
SYDNEY	$670	ADELAIDE	$650
MELBOURNE	$670	PERTH	$570
BRISBANE	$670	DARWIN	$595

ITX/AE/165 ITINERARY SINGLE-ROOM SUPPLEMENT, $75

1ST DAY—MON.: TO SINGAPORE. at Raffles Hotel, or similar.
2ND DAY—TUE.: SINGAPORE. All day free.
3RD DAY—WED.: SINGAPORE. Tour of Singapore, visiting China Town, Sri Mariamman Hindu Temple, Mount Faber.
4TH DAY—THUR.: JOHORE. See Sultan's Palace, the Kranji War Memorial. Balance of day free in Singapore.
5TH DAY—FRI.: SINGAPORE-KUALA LUMPUR. Departure at 11.15 a.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 634 to KUALA LUMPUR. On arrival at 12 noon, you will be met and transferred to the Merlin Hotel, or similar, for accommodation.
6TH DAY—SAT.: KUALA LUMPUR. Tour visiting the Palace of Sultan of Brunei, and a cruise around Lake Gardens.
7TH DAY—SUN.: KUALA LUMPUR. All day at leisure.
8TH DAY—MON.: KUALA LUMPUR-SINGAPORE. Departure at 8.45 a.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 121.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 9.30 a.m. to connect with Thai International flight TG 423 for Bali (Denpasar). Stay at magnificent Bali Beach Hotel.
9TH DAY—TUE.: BALI. Sightseeing tour of the Holy forest, Royal Family temple. In the evening you will see Ketchak, the colourful monkey dance performed mostly by men.
10TH DAY—WED.: BALI. The entire day has been left free.
11TH DAY—THUR.: BALI. Visiting the silverwork, woodcarving, painting centres and Presidential Palace at Tampaksiring.
12TH DAY—FRI.: BALI (DENPASAR)-DJAKARTA. Departure at 11.50 a.m. by Garuda Airlines flight GA 609.
DJAKARTA. Arrive at 1.45 p.m., stay at Hotel Indonesia.
13TH DAY—SAT.: DJAKARTA-AUSTRALIA. City sightseeing tour, Djakarta's China Town and business centre, Bung Karno Sports Centre and Batik Home Industry.
Departure at 7.00 p.m. by Pan American flight PA 812.
14TH DAY—SUN.: DARWIN. Arrive at 1.00 a.m. **SYDNEY.** Arrive at 6.15 a.m. Melbourne and Brisbane passengers return by domestic airlines.
ADELAIDE PASSENGERS ONLY.
1ST DAY—SUN.: Proceed to Perth by domestic airlines.
PERTH. Depart at 3.20 p.m. by Qantas flight QF 743.
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 7.50 p.m., where you will be met and transferred to Raffles Hotel, or similar, for accommodation.
12TH DAY: DJAKARTA-PERTH. Depart at 4.50 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 310, arriving in Perth at 10.20 p.m. Overnight accommodation at Perth.
13TH DAY: PERTH-ADELAIDE. By domestic airlines.
PERTH-ADELAIDE. By domestic airlines.
PERTH PASSENGERS ONLY.
1ST DAY—SUN.: PERTH: Depart at 2.30 p.m. by Qantas flight
SINGAPORE. Arrive at 7.50 p.m. where you will be met and transferred to Raffles Hotel, or similar, for accommodation.
12TH DAY—FRI.: DJAKARTA-PERTH. Depart at 4.50 p.m. by Malaysia-Singapore Airlines flight ML 310.
PERTH. Arrive at 10.20 p.m.
MONTHLY DEPARTURES:

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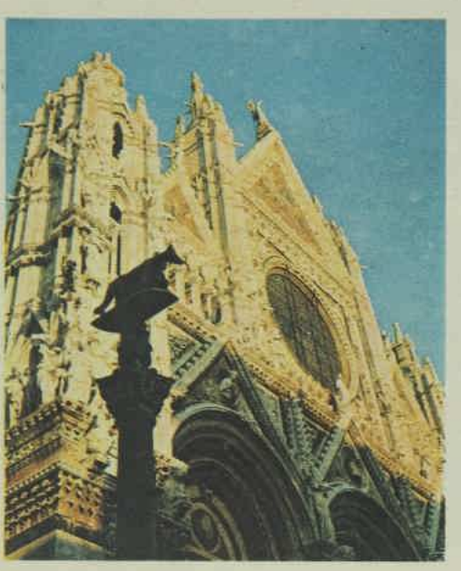


















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BRITAIN & EUROPE





















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First—choose your route, Sydney to London, via BEIRUT or via TEL AVIV

Overlooking a magnificent coastline of blue sea, white rocks and sandy beaches . . . gay, chic, sophisticated, with plenty of after-dark entertainment . . . capital of a country rich in the fabulous relics of 5,000 years of civilisation . . . this is Beirut! A tour of the city, also excursions to the impressive ruins at Baalbek and to the biblical cities of Tyre and Sidon.

IT/PB/A
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-BEIRUT. By BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 jet. (Passengers from Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Canberra proceed to Sydney by domestic carrier.Passengers from Perth fly by connecting service to Singapore, where they join the BOAC flight to Beirut.)

2ND DAY: BEIRUT.On arrival you will be met and transferred to Hotel le Beryte or similar. Rest of the day at leisure.

3RD DAY: BEIRUT. Morning tour of the city by motorcoach, visiting American University, Pigeon Rocks, Pine Forests, Harbour Area, Parliament Square, the Souks (bazaars) and National Museum, with its priceless collection of antiquities excavated from Byblos, Tyre, Sidon and other ancient sites.

4TH DAY: BEIRUT. Full-day tour by motorcoach to Baalbek, driving over the Lebanon Mountains, passing Aley, Bhamdoun, the summer resort of Sofar and across the Bekaa Valley. The crowing glory of the ruins at Baalbek are the temples of Jupiter, Venus and Bacchus, with their 60 ft columns, tallest in the world. Lunch at Baalbek before returning to Beirut.

5TH DAY: BEIRUT. At leisure.

6TH DAY: BEIRUT. Full-day tour by motorcoach to Tyre and Sidon, driving along the fertile southern coast. Founded by the Phoenicians and the city where Jesus preached, Sidon today is still wonderfully picturesque. Good vantage point for photography of the ancient harbour is from the top of the 12th century maritime fortress built on rocks in the sea and reached by a causeway. After lunch at Sidon, continue on to Tyre, where recent excavations have revealed impressive ruins dating back to the times of Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great. Return to Beirut.

7TH DAY: BEIRUT. At leisure.

8TH DAY: BEIRUT-LONDON. In the early afternoon you will be transferred to the airport to connect with the BOAC VC10 flight. On arrival at London Airport, you will be met and transferred to the Mostyn Hotel or similar.

FROM/TO	TOUR A	TOUR B	TOUR C	TOUR D
SYDNEY	$1,360	$1,460	$1,545	$1,565
CANBERRA	$1,360	$1,460	$1,545	$1,565
MELBOURNE	$1,360	$1,460	$1,545	$1,565
BRISBANE	$1,360	$1,460	$1,570	$1,585
ADELAIDE	$1,360	$1,460	$1,590	$1,620
PERTH	$1,290	$1,410	$1,515	$1,555
SINGLE ROOM SUPPLEMENT	$125	$155	$165	$155

The price of each tour and the tour reference is arrived at by combining and quoting together the tour letter and the tour number of the outward and return journey selected, for example, IT-PB A 1. Any combination selected may be operated in the reverse direction by adding "R" to the tour reference. Thus IT-PB-A1R.

Tel Aviv is Israel's largest, liveliest city and one of the most cosmopolitan in the world. You'll be aware of a young, vital nation building for the future as you roam the busy streets of the city, enjoy the restaurants and nightclubs with names like Inbar, Tzli-Ech, Tel Yam, Nizza, and relax on the golden, sandy beaches. Included during your stay are sightseeing tours in and around Tel Aviv and a two-day visit to Jerusalem, city of pilgrimage since time immemorial.

IT/PB/B
ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-TEL AVIV. By BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 jet. (Passengers from Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Canberra proceed to Sydney by domestic carrier. Passengers from Perth fly by connecting service to Singapore, where they join the BOAC flight to Tel Aviv.)

2ND DAY: TEL AVIV. On arrival at the airport, you will be met and transferred to the Astor Hotel or similar. Rest of the day at leisure.

3RD DAY: TEL AVIV. At leisure.

4TH DAY: TEL AVIV. Full-day sightseeing by motorcoach. In the morning, tour the southern section of Tel Aviv, including Jaffa, one of the world's oldest ports and now absorbed into Tel Aviv; go via Herbert Samuel Square and the first Knesset Assembly Hall, seeing the antiquities and the museum; then stroll through the quaint narrow lanes to the Gan Hapisga Garden for a unique view of the waterfront. Return to modern Tel Aviv to tour the main streets and institutions. After lunch, visit the famous wine cellars of the Rishon le Zion settlement, the Weizmann Institute of Science, the Yad Weizmann National Memorial to Israel's first President and the 'kibbutz' (voluntary community settlement) of Give-ath Brenner. Evening at leisure.

5TH DAY: TEL AVIV-JERUSALEM. After breakfast, drive via Ramla, Sha'ar and Hagai to Jerusalem. Visit Mount Zion, the Room of the Last Supper, David's Tomb, Chamber of Martyrs, Hadassah Medical Centre, Chagall Windows and Talpiot Observation Point. Rest of the day at leisure. Stay overnight in Jerusalem.

6TH DAY: JERUSALEM-TEL AVIV. Continue sightseeing in Jerusalem, visiting the Mandelbaum Gate, Israel Museum, Kennedy Memorial, Ein Karem and the Church of St. John the Baptist. Return via Ramat Raziel to your hotel in Tel Aviv.

7TH DAY: TEL AVIV. At leisure.

8TH DAY: TEL AVIV-LONDON. In the afternoon, you will be transferred to the airport to connect with the BOAC VC 10 flight. On arrival at London Airport, you will be met and transferred to the Mostyn Hotel or similar.

then combine with one of the following tours.

TOUR A: 36 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,360

IT/PB/1
ITINERARY

9TH DAY TO 21ST DAY: LONDON. At leisure, with the following sightseeing tours by motor coach included during your stay: (a) Half-day tour of London's West End. (b) Full-day tour to Windsor: drive via Stoke Poges, for a visit to the home and burial place of Thomas Gray (who wrote 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard'), to Maidenhead, whence you sail by steamer on the River Thames to Windsor. Visit the magnificent State Apartments in the Castle and St. George's Chapel. (c) Full-day tour to the Shakespeare Country.

22ND DAY: LONDON-PARIS. By morning flight to Paris (Hotel Lutetia).

23RD DAY: PARIS. Half-day tour of the main points of interest, including the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre, Montmartre, Avenue des Champs-Elysees, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Tomb of Napoleon.

24TH DAY: PARIS. Morning at leisure. Afternoon excursion to the Palace of Versailles.

25TH DAY: PARIS-ZURICH. By morning flight to Zurich (Hotel Simplon).

26TH DAY: ZURICH. Morning tour of the old and modern sections of the city.

27TH DAY: ZURICH. Morning at leisure. Afternoon sightseeing tour by coach to Lucerne, returning via Lake Zug to Zurich.

28TH DAY: ZURICH-ROME. By air to Rome (Hotel Pace Elvezia near Piazzo Venezia).

29TH DAY: ROME. Sightseeing tours by motorcoach: (a) ancient Rome, visiting the Borghese Gallery, the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Pantheon, the Church of St. Peter in Vatican City; (b) modern Rome, visiting the Italian Forum, where you will see stadiums and other installations built for the 1960 Olympic Games and the EUR Area, with the Sports Palace, swimming pool and a number of museums; returning via the ancient Baths of Caracalla, where open-air opera performances are held in the summer.

30TH DAY: ROME. Morning excursion by coach to the Villa Adriana, the most magnificent and best preserved residence of the Imperial Roman Era; then to the gardens and marvellous fountains of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli.

31ST DAY: ROME. At leisure.

32ND DAY: ROME-HONG KONG. In the afternoon, depart by BOAC Rolls-Royce 707.

33RD DAY: HONG KONG. Arrive Hong Kong (Hotel Miramar).

34TH DAY: HONG KONG. Leave in the morning by coach for a tour of Hong Kong Island. Ride by the famous Peak Tram to the top of the Peak to see the glorious panorama of the Colony. Continue via Tiger Balm Gardens, Happy Valley, Shaukiwan Village, Tai Tam Tuk Reservoir and Stanley Village to beautiful Repulse Bay. After lunch, return via Deepwater Bay and the picturesque fishing village of Aberdeen.

35TH DAY: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. At leisure until you depart on your flight.

36TH DAY: SYDNEY. Arrive in the morning. (Passengers originating in Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, Canberra return home by connecting domestic flight. Passengers originating in Perth return by connecting flight from Singapore.)

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TOUR B: 46 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,460

IT/PB/2
ITINERARY

9TH DAY TO 21ST DAY: LONDON. As Tour A.
22ND DAY: LONDON-PARIS. By morning flight to Paris (Hotel Lutetia).
23RD DAY: PARIS. Half-day tour (as Tour A).
24TH DAY: PARIS. At leisure.
25TH DAY: PARIS. Morning at leisure. Afternoon tour to the Palace of Versailles.
26TH DAY: PARIS. At leisure.
27TH DAY: PARIS-FRANKFURT. By air to Frankfurt (Hotel Baseler Hof).
28TH DAY: FRANKFURT. Half-day tour of the city.
29TH DAY: FRANKFURT-PRAGUE. By afternoon flight to Prague (Hotel Ambassador).
30TH DAY: PRAGUE. Morning sightseeing tour to Prague Castle, the Powder Tower, Museum of National Literature, the Loretta, Charles Bridge, Wenceslas Square and New Prague.
31ST DAY: PRAGUE. Full-day Royal Castles Tour.
32ND DAY: PRAGUE-VIENNA. By afternoon flight to Vienna (Hotel Capricorno).
33RD DAY: VIENNA. Half-day tour of the main points of interest, including the Palace of Schonbrunn and the Belvedere Palace.
34TH DAY: VIENNA. At leisure.
35TH DAY: VIENNA-ATHENS. By air to Athens (Hotel Galaxy).
36TH DAY: ATHENS. Sightseeing tour visiting the Benaki Museum, National Library, University, Royal Palace, Temple of Zeus, Hadrian's Arch, Cathedral and Byzantine Church of Aleftherios, Houses of Parliament, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Theatre of Dionysus and the Parthenon on the Acropolis.
37TH DAY: ATHENS. Full-day tour of the Argolis Region, seeing the Corinth Canal, ancient Corinth, Mycenae, Nafplion and Epidaurus.
38TH DAY: ATHENS. At leisure.
39TH DAY: ATHENS. Morning at leisure. Afternoon excursion along the coast to Cape Sounion by coach, visiting the Temple of Poseidon.
40TH DAY: ATHENS-TEHERAN. By afternoon flight to Teheran (Hotel New Naderi).
41ST DAY: TEHERAN. Afternoon sightseeing by coach, including a visit to the Bank Melli to see the Crown Jewels and the Peacock Throne.
42ND DAY: TEHERAN. At leisure.
43RD DAY: TEHERAN-HONG KONG. Shortly after midnight, depart by BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 for Hong Kong (Hotel Miramar).
44TH DAY: HONG KONG. As Tour A, 34th day.
45TH DAY: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. At leisure until you depart on your flight.
46TH DAY: SYDNEY. Arrive in the morning. (Passengers originating in Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, Canberra return home by connecting domestic flight. Passengers originating in Perth, return by connecting flight from Singapore.)

MEALS: Breakfast throughout, other meals as specified in booklet itineraries or tour operators' literature. TRANFERS as applicable.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION in double or twin-bedded rooms with bath at all superior 2nd-class hotels. Single supplement as shown; compulsory when 1 person travelling alone and/or occupying a single room.

TOUR C: 50 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,545

IT/PB/3
ITINERARY

9TH DAY TO 21ST DAY: LONDON. As Tour A.
22ND DAY TO 24TH DAY: PARIS. As Tour A.
25TH DAY: PARIS-MADRID. By afternoon flight to Madrid (Carlton Hotel).
26TH DAY: MADRID. Morning tour of the city.
27TH DAY: MADRID. Full-day tour by coach to Toledo and Aranjuez. Toledo, the city of El Greco, is one of the oldest in Europe and its quaint, cobbled streets have witnessed more than 2,000 years of history. The entire city has been designated a National Monument. Aranjuez is famous for its wonderful Palace, filled with artistic treasures and surrounded by beautiful gardens.
28TH DAY: MADRID-PALMA. By afternoon flight to Palma (Hotel San Carlos).
29TH DAY TO 31ST DAY: PALMA. At leisure. This attractive city is capital of Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles. Sightseers will want to view the splendid Gothic Cathedral, the Palace of the Almudaina, the Castle of Bellver, explore the twisting lanes of the old district and the busy Paseo del Borne. Wonderful beaches stretch east and west of the city.
32ND DAY: PALMA-NICE. By air to Nice (Hotel Atlantic).
33RD DAY: NICE. Morning at leisure in this lovely resort on the French Riviera. Afternoon tour by coach through the magnificent scenery of the Gorges du Loup, with a visit to the little town of Grasse, famous for its perfume factories.
34TH DAY: NICE-ROME. By afternoon flight to Rome (Hotel Pace Elvezia).
35TH DAY: ROME. As Tour A, 29th day.
36TH DAY: ROME. As Tour A, 30th day.
37TH DAY: ROME-DUBROVNIK. By afternoon flight to Dubrovnik (Hotel Sum Ratin).
38TH DAY: DUBROVNIK. Full-day excursion along the coast of Montenegro, visiting Kotor, Budva, and Sveti Stefan, a 15th century fishing settlement.
39TH DAY: DUBROVNIK. At leisure.
40TH DAY: DUBROVNIK-ATHENS. By air to Athens (Hotel Galaxy).
41ST DAY: ATHENS. Morning tour, including visits to the Houses of Parliament, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Theatre of Dionysus and the Parthenon on the Acropolis. Afternoon tour along the coast to Cape Sounion, visiting the Temple of Poseidon.
42ND DAY: ATHENS. Full-day tour of the Argolis Region, visiting the Corinth Canal, ancient Corinth, Mycenae, Nafplion and Epidaurus.
43RD DAY: ATHENS. At leisure.
44TH DAY: ATHENS-NEW DELHI. Depart after midnight on flight to New Delhi (Hotel Ashoka).
45TH DAY: DELHI. Full-day tour by Taj Express air-conditioned train to Agra and visit the magnificent Taj Mahal, built by Emperor Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his wife.
46TH DAY: DELHI. Morning sightseeing tour of the Old City.
47TH DAY: DELHI-HONG KONG. Morning flight by BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 to Hong Kong (Hotel Miramar).
48TH DAY: HONG KONG. As Tour A, 34th day.
49TH DAY: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. At leisure until you depart on your flight.
50TH DAY: SYDNEY. Arrive in the morning. (Passengers originating in Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, Canberra, return home by connecting domestic flight. Passengers originating in Perth, return by connecting flight from Singapore.)

TOUR D: 60 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $1,565

IT/PB/4
ITINERARY

9TH DAY TO 21ST DAY: LONDON. As Tour A.
22ND DAY: LONDON-EDINBURGH. Morning flight to Edinburgh (Royal Hotel).
23RD DAY: EDINBURGH. Half-day sightseeing tour.
24TH DAY: EDINBURGH. At leisure.
25TH DAY: EDINBURGH-DUBLIN. By afternoon flight to Dublin (Jurys Hotel).
26TH DAY: DUBLIN. Morning sightseeing tour.
27TH DAY: DUBLIN. At leisure.
28TH DAY: DUBLIN-PARIS. By morning flight to Paris (Hotel Lutetia).
29TH DAY: PARIS. Morning sightseeing tour (see Tour A, 23rd day).
30TH DAY: PARIS. Morning at leisure. Afternoon excursion to the Palace of Versailles.
31ST DAY: PARIS. At leisure.
32ND DAY: PARIS-LISBON. By air to Lisbon (Hotel Tivoli).
33RD DAY: LISBON. Morning sightseeing tour.
34TH DAY: LISBON. Full-day excursion by motorcoach to Queluz, where you will see the delightful 18th century cream and pink National Palace, whose delicate style of architecture, sumptuous furnishings and exquisite gardens are a perfect combination of French and Portuguese art. Queen Elizabeth II stayed here on her state visit in 1958.
35TH DAY: LISBON. At leisure.
36TH DAY: LISBON-MADRID. Morning flight to Madrid (Hotel Carlton).
37TH DAY: MADRID. Morning sightseeing tour.
38TH DAY: MADRID. Full-day tour by motorcoach to Toledo and Aranjuez. (See Tour C, 27th day.)
39TH DAY: MADRID-PALMA. By air to Palma (Hotel San Carlos).
40TH DAY TO 45TH DAY: PALMA. At leisure. (See Tour C, 29th day.)
46TH DAY: PALMA-NICE. By air to Nice (Hotel Atlantic).
47TH DAY: NICE: Afternoon tour to Gorges du Loup and Grasse. (See Tour C, 33rd day.)
48TH DAY TO 49TH DAY: NICE. At leisure, to relax in this famous French resort on the Cote d'Azur, that fabulous coastline with its golden beaches, little rocky bays and inlets, cloudless sky and calm, unbelievably blue sea.
50TH DAY: NICE-ROME. By air to Rome (Hotel Pace Elvezia).
51ST DAY: ROME. Half-day sightseeing tour of Ancient Rome. (See Tour A, 29th day (a).)
52ND DAY: ROME. Afternoon sightseeing tour of modern Rome. (See Tour A, 29th day (b).)
53RD DAY: ROME. At leisure.
54TH DAY: ROME. Morning excursion by motorcoach to Villa Adriana and Villa d'Este. (See Tour A, 30th day.)
55TH DAY: ROME. At leisure.
56TH DAY: ROME-HONG KONG. In the evening, depart by BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 for Hong Kong.
57TH DAY: HONG KONG. Arrive in Hong Kong (Hotel Miramar).
58TH DAY: HONG KONG. Leave in the morning by motorcoach for a tour of Hong Kong Island. (See Tour A, 34th day.)
59TH DAY: HONG KONG-SYDNEY. Depart by evening flight.
60TH DAY: SYDNEY. Arrive Sydney in the morning. (Passengers originating in Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide, Canberra, return home by connecting domestic flight. Passengers originating in Perth return by connecting flight from Singapore.)

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FIJI & NEW ZEALAND



Fabulous Fiji

. . . a paradise for sightseers. A panorama of palm-shaded beaches fringed with coral reefs, of lush, luxuriant jungle, creamy ocean rollers, plantations, and exotic shrubs and bushes . . . See the Fijian villages of palm-thatched "bures." Cruise the Yasawa Islands—one of the Pacific's most unspoiled areas . . . with crystal-clear lagoons. Cruise the famous "Oolooloo" coral reef and view through the boat's glass panel a fantastic parade of tropical fish and coral.

Suva, bustling and cosmopolitan capital, has busy markets, quaint cobblers seated cross-legged on the floors of their shops, Indian women in glamorous saris, craftsmen beating silver into myriad designs in filigree . . . and the famous Fijian policemen in their white serrated sulus.

Drive the 135 miles along the coast from Nandi to Suva . . . sometimes beside the palm-fringed shores, over mountains, through verdant foliage. Enjoy fishing . . . swimming . . . and see native ceremonies.

Shopping: excellent for native arts and crafts, including baskets, woven mats, tapa cloth, toy outrigger canoes, shell ear-rings and necklaces, war clubs, woodcarvings, shell, coral, grass skirts, kava bowls and cups, and such items as exotic Indian saris and filigree work.

New Zealand—nature's wonderland. Where else is there such unique and ever-changing beauty . . . such contrasts of cloud-lost valleys and hissing mud pools, awesome sub-tropical forests and gay native villages? Here in New Zealand, you'll explore the unique beauty of the famous Glow-worm Grotto at Waitomo. You enter the Glow-worm Grotto in a boat which is guided over the dark waters of the underground river by a fixed wire and find yourself in a great cavern in total darkness, except for the glow worms. A million of them gleam steadily, throwing their brightness from the roof on to the water below. The total effect is one of indescribable beauty. See Rotorua's spectacle of hissing, bubbling, squirting, and gushing geysers, fumaroles, spring and mud pools.

See Maori villages—Rotorua is a centre of Maori culture—where you'll be amazed at the cunning ways Maori housewives harness the natural elements to help with cooking and laundry chores. And explore Auckland, with its growing city and scenic drives.

TOUR PRICE INCLUDES: ACCOMMODATION: Twin rooms with bath at hotels listed in Fiji, or similar. Twin-bedded rooms in New Zealand where supplements for room with bath available on request. BUDGET: No meals; no breakfasts in Standard and Premier tours, other meals as specified. All meal details available on request. Transfers at all centres. Fiji sightseeing by car on seat-in-a-car basis with English-speaking guide. In New Zealand, travel by regular coach and sightseeing by touring coaches. Fiji. Fly/Drive rates and cars available on application.

TOUR A: 18 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $335

	All-inclusive Prices			
COST	PERIOD 'A'	PERIOD 'B'	SINGLE SUP.	CHOICE OF HOTELS.
BUDGET	$335	$345	$58	Skylodge and Tubakula Beach Cottages.
STANDARD	$377	$387	$35	Tanoa and Korolevu or Reef Lodge Hotels.
PREMIER	$410	$420	$46	Mocambo and the "Fijian" Hotels.

IT/KTB/4—Period A: 1st June to 21st August, 23rd October to 31st March; **Period B:** 1st April to 31st May, 22nd August to 22nd October.

TOUR A continued

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-NANDI. Evening departure by BOAC/Qantas for Nandi.
2ND DAY: NANDI-YANUCA ISLAND. Leave Nandi by car along the Queen's Road to Fiji's newest resort hotel "The Fijian" situated on Yanuca Island, joined to the mainland by a causeway.
3RD DAY TO 13TH DAY: Eleven days at leisure. Two sightseeing trips by boat included.
14TH DAY: YANUCA ISLAND-NANDI.
15TH DAY: BLUE LAGOON CRUISE over Blue, sunlit seas to the Yasawas Islands.
16TH DAY: CRUISING from island to island.
17TH DAY: CRUISING the Yasawas Islands. You return to Lautoka early evening and travel by car to your Nandi hotel.
18TH DAY: NANDI-SYDNEY. Transfer by car to Nandi Airport to board your 707 Jet to Sydney, arriving same day.

Maximum validity 22 days—Periods A & B
DEPARTURES DAILY PERIOD A and B.

TOUR B: 14 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $297

	All-inclusive Prices			
COST	PERIOD 'A'	PERIOD 'B'	SINGLE SUP.	CHOICE OF HOTELS
BUDGET	$297	$307	$34	Lautoka, Capricorn, Tubakula Beach Cottages, Skylodge Hotel
STANDARD	$313	$323	$29	Cathay, Outrigger, Korolevu or Reef Lodge, Tanoa.
PREMIER	$341	$351	$30	Cathay, Grand Pacific, "The Fijian," Mocambo Hotels.
IT/KTB/7A Fly-Drive fr.	$281	$291		(based on 4 persons per car).

Other Fly-Drive prices on application.
IT/KTB/7, IT/KTB/7A—Period A: 1st June to 21st August, 23rd October to 31st March; **Period B:** 1st April to 31st May, 22nd August to 22nd October.

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-NANDI-LAUTOKA. Evening departure by BOAC/Qantas for Nandi.
2ND DAY: BEACHCOMBER CRUISE.
3RD DAY: LAUTOKA-SUVA.
4TH DAY: MORNING SIGHTSEEING TOUR.
5TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN SUVA.
6TH DAY: NAKAMAKAMA RIVER TRIP. Visit a typical Fijian village.
7TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN SUVA.
8TH DAY: "OOLOOLOO" CRUISE to the coral reef.
9TH DAY: SUVA-CORAL COAST to Korolevu, Tubakula or the Yanuca Island Resort.
10TH DAY AND 11TH DAY: AT LEISURE.
12TH DAY: CORAL COAST-NANDI via the coast road.
13TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN NANDI.
14TH DAY: NANDI-SYDNEY. Transfer by car to Nandi Airport to board your 707 Jet for Sydney, arriving same day.

Maximum validity 17 days—Periods A & B
DEPARTURES DAILY PERIOD A and B.

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TOUR C: 20 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $393

All-inclusive Prices

COST	PERIOD 'A'	PERIOD 'B'	SINGLE SUP.	CHOICE OF HOTELS.
BUDGET	$393	$403	$51	Lautoka, Capricorn, Tubakula Beach Cottages, Skylodge.
STANDARD	$417	$427	$40	Cathay, Outrigger, Korolevu or Reef Lodge, Tanoa.
PREMIER	$464	$474	$71	Cathay, Grand Pacific, "The Fijian," Mocambo Hotels.

IT/KTB/9—Period A: 1st June to 21st August, 23rd October to 31st March; **Period B:** 1st April to 31st May, 22nd August to 22nd October.

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-NANDI-LAUTOKA: Evening departure by BOAC/Qantas for Nandi, a representative will meet you and transfer you to your hotel at Lautoka.

2ND DAY: BEACHCOMBER CRUISE. Early this morning you will be transferred by car to join the "Beachcomber" Day Cruise to a dreamlike tropical island. Swim in the romantic blue lagoon or view the wonderful coral gardens. Of course, you can, if you wish, just laze about on the beach, too!

3RD DAY: LAUTOKA-SUVA. You leave Lautoka this morning by car, travelling by way of the King's Road along the northern side of Viti Levu en route to Suva. Virtually in view of the sea all the way to Viti Levu Bay, you journey to Raki Raki, then along the valleys of the Wainibuka and Waimaro Rivers to Korovou, then through the Tailevu Hills and into the Rewa Valley with an exquisite panorama of coast views all the way into the capital, Suva.

4TH DAY: MORNING SIGHTSEEING TOUR. A pleasant morning sightseeing tour of colourful Suva, including the Botanical Gardens, the Museum and the Indian Quarter, among many other attractions. This afternoon you are free to go sightseeing on your own or visit the many duty-free shops.

5TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN SUVA.

6TH DAY: NAKAMAKAMA RIVER TRIP. Early this morning you will depart from your hotel by car to join a launch for a river cruise. You will visit a typical Fijian village and enjoy lunch whilst delightfully entertained with an enjoyable programme of "Mekes" (traditional dancing).

7TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN SUVA.

8TH DAY: "OOLOOLOO" CRUISE. Another day of wonderment lies before you on the famous "Oolooloo" Coral Reef Cruise. The fantasy of the coral, the beautiful parade of tropical fish, all pass before your eyes on the other side of a glass panel in the boat. On the Bay of Islands, a miniature island paradise awaits you.

9TH DAY: SUVA-CORAL COAST. Today you say farewell (sa moce) to Suva and travel by car along the Queen's Road through rugged country where the mountain ranges and the hills in many cases extend to the sea. There are many picturesque native Fijian villages with their thatched bures (native huts) for you to see along the captivating Coral Coast route before reaching Korolevu, Tubakula or the Yanuca Island Resort.

TOUR C continued

10TH DAY TO 14TH DAY: AT LEISURE. All the romantic charm of a native village by the sea—with modern facilities to add comfort to the enchantment of the hotel of your choice. Each hotel has everything to make your holiday complete. Swim off the beach or in the hotel pools, fish or just laze about under the palms.

15TH DAY: CORAL COAST-NANDI-LAUTOKA. Morning at leisure, then your car takes you via the South Road to Nandi, Lautoka and your hotel.

16TH DAY: BLUE LAGOON CRUISE. Early this morning you will be transferred by car to Lautoka to join the world-famous cruise by "Sayandra." As you sail from Lautoka you will leave civilization, with all its cares and worries, far behind you in "Sayandra's" creaming wake. In less than three hours of cruising over blue sunlit seas you'll be in the Yasawas Islands.

17TH DAY: CRUISING from island to island—where time stands still and counts for nothing—you will visit magnificent beaches—there to sunbake, to swim in translucent, crystal-clear lagoons, to fish or relax in the shade of overhanging coconut palms.

18TH DAY: CRUISING the Yasawas Islands. You may, if you wish, skin-dive among the vividly coloured coral reefs to marvel at the exotic fish which frequent these incredible underwater gardens. You return to Lautoka early evening and travel by car to Nandi and your hotel.

19TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN NANDI. Your last chance for that duty-free shopping spree, and to look around this charming town.

20TH DAY: NANDI-SYDNEY. Transfer by car to Nandi Airport to board your 707 Jet to Sydney, arriving same day.

Maximum validity 23 days—Periods A and B.

DEPARTURES DAILY PERIOD A and B.

TOUR D: 11 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $214

All-inclusive Prices

COST	PERIOD "A"	PERIOD "B"	SINGLE SUP.	
BUDGET	$214	$255	$35	Skylodge, Tubakula Beach Cottages.
STANDARD	$254	$264	$31	Tanoa, Korolevu or Reef Lodge.
PREMIER	$287	$297	$37	Mocambo, "The Fijian."

IT/KTB/10—Period A: 1st June to 21st August, 23rd October to 31st March; **Period B:** 1st April to 31st May, 22nd August to 22nd October.

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: SYDNEY-NANDI. Evening departure by BOAC/Qantas for Nandi.

2ND DAY: NANDI-CORAL COAST. Leave Nandi this morning for the journey by Kiwi Bus to the Coral Coast and the hotel of your choice.

3RD DAY TO 9TH DAY. AT LEISURE. All the romantic charm of a native village by the sea—with modern facilities to add comfort to enchantment at your hotel.

10TH DAY: CORAL COAST-NANDI.

11TH DAY: NANDI-SYDNEY. Transfer by car to Nandi Airport to Board your 707 Jet for Sydney, arriving same day.

MAXIMUM VALIDITY 13 DAYS

DEPARTURES DAILY PERIOD A and B.

TOUR E: 17 DAYS HOLIDAY fr. $360

IT/KTB/11

All-inclusive Prices

Cost from	Budget	Standard	Premier	Choice of Hotels
				FIJI
Sydney (1) from	$360	$415	$456	Cathay, Outrigger, Korolevu or Reef
Brisbane (2) from	$392	$447	$488	Lodge Hotels on STANDARD Tour.
Melbourne (2) Single	$396	$451	$492	Cathay, Grand Pacific, The "Fijian," or
Supp. (3)	$ 27	$ 23	$ 23	Mocambo Hotels on PREMIER Tour.

(1) Available all year
(2) Applicable February 16-October 31
(3) Applicable only in Fiji

ITINERARY

1ST DAY: Departing Sydney by BOAC, Qantas or Air New Zealand for Auckland.

2ND DAY: HALF DAY SIGHTSEEING TOUR of Auckland. In the afternoon you set off for Rotorua.

3RD DAY AND 4TH DAY: IN ROTORUA. You will find plenty to fill these two days at Rotorua, the centre of spectacular geyser activity and site of the fascinating Maori village of Whakarewarewa.

5TH DAY: ROTORUA-WAITOMO. You leave Rotorua early this morning travelling via Cambridge and Karapiro. From Hamilton you take a Gibson's coach to Hangatiki from where you travel to Waitomo by taxi. An afternoon visit to the Arunui Limestone Caves; an evening trip to the world famous Glow-worm Grotto.

6TH DAY: WAITOMO-AUCKLAND. Depart from the Waitomo Hotel by taxi to rejoin a Gibson's coach at Hangatiki. Travelling via Hamilton you reach Auckland in the afternoon.

7TH DAY: AUCKLAND-NANDI. Today you leave Auckland by jet for Nandi, Fiji. Transfer by car to Lautoka.

8TH DAY: BEACHCOMBER CRUISE. Early this morning you will be transferred by car to join the "Beachcomber" Day Cruise to a dreamlike tropical island.

9TH DAY: LAUTOKA-SUVA. You leave Lautoka this morning by car travelling by way of the King's Road along the northern side of Viti Levu to Suva.

10TH DAY: MORNING SIGHTSEEING TOUR. A pleasant morning sightseeing tour of colourful Suva, including the Botanical Gardens, the Museum and the Indian Quarter, among many other attractions.

11TH DAY: "OOLOOLOO" CRUISE. Another day of wonderment lies before you on the famous "Oolooloo" Coral Reef Cruise. The fantasy of the coral, the beautiful parade of tropical fish, all pass before your eyes on the other side of a glass panel in the boat. On the Bay of Islands, a miniature island paradise awaits you.

12TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN SUVA.

13TH DAY: SUVA-CORAL COAST to Korolevu, Tubakula or the Yanuca Island Resort.

14TH DAY: AT LEISURE. All the romantic charm of a native village by the sea—with modern facilities to add comfort to enchantment at your hotel.

15TH DAY: CORAL COAST-NANDI. Morning at leisure, then your car takes you to Nandi and your hotel via the coast road, past beautiful green cane fields and Fijian villages.

16TH DAY: AT LEISURE IN NANDI. Your last chance for that duty-free shopping spree, and to look around this charming town.

17TH DAY: NANDI-SYDNEY. Transfer by car to Nandi Airport to board your 707 Jet to Sydney, arriving same day.

DEPARTURES DAILY MAXIMUM VALIDITY 21 DAYS.

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GENERAL INFORMATION & RESPONSIBILITY

AIR TRANSPORTATION is by Economy jet air services of BOAC, Qantas, Air New Zealand and associate airlines, also by connecting airline services.

SURFACE TRANSPORTATION on local journeys, excursions and sightseeing tours is by rail, motor coach, launch, steamer and private car as specified in the itineraries.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATION. The per-person tour prices are based on two persons travelling together and sharing a bedroom at hotels. Single rooms are available where indicated at a supplementary charge. All hotels specified in the itineraries are subject to confirmation.

MEALS in the air are included. Generally, many meals are included in all tours, except for tours within U.S.A. and Canada. Consult BOAC or your travel agent for detailed information on meals included in specific tours.

TRANSFERS from airports, piers, coach and rail terminals to hotels and vice versa are included ONLY where this is stated in the itinerary. Specific itinerary details are available on application.

BAGGAGE. The free allowance is 44 lb. per person, which is the standard free allowance by Economy Class air.

GRATUITIES AND LOCAL TAXES are included ONLY where this is stated in the itinerary.

TOUR PRICES. The holidays in this booklet were planned in accordance with hotel tariffs, air fares/schedules and surface fares/schedules which were in effect at the time of going to press. All prices and itineraries are therefore subject to confirmation and to possible change at the time of booking.

DEPOSITS, CANCELLATIONS AND REFUNDS. The amount of deposit required, the period of time it is payable before departure and the refund procedure in the event of cancellation vary with the requirements of each tour operator. Full details will be given at the time of booking.

NOT INCLUDED IN THE TOUR COST. Meals, transfers, gratuities, local taxes, unless specified as being included in the itinerary; items of a personal nature such as laundry, passport and visa fees, personal gratuities, wines, beverages not included with meals, excess baggage, baggage or other insurance or any other services not mentioned in the itinerary.

TRAVEL DOCUMENTS. Visa, vaccination and passport requirements will be given to you at the time of booking and your travel agent will assist you to obtain the necessary documents. Visa requirements are subject to change but, for your guidance, of the 28 countries featured, holders of Australian passports currently need visitors' visas only for Egypt, Iran, Japan, Jordan, Lebanon, Mexico, Thailand, Taiwan and U.S.A.

SEASONS. Some of the holidays in this booklet are in the Northern Hemisphere where the seasons are the reverse of those in Australia.

SPENDING MONEY. Travellers' cheques can be cashed at hotels and banks throughout the world and may be taken into all countries. It is usually advisable for visitors to use up all local currency before departing for the next country.

THE TOUR OPERATORS of the respective tours contained herein act only as agents for the various companies performing services, and as such assume no liability for acts or omissions or negligence of such companies. While the tour operators have every intention of following the schedule of events as outlined herein, the right is reserved to alter itineraries and duties where necessary to conform with changes in schedules or other local conditions that may exist, either before departure or while en route. Responsibility of the carriers used is strictly limited to the time of travel on the respective carriers as per their regular contract. The tour operators also reserve the right to make such alterations to the itinerary as may be deemed necessary for the carrying on of the tour either before departure or en route, to withdraw any tour or to change tour arrangements. Fares and other charges are subject to change without notice.

BOAC does not organise inclusive tours. These quoted are samples of a large selection available through BOAC Travel Agents.

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HOW TO BOOK YOUR HOLIDAY.
It's simple! Contact your nearest BOAC Travel Agent. He's your best friend when you are thinking of a BOAC holiday overseas. He will give you expert advice and assistance and arrange everything for you.

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